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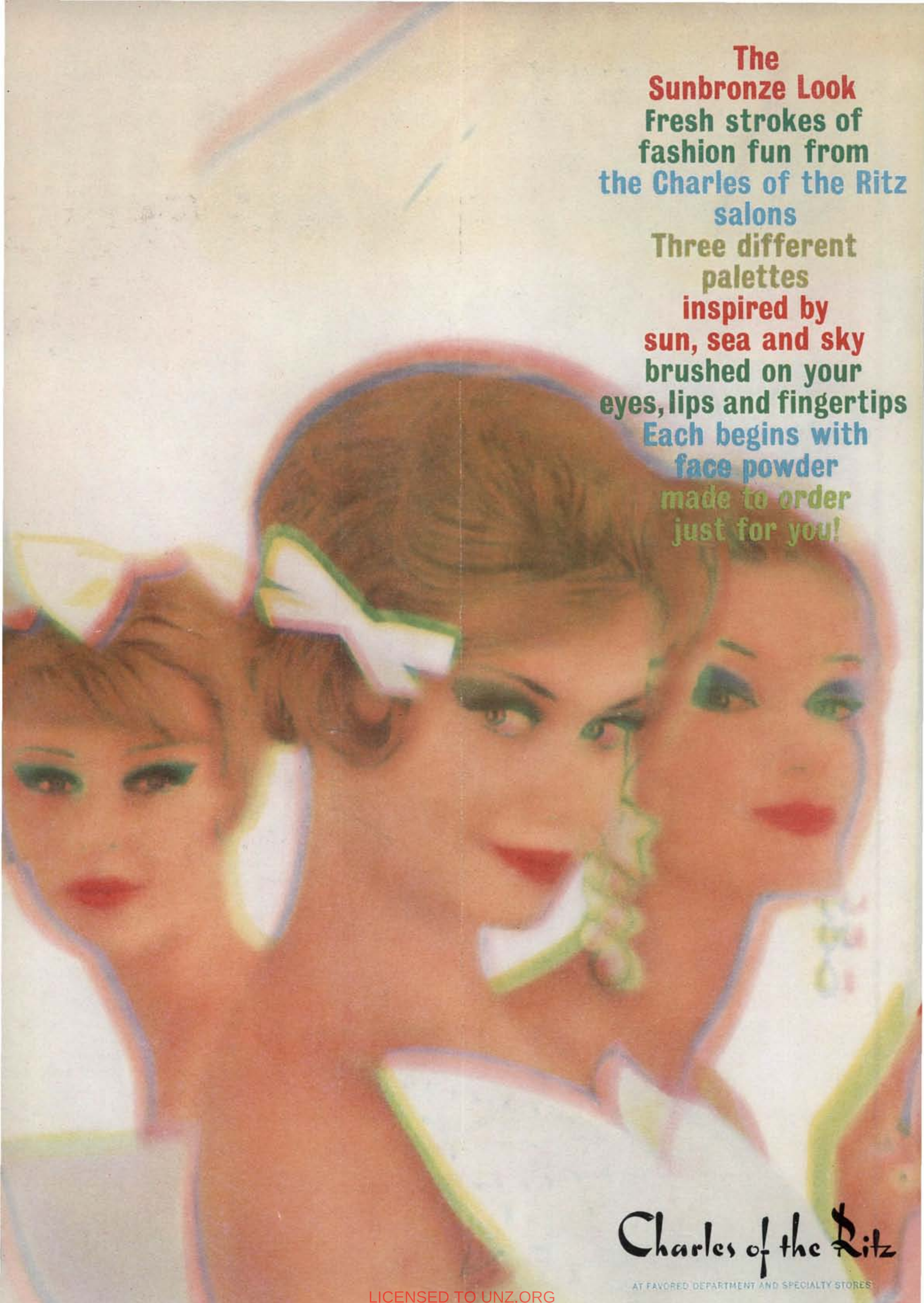
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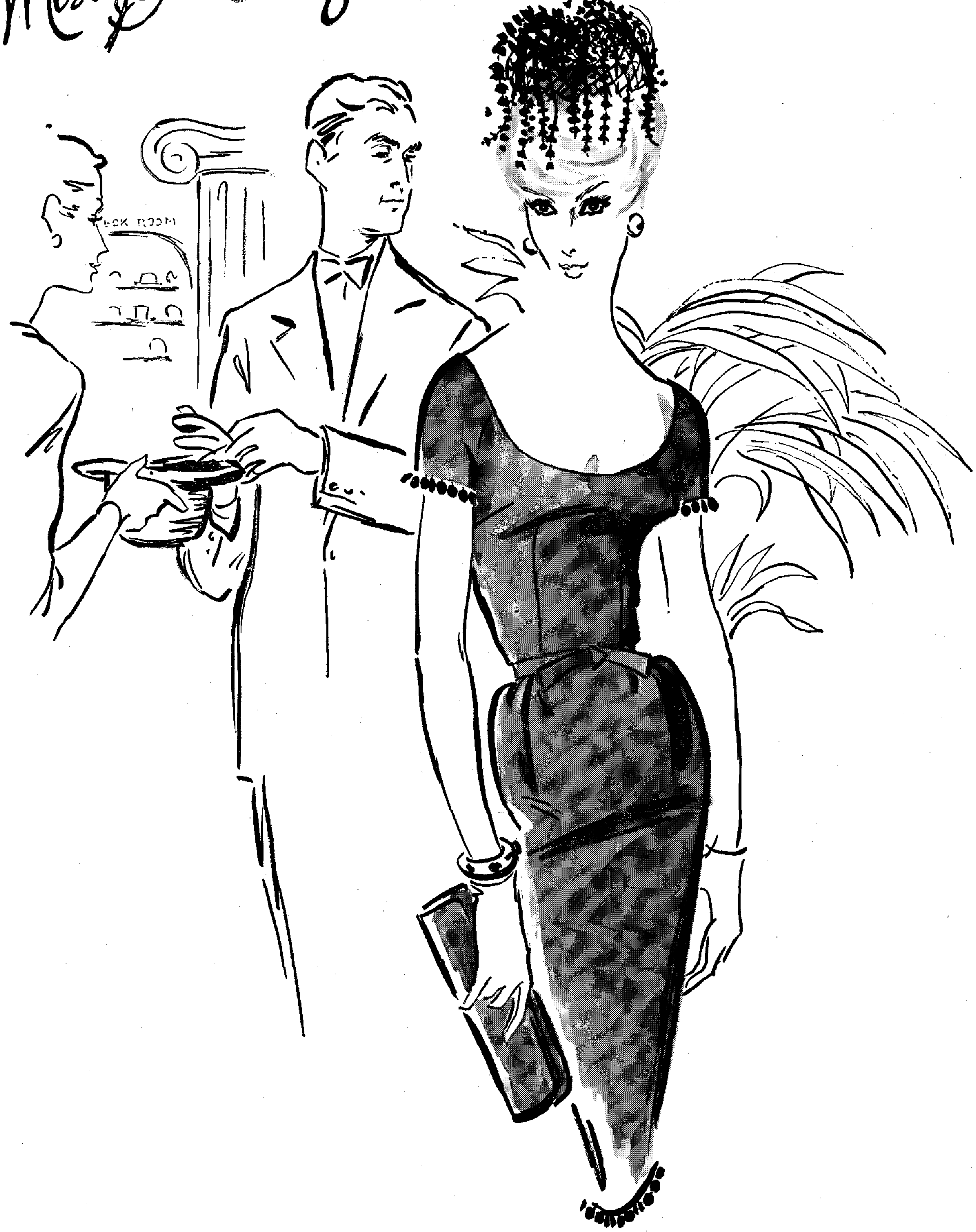

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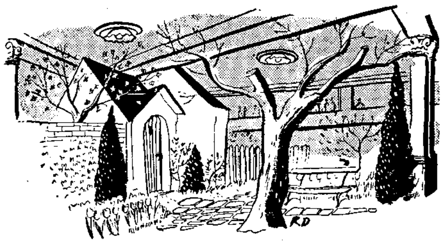

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—A melodrama about life in the governmental purlieus of Washington, where a pack of snarling senators are tearing into one another over the proposal to appoint as Secretary of State a professor who has shown leftward leanings in the past. The author, Loring Mandel (who based his play on the Allen Drury novel), has provided plenty of action, all right, but none of his characters has much depth. Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy are some of the legislators. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

All the Way Home—James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family" adapted for the stage with sensitivity and perception by Tad Mosel. Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley do excellent jobs in realizing the playwright's intent. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

Becket—Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn in uneasy tandem as, respectively, the Archbishop and the Plantagenet King in Jean Anouilh's sprawling interpretation of the memorable bout between Church and State in the twelfth century. Sir Laurence plays with his usual ease and dexterity, but his style doesn't blend very well with Mr. Quinn's, which is much coarser in texture. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 25.)

Come Blow Your Horn—Neil Simon's comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work their father wants them to do. Since the work involves the making and selling of artificial fruit, you can hardly blame the boys, but neither they nor their dad are very funny as portrayed, respectively, by Hal March, Warren Berlinger, and Lou Jacobi, and the ladies in the cast—Sarah Marshall, Pert Kelton, and Arlene Golonka—are similarly ineffectual. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Comédie-Française—The final performances in a three-week repertory of plays presented by S. Hurok by arrangement with the French government. Feydeau's comedy "Le Dindon," Thursday and Friday, March 9-10, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 11, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Molière's comedy "Tartuffe," Sunday, March 12, at 2:30 and 8:30. Earphones that provide a simultaneous translation may be rented at each performance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Critic's Choice—A drama reviewer, as well-heeled as a Rockefeller, finds himself at sixes and sevens because his wife has written a play that isn't any good and that integrity compels him to review. Not very brisk, although Henry Fonda, Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton do manage to give the thing a bit of life every now and then. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—Two of the drollest people on earth in a series of skits that range with high good humor over all kinds of current events and phenomena. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Rhinoceros—Eugene Ionesco's shrewd and comical report on what happens to people when they get so anxious to conform that they descend to the level of armored primordial beasts. Zero Mostel and Eli Wallach lead the cast, which is splendid, through all sorts of remarkable capers. The direction, by Joseph Anthony, is imaginative, and the translation from the French, by Derek Prouse, is altogether estimable. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—This play by a nineteen-year-old North Country English girl named Shelagh Delaney depends for its impact on unlikely characters—a whore, her fancy man, her accessible daughter, a homosexual, and a gay deceiver in the guise of a colored sailor—but Miss Delaney makes all of them quite real and well worth our sympathy. Angela Lansbury, Andrew Ray, Nigel Davenport, and Billy Dee Williams are among those effectively present. However, it is Joan Plowright, in the role of the daughter, who makes the play outstanding. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Under the Yum-Yum Tree—A light, very light, comedy, by Lawrence Roman, concerned with a San Francisco virgin who wants to live experimentally with her sweetheart but would like to keep sex out of the arrangement. Sandra Church is sometimes amusing as this peculiar miss, and Dean Jones is adequate as her earnest boy friend. Also on hand is Gig Young, as an amorous landlord, and he is pretty funny. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Long Runs—the best man: Gore Vidal takes us behind the scenes at a rowdy and imaginary Presidential convention. Frank Lovejoy and Lee Tracy head the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the miracle worker:** The story of Helen Keller, who, through the good offices of an Irish girl named Annie Sullivan, overcame the handicap of being blind, deaf, and mute. Patty Duke and Suzanne Pleshette play Miss Keller and Miss Sullivan, and William Gibson is the author. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the tenth man:** Paddy Chayefsky wrote this parable about a Jewish girl possessed by a demon. With Alan Manson, Jacob Ben-Ami, and Martin Wolfson. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **toys in the attic:** Lillian Hellman's story of the disintegration of a New Orleans family beset by sex, money, and foolish fantasies. Among the actors are Maureen Stapleton, Robert Loggia, Anne Revere, Patricia Jessel, and Rochelle Oliver. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Mary, Mary—Jean Kerr's new comedy, with Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, and Michael Rennie. Directed by Joseph Anthony and presented by Roger L. Stevens. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—An interpretation of the way things were in King Arthur's court. Indubitably gorgeous, but not particularly enthralling in content, even though Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart, the formidable team that made "My Fair Lady," participated in the production. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Do Re Mi—Nancy Walker and Phil Silvers in a somewhat stilted effort to find in the sluggish jukebox business a duplicate of the sort of thing that made "Guys and Dolls" a success. The music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are hardly distinguished, and the book, by Garson Kanin, is rather aimless. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—An exercise, purporting to be a breezy French farce, that involves lechers, procurers, and a hard-working prostitute, and is pretty short on wit, style, substance, and taste. It has a large cast headed by Elizabeth Seal, who is a very bouncy girl. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Show Girl—Carol Channing, in an extension of a series of night-club turns, proves that she is one of the most amusing women around. She is assisted capably by Jules Munshin and a French quartet called Les Quat' Jeudis, but the material is a little too slight for the distance it has to travel. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tenderloin—Maurice Evans, playing a turn-of-the-century parson facing the forces of unrighteousness. As directed by George Abbott (who collaborated on the book with Jerome Weidman), the show is lively, all right, but not very funny. The sets, by Cecil Beaton,

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are admirable, and the actors, who also include Ron Husmann, Wynne Miller, Eileen Rodgers, and Lee Becker, are enthusiastic. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

13 Daughters—Don Ameche in Fu Manchu getup and representing a Chinese in Hawaii in the last century who is trying to marry off a baker's dozen of female offspring. The book, music, and lyrics of the play, all by Eaton Magoon, Jr., are not very stimulating and the humor is negligible, but there are many pretty girls, and the sets, by George Jenkins, are attractive. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—Tammy Grimes having herself a jolly fling as a hoyden from rural Colorado who acquires a pile of cash through marriage and proceeds to crash society at home and abroad. Meredith Willson is responsible for the pleasant score, and the sets (by Oliver Smith), the choreography (by Peter Gennaro), and the direction (by Dore Schary) are all top-drawer. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—Noisy but hardly gay doings in the oil fields of the Southwest, where a young lady (Lucille Ball) is trying to make her mark as a promoter and also to snare the manliest roustabout in the area. Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh created the music and lyrics, respectively, and N. Richard Nash wrote the book. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 12.)

Long Runs—**BYE BYE BIRDIE:** Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke are the stars of this musical, and the subject is the teen-age phenomenon at its most joyous. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FIORELLO!:** The early career of the little mayor with the big hat, set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley, a dead ringer for the eponymous floweret, is helped by Howard Da Silva and Patricia Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GYPSY:** Ethel Merman plays the domineering momma of the young Gypsy Rose Lee. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 25.)... **THE MUSIC MAN:** Bert Parks in Meredith Willson's musical, which has to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Mary Martin in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Theodore Bikel is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Devil's Advocate—A play by Dore Schary, based on a novel by Morris L. West, with a cast headed by Leo Genn, Sam Levene, and Edward Mulhare. Produced and directed by Mr. Schary. Opens Thursday, March 9. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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The Importance of Being Oscar—Micheál MacLiammóir in a one-man show that he adapted from the plays, letters, and poems of Oscar Wilde. Presented by S. Hurok and Roger Stevens for a four-week engagement that starts Tuesday, March 14, and will run through Sunday, April 9. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Big Fish, Little Fish—Jason Robards, Jr., and Hume Cronyn in a comedy by Hugh Wheeler. The director is John Gielgud and the producers are Lewis Allen and Ben Edwards, in association with Joseph I. Levine. Opens Wednesday, March 15. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The target of the first and newest of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is that vast, placid sediment known as the American middle class (middle-aged division), which he demolishes with a comic agility that is not in the least hobbled by the startling bitterness underlying it. The production, directed by Alan Schneider, sustains Albee's quicker-than-the-eye mockery right up to last word. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of the second play, a bundle of maledictions about Southern racism, which tends to drown out the majesty of Bessie Smith (who never appears), and is more tract than drama. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Balcony—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Call Me by My Rightful Name—A weedy play about the difficulties that two young symbols—one Negro and one white—have over a white girl, played with great lissomeness by Joan Hackett, who had to get her start somewhere. The author is Michael Shurtleff, who once read "The Waste Land" attentively. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St.

and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

Cry of the Raindrop—Lou Antonio in a play by Lonny Chapman. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Double Entry—A pair of one-act light operas—"The Bible Salesman" and "The Oldest Trick in the World"—by Jay Thompson. The evening benefits chiefly from the great comic gifts of Jane Connell, who appears much too briefly in the second offering as a giddy secretary making her first visit to a fortune-teller. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Elsa Lanchester, Herself—Miss Lanchester in a rigorous, monotonous rundown of a dozen or so ballads, songs, and patter numbers. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Epitaph for George Dillon—The John Osborne-Anthony Creighton play that flickered bravely but briefly on Broadway two years ago. The hero is a largely unbelievable cad who would like to act and write great plays and who discovers, after a year or so of sponging off a lower-middle-class London family, that his dreams will never come true. The production is energetic but glancing. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Thursday and Friday at 8:30 and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Closes Saturday, March 11.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Five Posts in the Market Place—A play by Algirdas Landsbergis, presented by the Gate Theatre repertory company. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham concocts a Hedda Gabler who is at once cruel, knifelike, and hypnotically beautiful. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, and Mark Lenard, as Eilert Lövborg, are equally effective. The hand of David Ross, who produced and directed, is everywhere evident. Highly recommended. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

In the Jungle of Cities—The American première of this 1922 Brecht play, which deals with a mysterious struggle that takes place in Chicago between a prairie boy and an Oriental lumber dealer just before the First World War, is given a superior production—one that is possibly better than its materials deserve. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An Indian play, which incorporates stylized acting with singing, chanting, dancing, and pantomime, all of which is supposed to tell how a king and queen, symbols both, get around their philosophical and spiritual differences and achieve union. Some of the play's brain food gets lost in transit, but there is always something handsome to see and/or hear. The author is Rabindranath Tagore. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two stimulating one-act plays, excellently performed. The first was written by Samuel

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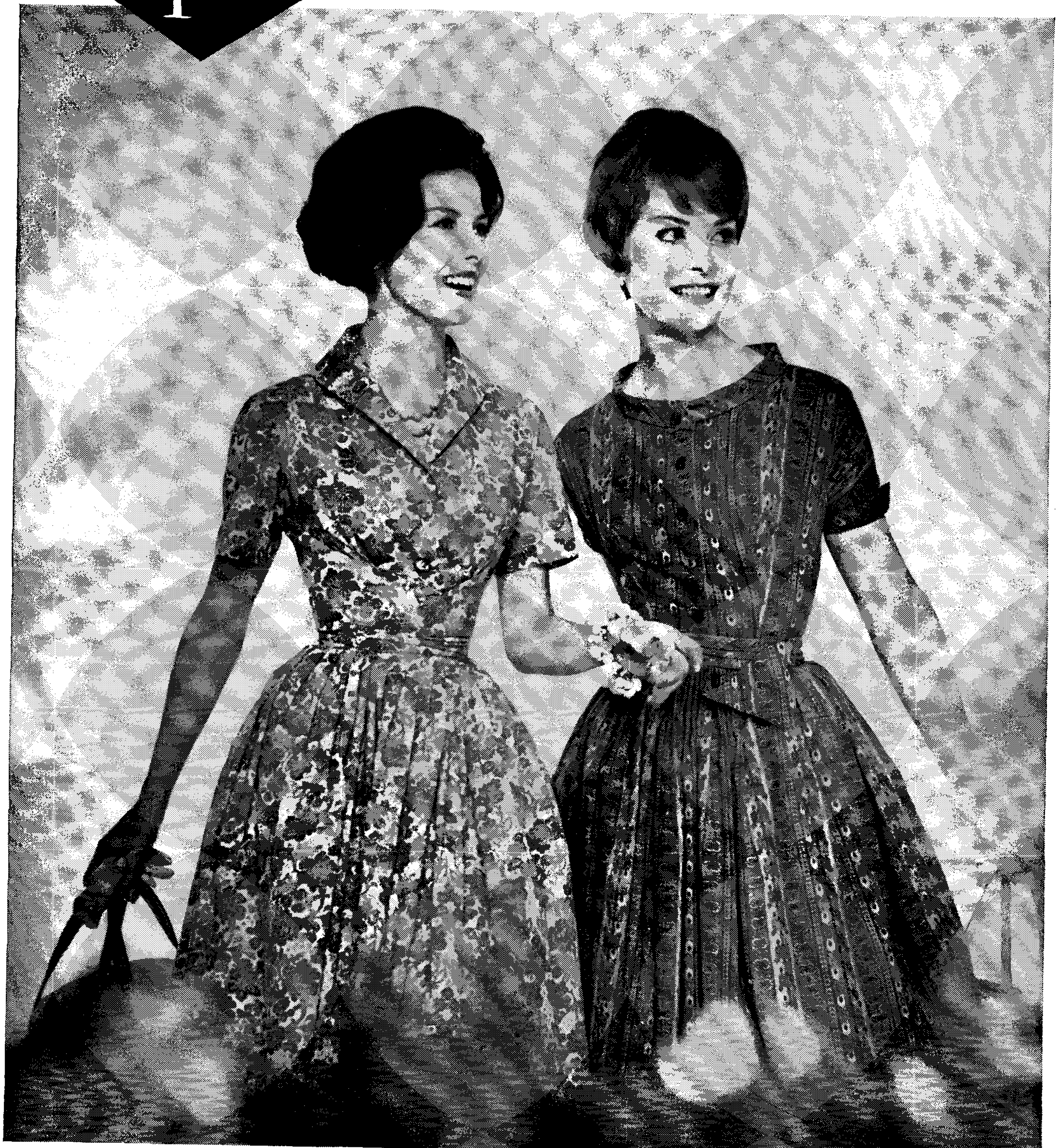

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Beckett and the second by Edward Albee. The entire enterprise employs only three actors—Herbert Berghof, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Mousetrap—Agatha Christie in a retread of some very old material found in her files. There are a lonely English country mansion, uneasy guests, and a homicidal maniac who unwittingly reveals his identity about halfway through, thus casting all suspense to the winds. The play, for some very esoteric reason, has been going for eight years in London. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Rendezvous at Senlis—The first American production of a Jean Anouilh egg that has to do with some Paris scalawags, mistaken identity, and ultimately true love. The play lasts longer than you think it possibly can. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Roots—A London play by Arnold Wesker, directed by Mark Rydell. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CO 5-9342. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30.)

Three Modern Japanese Plays—One-act plays, two of them adapted from ancient, highly poetic *no* plays, and the third from a contemporary short story. The ardor of the cast, however, is too much for its water-color materials. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—And where it will stop, nobody knows. In the cast are Gerald Price and Nancy Andrews. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Two for Fun—Mata & Hari, the husband-and-wife pantomime team, in a satiric revue, with music by Lothar Perl and Silvio Masciarelli. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. OR 9-6244. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Walk-Up—A play by Gerald Sanford, directed by Matt Cimber. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30. . . . ¶ A lightly staffed revue, "Oh, Oysters!," most of whose pearls of wisdom are sicklied o'er with a pale cast of words, words, words, spouts on the stage of the Village Gate, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). An afterpiece is provided by Herbie Mann's flute-and-drum corps, which has just returned from a Livingston sabbatical devoted to research in jazz. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.

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BALLET

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, April 9—Tuesday evening, March 14: "Apollo," "Ebony Concerto," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "Agon.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 15: "Creation of the World," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 16: "Ivesiana," "Agon," "Episodes, Part II," and "Modern Jazz.". . . ¶ Friday evening, March 17: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 18: "Fanfare," "Apollo," and "The Figure in the Carpet." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Shelley Berman—Lectures that permit one to see this monologuist both plain and fancy, plus folk music by the Cumberland Three. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Sunday, March 12, at 8:30.)

ANTA Program—Two plays in verse ("The Coming Forth by Day of Osiris Jones" and "The Kid") by Conrad Aiken, presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the last in this season's series of matinée programs. Mildred Dunnock will head the casts. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, March 14, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4133.)

Magic Show—An evening of hocus by some talented pocussers of the Society of American Magicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 17, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Not very often is it so quiet that you can hear a name drop, and more's the pity, for experts at this brand of gamesmanship are rife. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra do the dance music.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Well, "when Rosalinda hears her husband making plans with Momo to attend Prince Orlofsky's ball disguised as a French marquis, she decides to go in the guise of . . ." So begins the truncated version of Johann Strauss's "Rosalinda," which uncoils in the Cotillion Room with the vigorous aid of Wilbur Evans, Jimmy Carroll, and a pleasurable new soubrette named Lorna Ceniceros. They break loose twice a night on Fridays and Saturdays, only at dinner during the rest of the week. There's also lively dance music throughout. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling little spa in which a small group of musicians, almost always Stanley Worth's, offers invitations to the dance.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—On Tuesday, March 14, the Persian Room's one wild oat, Henny Youngman (a wit you'd be more apt to find in the rear reaches of the old Lindy's), will be uprooted, and next evening the establishment will revert to normality, which is to say Marguerite Piazza, a fetching lady, who'll be singing her reasonably big heart out. The Pierian spring of dance music that wells up from Ted Straeter's fervid vintners and Mark Monte's agile Latin scholars will still be flowing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra does lemon-or-cream music in the Palm Court from four to seven and thought-for-food music in the Edwardian Room at dinner. It's all just for listening. . . . ¶ No abrupt changes in the weather (perpetual spring) or the tempo (the dance bands of Irving Conn and Nicholas D'Amico) in the Rendez-Vous, where the music begins at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill has the dance band of Jimmy Palmer, whose even-tempered music is so muted that the boys in the group are more seen than heard. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, a comely design for living it up, there are interludes (at dinner and again at supper) during which Felicia Sanders, a girl given to seasoning her ballads with balls of fire, operates as a separate enclave, with a trio of her own. The rest of the opulent evening is the property of Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's threesome, which take care of the dancers in the audience. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Leisure classes are held in the Columns, an exhibition of Roman architecture bathed in moonlight, by Gunnar Hansen's orchestra, which sets to a bit past seven with dining music and then, at eight-thirty, blossoms into upbeat dance music, a commodity also provided by a new Latin trio headed by Marco Rizo. This goes on until two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Savoy Room, a dim and handsome forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley plays piano from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two of Park Avenue's best-known winter palaces—i.e., the Embassy Club, with Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band doing dance medleys from eight-thirty or nine to one-thirty or two, and the Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's fiddle goes to work at eight or so. Both are closed to the public on Sundays.

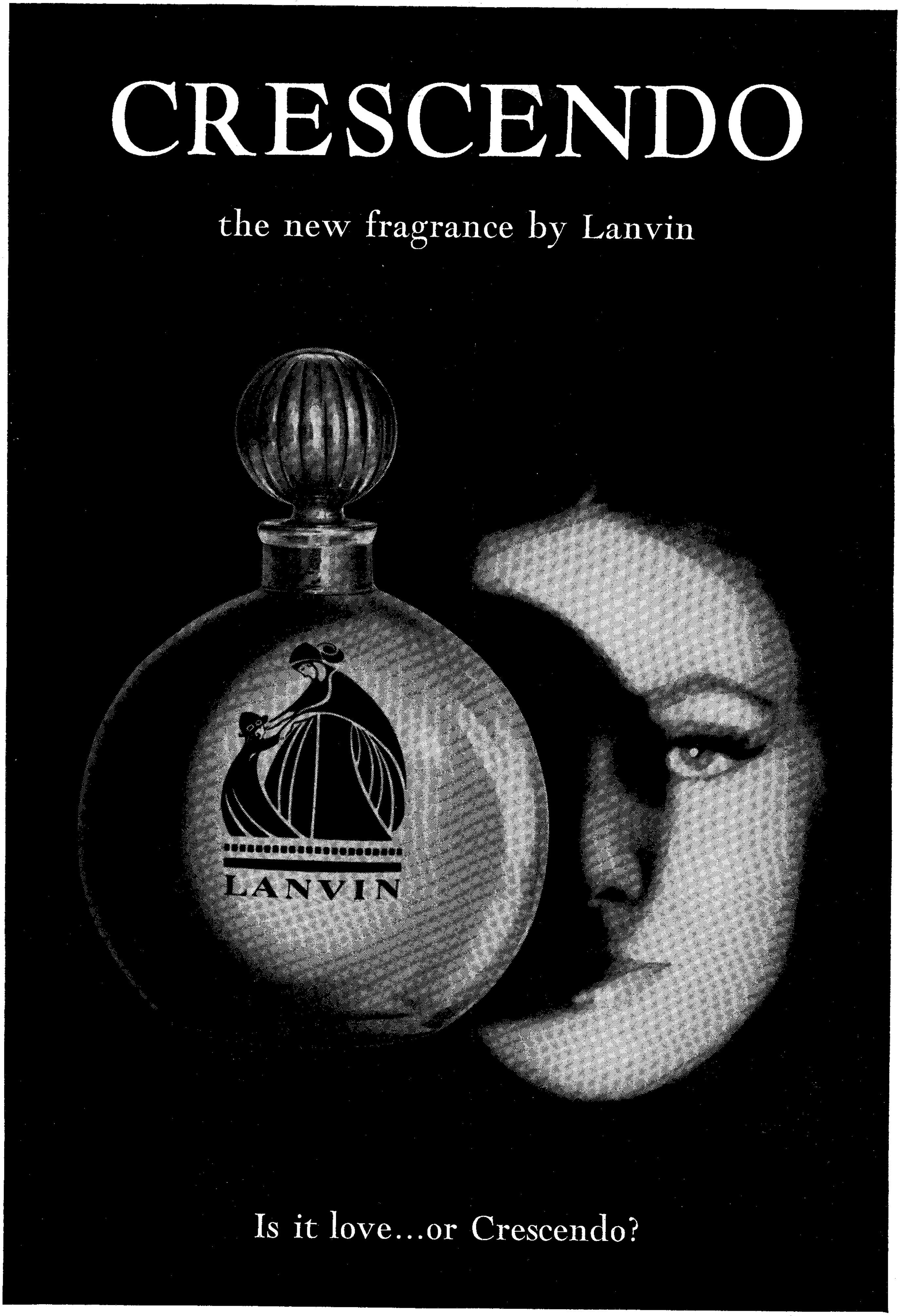
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, Denise Darcel, the sort of lady whose presence causes all hands to think of bikinis and the beach at Acapulco, is making the supreme sacrifice of wrestling lazily with a sheaf of arias. Her slow-motion gymnastics take place at dinner and supper. Before and after her, the dance bands of Emil Coleman and Theo Fanidi sound off majestically and persuasively. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley pursues the very even tenor of its ways with Michael Zarin's chirruping band (thinking tunes from six to eight-thirty, dance tunes thereafter to one) except Sundays (piano from six to eight, then dancing to one).

Note—The Rainbow Room, in the upper reaches of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, is the Last Chance bar on the way to Heaven. Drinking-and-dining music drifts mildly from a trio led by Michael Forman from four-thirty through the dinner hour. The phone is CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): New York, New York, it's a hell of a town, and here are a lot of the characters who keep it popping. Murray Grand's soft yet knowing piano sets the pace from eight to ten-thirty, at which hour he withdraws to the establishment's new little Plush Room, a handsome plaza in which Jane Harvey, a handsome bit


CRESCENDO
the new fragrance by Lanvin
LANVIN
Is it love...or Crescendo?

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of bric-a-brac herself, sings calmly but with feeling the sort of song that flows so easily from the minds of men like Vernon Duke and Hugh Martin. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Old friends, and plenty of young ones, too, leading what looks (and sounds) like a permanent community life. Bob Printz plays hand-holding piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders do romantic single and buckety-buckety double piano from then on. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): It would not be easy to find in all the Eternal City an assembly hall that could hold a Roman candle to this one. Through the throngs of merrymakers, the beautifully regimented choir of mobile violinists run by Herman Honigsberg makes its way, tailed by a squadron of Latin guitarists and choristers. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, the other by Cy Walter, who has an in-the-pink Steinway at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday handyman. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Fine Italian hands putting—well, their heads together to produce a Florentine restaurant *cum* bar *cum* dance pavilion *cum* opera house. The principal hand is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo, and who guides a dance trio after ten Thursdays through Sundays and a tiny opera troupe (Puccini and all those cats) Tuesdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A bunch of Latins whooping it up in the oldest Spanish colony of the New World. Dancing for customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fitted for a king, with moat, drawbridge, dungeon (only for wine, now), and all that. Norbert Faconi is truly the moving spirit of this wonderland, since he is forever gliding from table to table with a violin under his chin. No music Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): State banquets in miniature. Jules Kuti plays conversational piano in the bar from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): *Poor's Manual* taking its resplendent ease. George Feyer contributes petitpoint piano from eight-thirty through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A small greenroom that has grown much more sprightly since Cal Bostic sat down at the house piano and began singing whatever comes to mind. The other amusement is the not to be taken too seriously picture gallery on the walls. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the very matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): This one wasn't built in a day, as the careful detail of mural and music quickly indicates. It's patrolled by a closely knit group of street musicians wooing the night, which begins at six and ends at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): The South Sea Islands on a resort-clothes basis. Stringed instruments vibrate all the way from dinner through a reasonably late supper; George Taylor holds down the piano in the thoroughly American bar every night but Sunday. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The Moorish invaders seem to have stopped in at this enterprise, whose large and artfully meandering interior reflects their stay. Conrad Monjoy's piano meanders, too, from six-o'clock cocktails to midnight supper, and a bit later on Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): As is true of the establishment's namesake in Madrid, not even Basic Spanish is required to understand the staff or the music, which is piano and guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As good a place to go Mitteleuropa-native as the town affords. The evening breezes are perpetually laden with the sound of zimbalons, fiddles, customers, Tibor Rakossy's balm-of-Gilead tenor, and a girlish voice or two. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Half the time, the star of the evening is the anonymous wit who devised the décor. The rest of the time, the star is the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, a performer new to these precincts. Music from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, world traveller, is giving the piano in the Casino-on-the-Park a fine, glossy coat. He's at it from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, every night but Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): Diogenes would need a couple of Viennese lanterns to discover any authenticated fragments of Alt Wien here, but if it's unmitigated music and unmitigated song (in a variety of tongues) that's wanted, here they are. Vicky Autier, a bouncy and blond Parisienne, does better than the rest. Closed Mondays.

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BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Unadorned (except for the legal minimum) beauty careering through the night in a maidenly attempt to keep warm, and a successful attempt to warm the cockles of the audience's heart. The girls, at least two dozen of them, are supplemented by a couple of laudable European vaudeville turns and the humor of the native Rowan and Martin, which isn't bad at all. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Bobby Darin, a peremptorily athletic instructor to the young of America, is putting as much footwork as mouthwork into his career as songster. So much for sound; for pageantry, there are eight dryad ladies of the ballet, a carefree lot as apt to put *their* footwork into their beautiful mouths as not. On Thursday, March 16, Nat King Cole assumes Mr. Darin's portfolio of song. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The red glow over this enterprise is Dorothy Loudon, who is to the American popular tune what Carrie Nation was to the American saloon. Jack Douglas, once the deviser of Jack Paar's ad-libs, is currently serving as special-reference librarian of the theatre and as naughty big grown-up boy. Travis Edmonson, late of the Gateway Singers and of Bud and Travis, is now doing folk music by himself, with just a touch of pomp and circumstance. Jimmy Lyons' well-sprung trio and Otis Clements's piano fill the interludes. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty and his contemplative piano preside over the six-to-eight dining every night except Saturday, and the Lyons family is apt to do extra sets early in the morning. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): No question-and-answer period is necessary after the newest of Julius Monk's annual *revistas*, since the issues of the day—and, for that matter, of the night—are discussed succinctly, assiduously, and acidulously for all to hear. The imps who whisk through it are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Gerry Matthews, Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl; the orchestra is the double pianos of William Roy and Carl Norman. The departure times are nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): A further Monk enterprise, in which Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart bound like porpoises through a piano-and-bass recital that is accompanied by their own hippety-hop commentary. Robert Colston and Paul Trueblood supplement this soirée with just about the most artful double piano in town. The music begins around nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a sort of dowager queen of the night, is casually demonstrating to the younger generations exactly how to bring out the best in a ballad, and doing it without ever raising her voice. Sam Hamilton and Don Evans are at the pianos. The place is upstairs inside the Roundtable. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The fascinating Iberian fable known as Carmen Amaya is in the back room, a place in which she foots it featly and fiercely in the midst of a host of eminently satisfying acolytes, vocal, instrumental, and terpsichorean. Sundays, the one activity is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Juan de la Mata's guitar does flamenco music and Domingo Alvarado's terse voice does flamenco songs so beguiling that half the audience joins in. Sundays are silent. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The new protagonist is Phyllis Diller, an impartial termagant gnawing on a down-with-everybody (including herself) attitude, or *pox vobiscum*. Those early settlers—Tiger Haynes and the music of his dithyrambic Three Flames, as well as Jimmie Daniels, the *conférencier*—are still around, and Loumel Morgan and Peter Daniels are still doing the intermission piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Every night but Tuesday, three young people—Lynda Segal, Richard Libertini, and MacIntyre Dixon—act out a charade of their own devising (largely in pantomime that is anything but dumb-show) on the second floor. This pocket-size revue occurs at nine and twelve except Sundays, when curtain times are five-thirty and nine.

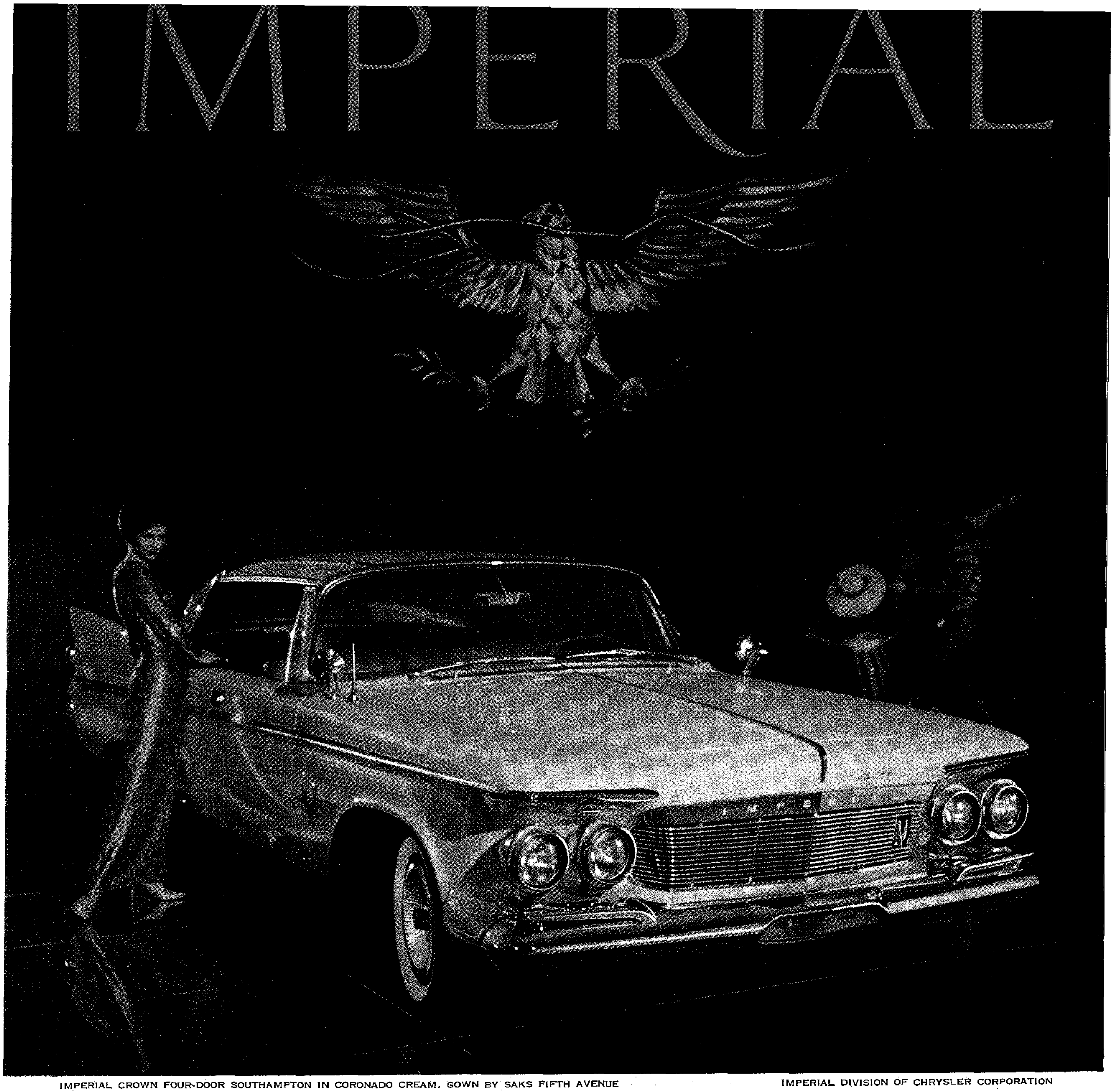
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Bobby Hackett's horn puts a silver lining around things whenever it isn't just plain chortling with glee. He and three companion semi-traditionalists have the run of the place. Mr. Hackett's group leaves on Saturday, March 11; on Monday, March 13, Mr. Condon will resume his role as spectator sportsman, and some old cronies, among them Max Kaminsky and Bob Wilber, will ascend the podium. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Miles Davis quintet is running on schedule; i.e., four picadors blowing and bowing for all they're worth, and Mr. D.'s horn coming in at the end for the kill. In between, Lee Konitz's saxophone and Jim Hall's electronic guitar discourse very, very mildly. On Tuesday, March 14, there'll be a new cast of thousands—Gerry Mulligan's brassbound horde. There's an extra session on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Benny Goodman, who has only to wave his magic clarinet to restore a way of playing, listening, and thinking that year by year becomes a fonder memory. A collection of men (among them Red Norvo and Zoot Sims) who often played and thought the same way is assisting him, not to mention the voices of Jimmy Rushing and Maria Marshall. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Tyree Glenn's

Things We Know About Tomorrow

EYES MADE FOR DARKNESS Westinghouse scientists predict that airplane pilots are going to be able to see the ground clearly on a cloudy, moonless night. Astronomers will be able to see vastly beyond the present range of their telescopes, perhaps to the final boundary of the universe, if there is one. Policemen will peer into dark alleys and see through special binoculars. Scientists at Westinghouse are working on the proposition that no matter how dark it looks to us, there is plenty of "light" everywhere: on a black night, in a coal mine, in a sealed room. We just have the wrong kind of eyes to see it all. So they have developed a device that "sees" infrared light which we can sense only as heat…another device that "sees" ultraviolet light, which we can detect only when it gives us sunburn…still another that picks up a single "packet" of light, the smallest amount that can exist, and multiplies it into a visible flash. You can be sure…if it's



IMPERIAL CROWN FOUR-DOOR SOUTHAMPTON IN CORONADO CREAM. GOWN BY SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

IMPERIAL DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Tomorrow . . . point it to the sun

When you've changed into something light and casual, driving down to meet summer halfway, you'll notice a change in your Imperial, too.

The Imperial you've known all winter long as an elegant, urbane, *urban* car is now a practical cross-country traveler.

Imperial is the year-in, year-out choice of experts who judge a car on its roadability. Long, long distances are little challenge to Imperial travelers. You'll add an extra hundred or so easy, restful miles to each leg of your jaunt to sun country . . . because Imperial's unique steering and torsion-bar suspension, its deep foam-padded seats, its magnificent roominess block out fatigue and restlessness.

And if your Imperial has Auto-Pilot, you can travel mile after mile, up hill and down, at a constant speed, without so much as a touch on the accelerator.

You'll note, too, that doormen, bell captains and *maitres de* seem a bit more helpful when you arrive in an Imperial.

First, see your Imperial dealer . . . then, go find your private share of summer somewhere far away.

AMERICA'S MOST CAREFULLY BUILT CAR

trombone takes things easier now, after all those hard-working seasons, but it's still a thing of joy even when it's being sentimental. He hangs out with three chipper sidemen; Nina Simone, an imperious child who loves to sing along with her own piano, has two sidemen. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Almost the only candle in the windows of Fifty-second Street since the strip teasers have been impounded. Wilbur de Paris and his minions—Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are carrying on the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Empire City Six is hammering home its message, which is that the South will rise again. The Six leave on Sunday, March 12; on Tuesday, March 14, the Bourbon Street Six, which has the same notion in mind, arrives. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons, starting at five; closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's piano is a powerful persuader that the music of the future is pleasurable rather than solemn. He comes equipped with a trio. No music Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The simultaneous falls of the Bastille and Niagara. The Salt City Six (off duty Mondays) and Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Tuesdays) are the mainstays of the evening sessions, which begin at seven-forty-five. Sol Yaged's fivesome helps out on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays. The afternoon shift is manned by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman. The music starts at three Mondays through Fridays, and at one-thirty Saturdays and Sundays. Saturdays, the upstairs room is also open, to receive the Coles, Max Kaminsky's quintet, and friends. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Maynard Ferguson's band, which is pursued by its own special band of furies, will utter its last gasp for breath on Wednesday, March 15. Olatunji's band will follow it into exile. Next evening's arrivals are Slide Hampton's octet and Philly Joe Jones' quintet. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A revival of the pioneer days here is being staged by Joe Bushkin and his trio (which involves Jo Jones) and the quartet run by Buck Clayton. The Bushkins occasionally look on the silver side of things, the Claytons are always hard-driving. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Gigi Gryce's modernist sextet, which would take candy from a baby and turn it into music, holds forth in a wholly Village setting. A junior-varsity team on Tuesdays. . . . **PRELUDE**, 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): Life among the upstate jazz buffs, who are getting a full report on progress downstate. The elixir of that life, offered up by Dick Katz's trio, is available after nine-thirty or thereabouts every evening but Monday. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A listening post on the fringes of civilization at which rapt attention is the order of the evening. Sonny Stitt's quartet, which is on-with-the-new, is now holding the fort. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The weekends are devoted to the instruction of the young in the rudiments of rudimentary jazz. On Friday and Saturday, March 10-11, the faculty should include Conrad Janis and his Tailgate Jazz Band, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Johnny Letman, Bob Hammer, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Richard Boyce—Figures and groups of figures, mainly in clay; through March 25. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Gandy Brodie—Portraits, still-lifes, landscapes, and cityscapes; through March 25. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Byron Browne—Paintings and drawings, all variations on the human figure; through April 15. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Doris Caesar—Mostly bronze figures; through April 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Alexander Calder and Joan Miró—Mobiles by the former and paintings by the latter, in an exhibition celebrating their thirty years of friendship; through April 1. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Coggin—Abstract Expressionist paintings; starting Friday, March 10. (Carmel, 82 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Edward Corbett—Abstract paintings; through March 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pierre Courtin—Engravings by one of the 1960 Venice Biennale prize-winners; through Saturday, March 11. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Edwin Dickinson—A large retrospective of his paintings, in one of his rare one-man exhibitions; through Saturday, March 11. (Graham, second and third floors, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Frank di Gioia—Paintings of Little Italy, in New York, and other subjects; through Friday, March 17. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Bernard Dufour—Figure paintings chiefly, by a School of Paris artist; through April 6. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

Max Ernst—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures of the twenties and the fifties make up an exhibition that is running simultaneously with his show at the Museum of Modern Art; through April 1. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Lyonel Feininger—Oils, water colors, and wood blocks inspired by the architecture of Paris and New York; through March 31. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Glasco—Abstract paintings and sculptures, more Cubist in style than formerly; through Saturday, March 18. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leon Golub—Paintings, almost all heads and torsos; through April 1. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Sidney Gross—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, March 18. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Philip Guston—Abstract Expressionist paintings with a new suggestion of the representational; through Saturday, March 11. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Timothy Hennessy—Abstract paintings; through March 25. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Hans Hofmann—Paintings by the dean of Abstract Expressionists, in a showing that coincides with his eighty-first birthday; through March 25. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Hultberg—Cityscapes with figures, sombre and brooding, as usual; through Saturday, March 11. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Brad Jernigan—Sea-shell mobiles and water colors; through Saturday, March 11. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

Alex Katz—Portraits, landscapes, and interiors; through Saturday, March 11. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Arthur Kaufmann—Still-lifes, portraits, and landscapes; through April 1. (New Masters, 16 E. 69th St.)

Gustav Klimt, Egon Schiele, and B. F. Dolbin—Water colors and drawings; through Thursday, March 16. (Este, 965-A Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Octave Landuyt—Figurative paintings by a Belgian artist; through April 1. (Landry, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Lorri—Paintings and collages by a young Australian artist who lives and works in Rome. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, March 11. (Trabia, 14 E. 95th St.)

André Masson—A retrospective dating from 1924 to 1960, in the first full-length showing of his paintings here in several years; through March 25. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Abstract paintings; through

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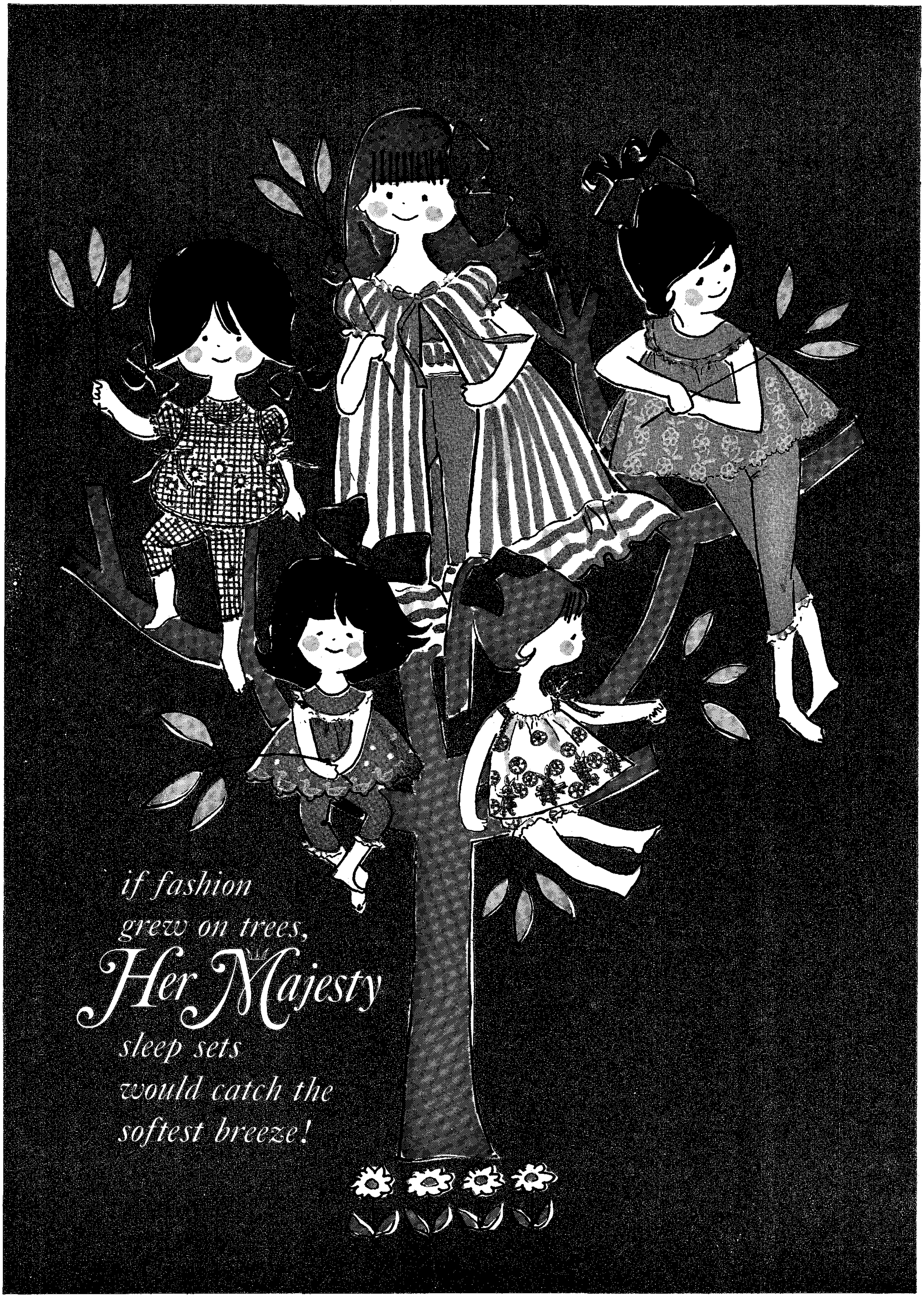
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, March 11. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Pace—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through April 1. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tobias Schneebaum—Semi-abstract oils; through Saturday, March 18. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Hassel Smith—Paintings by a California artist; through Saturday, March 11. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Sasson Soffer—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, March 11. (Parsons, 11 E. 57th St.)

Dorothea Tanning—Paintings; through Saturday, March 18. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Jack Tworkov—Abstract Expressionist canvases; through Saturday, March 18. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harvey Weiss—Sculptures in welded bronze and brass; through April 1. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Harold Weston—Abstract paintings; through March 25. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

African Art—Masks and statues (in ivory, wood, and bronze) from thirty African tribes, ranging from the Sudan to Angola; through March 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Alexander Dobkin, Philip Reisman, and Elizabeth Olds, plus drawings by George Luks; through Saturday, March 18. . . . **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: New work by four new artists—Ay-O, Rodger Lapelle, Claes Oldenburg, and Robert Smithson; through March 25. . . . **CASTELLANE**, 19 E. 76th St., and **HELLER**, 63 E. 57th St.: A joint exhibition of paintings and drawings by, among others, Walt Kuhn, Arthur B. Davies, Everett Shinn, and William Glackens; through April 8. (The Castellane Gallery is closed Mondays.) . . . **CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The March show consists of paintings selected by Adja Yunkers, Karl Schrag, and Anthony Toney; through March 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Stephen Csoka, Aristedes Stravrolakes, Hollis Holbrook, and others in a mid-season retrospection; through Friday, March 10. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Leonard Baskin, John Marin, and Charles Sheeler are three of the artists represented in a showing of aquamedia (water colors, gouaches, temperas, and caseins); through Saturday, March 11. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Oils and water colors by members of the gallery (for instance Chen Chi, Margery Ryerson, and Frederic Whitaker) who have won prizes in regional and national competitions; through Saturday, March 11. . . . **NORDNESS**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Self-portraits and portraits of other artists by Eastman Johnson, Reginald Marsh, Julian Levi, and others; through Saturday, March 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 10.) . . . **TANAGER**, 90 E. 10th St.: Lawrence Campbell, Gabriel Laderman, and Edith Schloss are the participants in a showing chiefly of landscapes and still-lifes; through Thursday, March 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Paintings, collages, and drawings (by Klee, Picasso, Rothko, and others) lent by writers, artists, and architects, including Gilbert Seldes and Jacques Lipchitz; through March 25. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: René Acht, Modest Cuixart, Terry Frost, and other painters; through Saturday, March 18. . . . **E. & A. SILBERMAN**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and drawings by, among others, Braque, Picasso, and Redon; through April 1. . . . **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: "The Many-Sided Artist," an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and/or prints by eight French artists, including Bonnard, Gauguin, and Degas; through April 1.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of fourteenth- to eighteenth-century Italian drawings by such masters as Michelangelo, Pollaiuolo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Canaletto, on loan from major Italian collections; through April 9. . . . ¶ A loan exhibition of French seventeenth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, and tapestries by Poussin, La Tour, Puget, and others; through April 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings done since 1945, including eleven recent murals, by the Abstract Expressionist Mark Rothko; through Sunday, March 12. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, collages, and other works by the School of Paris artist Max Ernst; through May 8. A good complement to this exhibition is the Ernst showing at World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Masters of Contemporary American Crafts," a display of textiles, ceramics, enamels, silver, and furniture, illustrating the influence on these decorative arts of Lili Blumenau, Kenneth F. Bates, Wharton Esherick, and others; through April 23. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan exhibition of gold, jade, and bronze objects, as well as ceramics and pottery sculpture, from the Han dynasty (206 B.C.-221 A.D.); through March 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About eighty paintings from the Arensberg and Gallatin Collections, lent by the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Among the artists are Braque, Chagall, Duchamp, Gris, Léger, and Picasso. Through April 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—Portraits found in ancient manuscripts, and portrait drawings, from the ninth to the nineteenth centuries; through Saturday, March 11. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A memorial exhibition of wall hangings by Mariska Karasz and ceramics by Katherine Choy; through Sunday, March 12. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Masks, sculptures, and other ceremonial carvings from the Papuan Gulf area of New Guinea; through May 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-sixth annual exhibition, comprising nearly two hundred and fifty items in various mediums by both members and non-members; through March 19. (Daily, except St. Patrick's Day, 1 to 5.)

National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibition of the works of thirty-four contemporary American painters and sculptors who are candidates for art awards. Among the artists invited to participate are Joe Lasker, Reginald Pollack, and Leonard Baskin. Starts Saturday, March 11. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

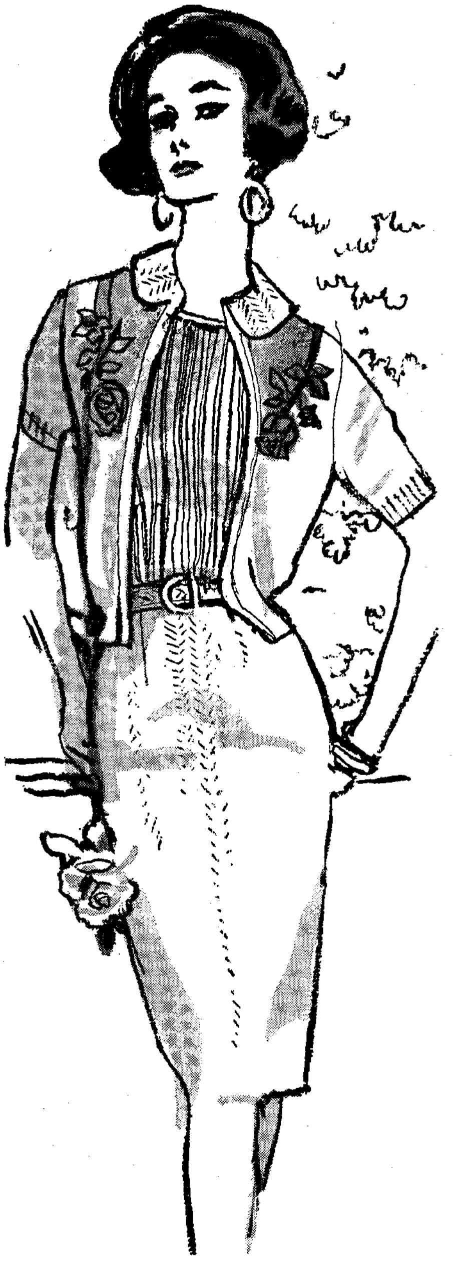
Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and monotypes by Maurice Prendergast, honoring the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through April 2. . . . ¶ A single room-filling sculpture by Herbert Ferber, designed to be walked into; starting Friday, March 10. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, March 9, at 8: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, March 10, at 8: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Margaret Roggero, Hermann Uhde, Kurt Baum, and Ralph Herbert. . . . ¶ Saturday, March



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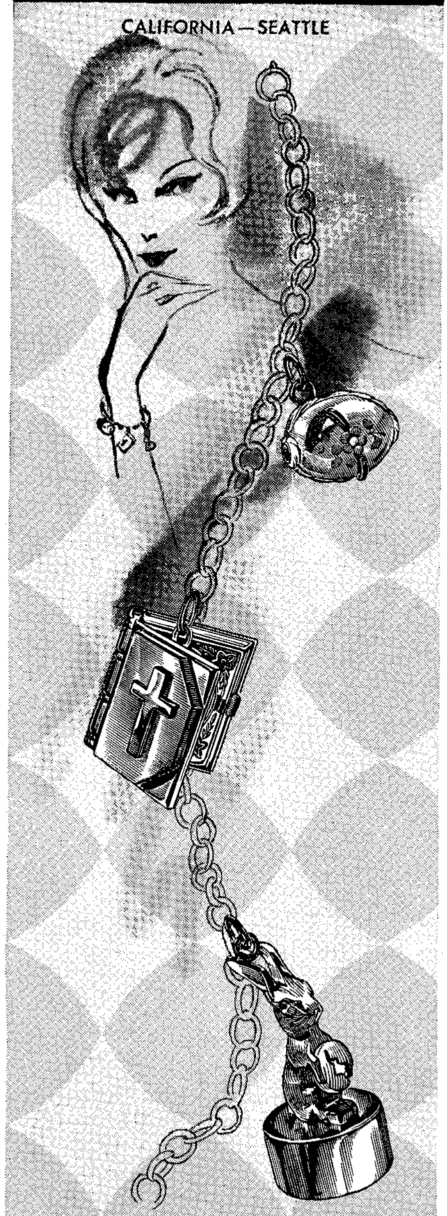

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

11, at 2: "La Bohème," with Victoria de los Angeles, Heidi Krall, Barry Morell, Lorenzo Testi, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 11, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Nerina Santini, Rosalind Elias, Robert Merrill, Dino Formichini, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Monday, March 13, at 8: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Licia Albanese, Franco Corelli, Frank Guarrera, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 14, at 8: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Bardelli, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 15, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Mary Curtis-Verna, Teresa Stratas, George London, Jan Peerce, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 16, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Leonie Rysanek, Irene Dalis, Eugenio Fernandi, Giorgio Tozzi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday, March 17, at 8: "Elektra," with Inge Borkh, Jean Madeira, Gladys Kuchta, Walter Cassel, and Ramon Vinay. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 18, at 1:30: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Karl Liebl, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 18, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Mignon Dunn, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, and William Wildermann. (A benefit for the Vassar Club of New York scholarship fund; for tickets, call PL 5-4400, Ext. 2307.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, March 9, at 8:30; Friday, March 10, at 2:15; and Sunday, March 12, at 3 (all with the Schola Cantorum of New York); Thursday, March 16, at 8:30, and Friday, March 17, at 2:15 (both with Glenn Gould, piano, and Marni Nixon, soprano); Saturday, March 18, at 8:30 (no soloists); and Sunday, March 19, at 3 (with Glenn Gould, piano, and Marni Nixon, soprano).

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 10, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 11, at 2:30.)

American Opera Society—Nicola Rescigno directing the last of three performances of Bellini's "Beatrice di Tenda," in concert form, with Joan Sutherland and Marilyn Horne, sopranos; Enzo Sordello, baritone; and Richard Cassilly and Michael Carolan, tenors. The final concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 11, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, March 12, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in a Mozart-Vivaldi program. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, March 12, at 3 and 9.)

New York Sinfonietta—Max Goberman conducting the last in a series of concerts. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 12, at 5:30.)

Ars Nova Orchestra—Robert Mandell conducting, with Nancy Chase, soprano. The last in a series of concerts. (Town Hall. Friday, March 17, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau directing, with Saramae Endich, soprano; Gladys Kriese, contralto; Robert Nagy, tenor; Mac Morgan, baritone; and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. The final concert of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 18, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

New York Pro Musica—A program of Elizabethan and Jacobean music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 11, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Nicolai Gedda—Tenor. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 11, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, March 11, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Kenneth Amada—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, March 12, at 3.)

Larry Adler—Harmonica. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, March 12, at 8:30.)

Krainis Baroque Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 12, at 8:30.)

Theodore Lettvin—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, March 13, at 8:30.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 13, at 8:40.)

Aksel Schiotz—Baritone, in Schubert's song cycle "Die Winterreise." (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Percussion Ensemble—Paul Price conducting. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Tuesday, March 14, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call EN 9-2202.)

Robert Gerle and Albert Fuller—In the second of three programs of Bach and Mozart sonatas for violin and harpsichord. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Eric Friedman—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, March 16, at 8:30.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program, with the Festival Orchestra conducted by Thomas Dunn. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 17, at 8:30.)

Stoddard Lincoln—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 17, at 8:30.)

Byron Janis—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 18, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

David Lloyd—Tenor. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, March 18, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Operas-in-Brief—"Don Pasquale," the sixth in this season's series of abbreviated operas presented by the Amato Opera Company. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 14, at 5:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 12, at 3.)

Boxing—Golden Gloves Eastern Championships, semifinals and finals. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 10, at 8.) . . . ¶ Floyd Patterson vs. Ingemar Johansson, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Miami. Monday, March 13.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 12, at 7.)

Indoor Polo—Final match of the National Intercollegiate Championship Tournament and a non-tournament match, plus a spot of Rugby. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Saturday, March 11, at 8.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, March 30. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, March 11.

Track Meet—I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 11, at 2 and 7:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Leonard Bernstein and others conducting the New York Philharmonic, with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, March 18, at noon.)

Ballet—The Brooklyn Civic Ballet presenting "The Nutcracker," "Masquerade," and "Les Petits Riens." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 18, at 3.)

Harmonica Recital—Larry Adler in a program of folk songs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, March 12, at 2.)

Stage Shows—By the **PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES:** "The Rabbit Who Wanted Wings," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.)... **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD:** "Ching-ling and the Magic Peach." (Royal Playhouse, 62 E. 4th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3.)... **EAST END THEATRE:** "Hans and the Tulip." (85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 3.)... **MARTINIQUE THEATRE:** "Aladdin and His Magic Lamp." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.)... **MERRI-MIMES:** "The Firebird." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **MERRY WANDERERS CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Hiawatha." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.)... **PENNYWHISTLE PLAYERS:** "It's So Nice to Be a Fish." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets, call UN 1-5770.)... **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Rip van Winkle." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.)... **THEATRE EAST:** "Red Riding Hood." (211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Our World and the Moon." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

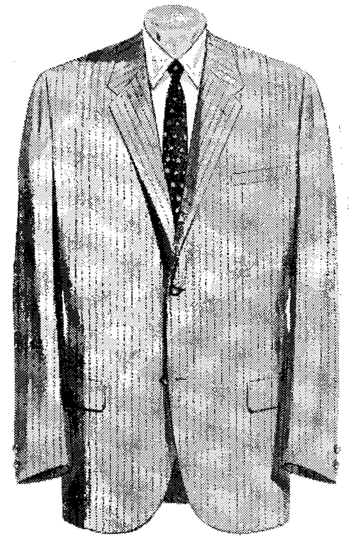
OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Theodore Roethke reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, March 13, at 8:30.)

Coliseum, Columbus Circle—**COLISEUM ANTIQUES FAIR:** Rarities from all parts of the world, including English and American furniture, French patch boxes, Oriental vases, Italian glass, and Russian enamels. (Thursday through Saturday, March 9-11, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, March 12, from 2 to 7.)... **INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW:** Tulips and roses by the square yard, elaborate garden settings, and displays of flora ranging from the daisy to the orchid, as well as tools, gadgets, outdoor furniture, and many other concomitants of gardening. (Thursday through Saturday, March 9-11, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, March 12, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, March 10-11, at 1:45: English and French furniture, bibelots, miniatures, silver, Chinese art, paintings, window hangings, rugs, and a set of Louis XVI Aubusson tapestries; from the estate of Angelica Livingston Gerry.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Ballad of a Soldier—This Soviet film tells the simplest of tales about a young soldier on leave from the front, but Grigori Chukhrai's direction and brilliant camera work, coupled with the lovely youthfulness of his two principals, Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, supply the audience with a procession of remarkable and sometimes heartbreaking visual delights. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652. After 5 on Monday, March 13, the theatre will be given over to a benefit performance.)

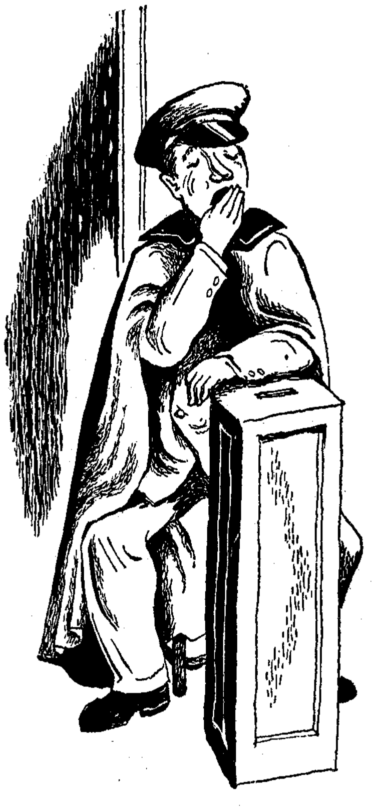
Ben-Hur—Large, expensive, and lengthy, this latest version of the old chariot-racing classic has Charlton Heston as its lead driver. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Breathless—The most glittering and memorable example of the French New Wave films follows the last few hours in the life of a cool, self-destructive Parisian car thief, and succeeds, by the style of its camera and the intelligence of its script, in conveying all the compelling modern delusions to which he is victim. Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this undoubted masterwork, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg distinguish themselves as the hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Don Quixote—The Knight of the Woeful Figure here is a Russian, Nikolai Cherkasov, who gives a strong and touching performance in this doggedly faithful Soviet version of Cervantes's classic. He and director Grigory Kozintsev's astonishing color compositions save the tale from its own broad sentimentalities. Dubbed (and poorly dubbed) into English. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Entertainer—Laurence Olivier gives a stunning performance as a hard-drinking, lascivious, and thoroughly untalented music-hall singer and dancer. No use pretending the film will make you feel good; still, it would be a shame to miss Olivier at the very top of his bent, ably assisted by Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through March 11.)

Exodus—Time moves slowly in the Middle East, and Otto Preminger has made no attempt to hurry it along in his almost everlasting film about the founding of Israel. Occasional gunfire fails to interrupt the gabfest among Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb, and several dozen other chatterboxes, and in the end Jews, Arabs, and Britishers are all routed by the forces of logorrhea. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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12	13	14	15			

The Misfits—Modern-day mustangs and lonely ladies are some of the too obvious symbols in this Western parable written by Arthur Miller, but the performances of Marilyn Monroe and the late Clark Gable almost compensate for all the sugar candy. Montgomery Clift, Eli Wallach, and Thelma Ritter are other members of a fine cast, which was directed by John Huston. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; March 9.... ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting March 15.)

The Sundowners—The plot of this tale about a group of Australian sheep drovers is TV serial stuff, but some eye-popping scenery, plenty of kangaroos, and Fred Zinnemann's tasteful direction more than balance its faults. Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, and Michael Anderson, Jr., are an attractive and believable family, and Peter Ustinov is Peter Ustinov, which is plenty good enough. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 14, tentative.)

Tunes of Glory—Bagpipes, kilts, and gallons of Scotch whiskey are the stage props to one of the great performances of the year, as Sir Alec Guinness brings all his brilliance and intelligence to the part of a Scottish regimental colonel battling for his selfish life. John Mills is his formidable but luckless adversary, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson are notable members of an entirely satisfactory cast. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Two-Way Stretch—A profoundly unserious study of British penology and the wicked ways of unrepentant jewel thieves, conducted by the eminent sociologist Mr. Peter Sellers. Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins assist in the farcical seminar, and the resultant laughter is weightless and almost non-stop. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 10-13.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' appraisal of a rich man's career. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 14.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 14.)

Potemkin (1925)—The celebrated Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 10-13.)

The Rose Tattoo (1955)—Tennessee Williams' adaptation of his own play. Anna Magnani is the dishevelled Italian lady of the bayous, and Burt Lancaster is the truck driver who catches her eye. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; March 9-12 and March 14-15.)

To Live in Peace (1947)—Aldo Fabrizi as an Italian peasant who befriends a couple of G.I.s, one of them colored, during the war. Made in Italy. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 14, tentative.)

W. C. Fields Shorts (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; March 9-12 and March 14-15.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Western Film"—Through March 11: "Hell's Hinges" (1916), directed by, and with, William S. Hart.... ¶ Starting March 12: "The Testing Block" (1920), directed by Lambert Hillyer, with William S. Hart. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)... **note:** On Thursday, March 9, at 8:30, there will be a showing of "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927) and "Entr'acte" (1924), both directed by René Clair. Tickets may be obtained at the Museum.

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
March 9: **THE MISFITS.**
From March 10: "Go Naked in the World," Gina Lollobrigida, Anthony Franciosa.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

De Mille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Cry for Happy," Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Cimarron," Glenn Ford, Maria Schell.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"101 Dalmatians," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Take a Giant Step," Johnny Nash, Estelle Hemsley.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 15 (tentative): "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through March 14: "Black Sunday," Barbara Steele; and "Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton. (After 5 on Monday, March 13, the theatre will be turned over to a telecast of the Floyd Patterson-Ingemar Johansson fight.)
From March 15: "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr; and "The Shakedown," Terence Morgan.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 14 (tentative): "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.
From March 15 (tentative): "Can-Can," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian). After 5 on Monday, March 13, the theatre will be given over to a benefit performance.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Cry for Happy," Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 11: "Where the Boys Are," Dolores Hart, George Hamilton; and "Surrender-Hell!," Keith Andes.
March 12-14: "Black Sunday," Barbara Steele; and "Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton.
From March 15: "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr; and "The Shakedown," Terence Morgan.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
BREATHLESS (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Modigliani of Montparnasse" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Lilli Palmer.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Millionairess," Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 14 (tentative): **THE SUNDOWNERS.**
From March 15 (tentative): "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 14: "Black Sunday," Barbara Steele; and "Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton. (After 5 on Monday, March 13, the theatre will be turned over to a telecast of the Floyd Patterson-Ingemar Johansson fight.)
From March 15: "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr; and "The Shakedown," Terence Morgan.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 14: "Where the Boys Are," Dolores Hart, George Hamilton; and "Surrender-Hell!," Keith Andes.
From March 15: **THE MISFITS.**

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
March 9-12 and March 14-15: **THE ROSE TATTOO,** revival; and **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS,** revivals.
March 13 (showings at 7, 8:40, and 10:20): A program of several experimental Polish films—"Dom," "Sweet Memories," and others.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through March 11: **THE ENTERTAINER;** and "The Big Chief" (in French), revival, Fernandel, Gino Cervi.
From March 12: "Can-Can," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 14 (tentative): **TO LIVE IN PEACE** (in Italian), revival; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.
From March 15: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 14: "Where the Boys Are," Dolores Hart, George Hamilton; and "Surrender-Hell!," Keith Andes. (After 6 on Monday, March 13, the theatre will be turned over to a telecast of the Floyd Patterson-Ingemar Johansson fight.)
From March 15: **THE MISFITS.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 14: "Come Dance with Me!" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Henri Vidal; and "Sin and Desire" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul.
From March 15: "Marie-Octobre" (in French), Danielle Darrieux; and "Rue de Paris" (in French), Jean Gabin, Claude Brasseur.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
TWO-WAY STRETCH.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
DON QUIXOTE.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Hand in Hand," John Gregson, Sybil Thorndike.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
TUNES OF GLORY.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), Martine Carol, Dany Robin.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through March 14: "Where the Boys Are," Dolores Hart, George Hamilton; and "Surrender-Hell!," Keith Andes.
From March 15: "The Teahouse of the August Moon," revival, Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford; and "Something of Value," revival, Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 15: "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival; and "None But the Lonely Heart," revival, Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 14: "Black Sunday," Barbara Steele; and "Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton.
From March 15: "Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 9: "Dreams" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "Man in a Cocked Hat," revival, Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.
March 10-13: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).
From March 14: **CITIZEN KANE,** revival; and **THE INFORMER,** revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through March 10: "Legions of the Nile," Linda Cristal; and "The Wizard of Baghdad," Dick Shawn, Diane Baker.
March 11-14: "Female in the Flesh," Brigitte Bardot; and "The Wicked Go to Hell," Marina Vlady.
From March 15: "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr; and "The Shakedown," Terence Morgan.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 14: "Come Dance with Me!" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Henri Vidal; and "Port of Shame" (in French), revival, Trevor Howard.
From March 15: "Marie-Octobre" (in French), Danielle Darrieux; and "Rue de Paris" (in French), Jean Gabin, Claude Brasseur.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through March 14: "Black Sunday," Barbara Steele; and "Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton.
From March 15: "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr; and "The Shakedown," Terence Morgan.

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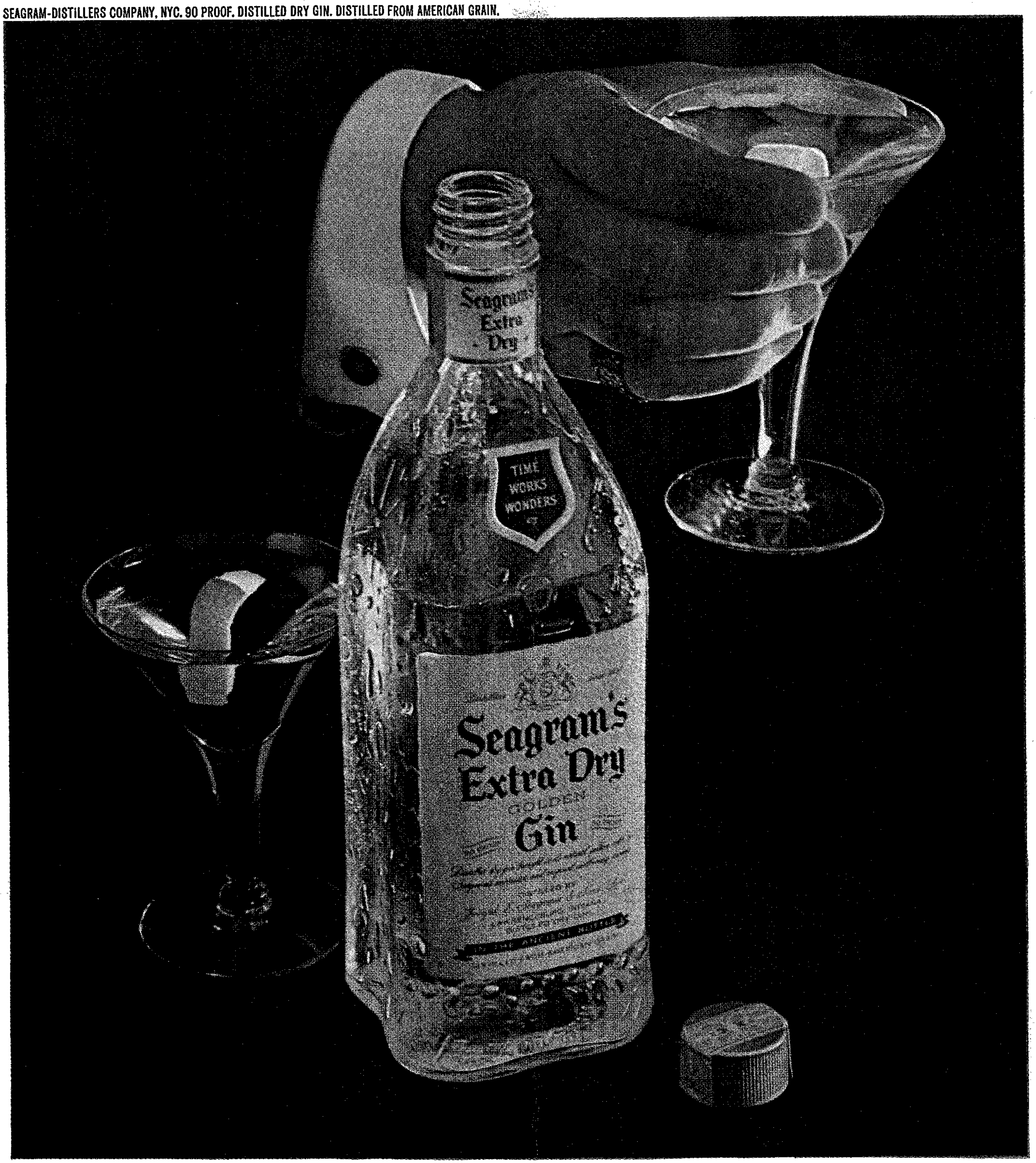
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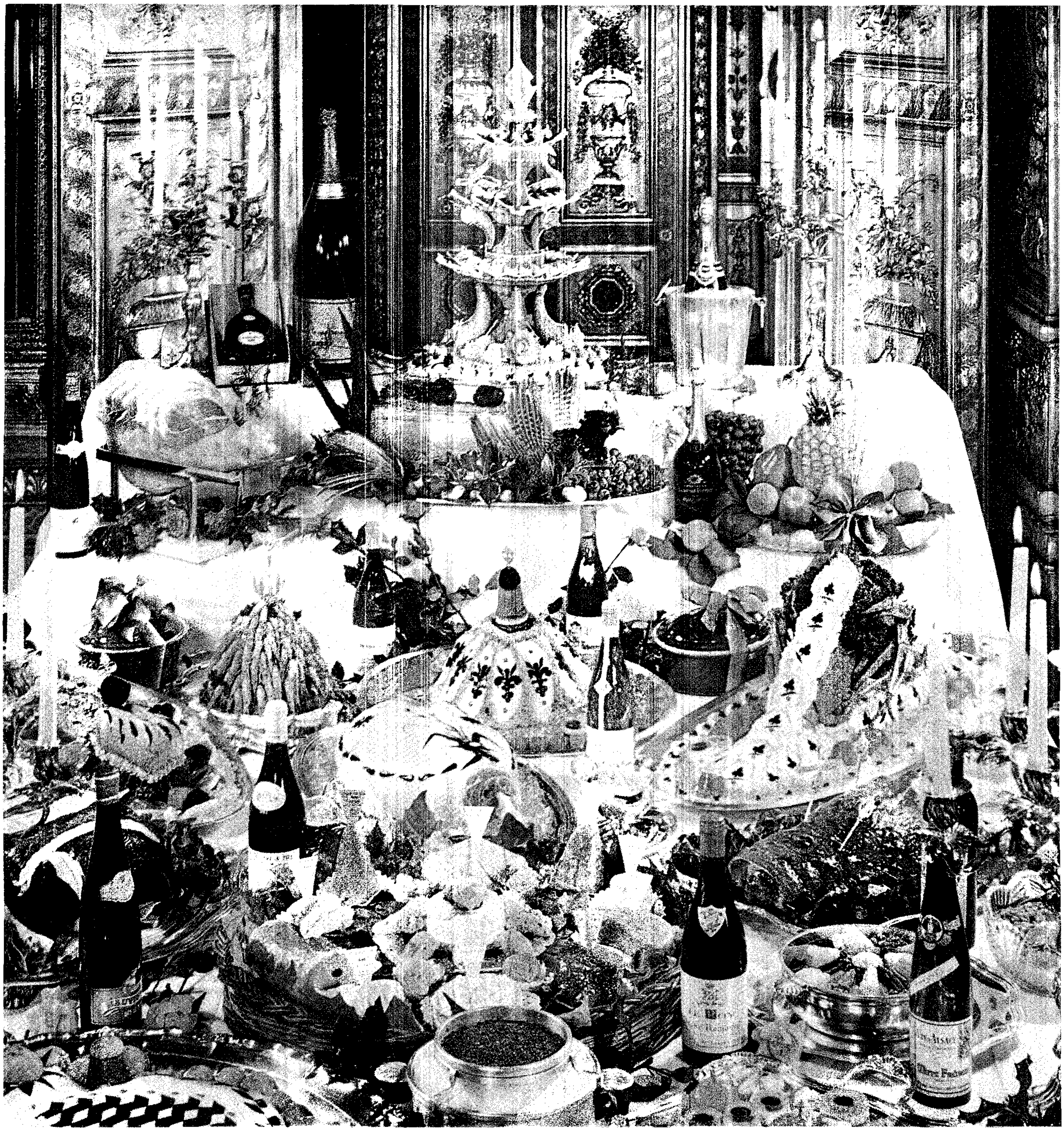

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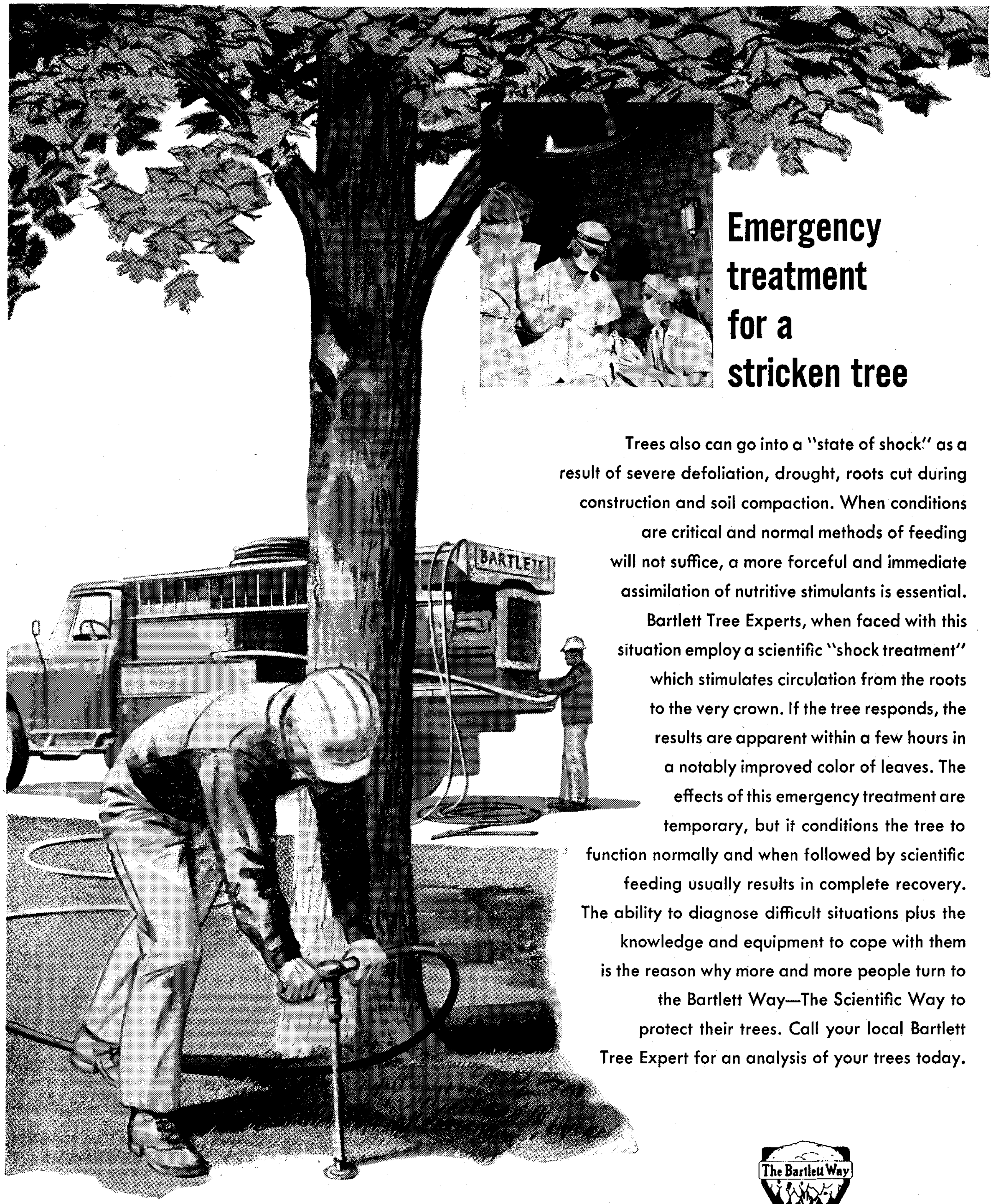

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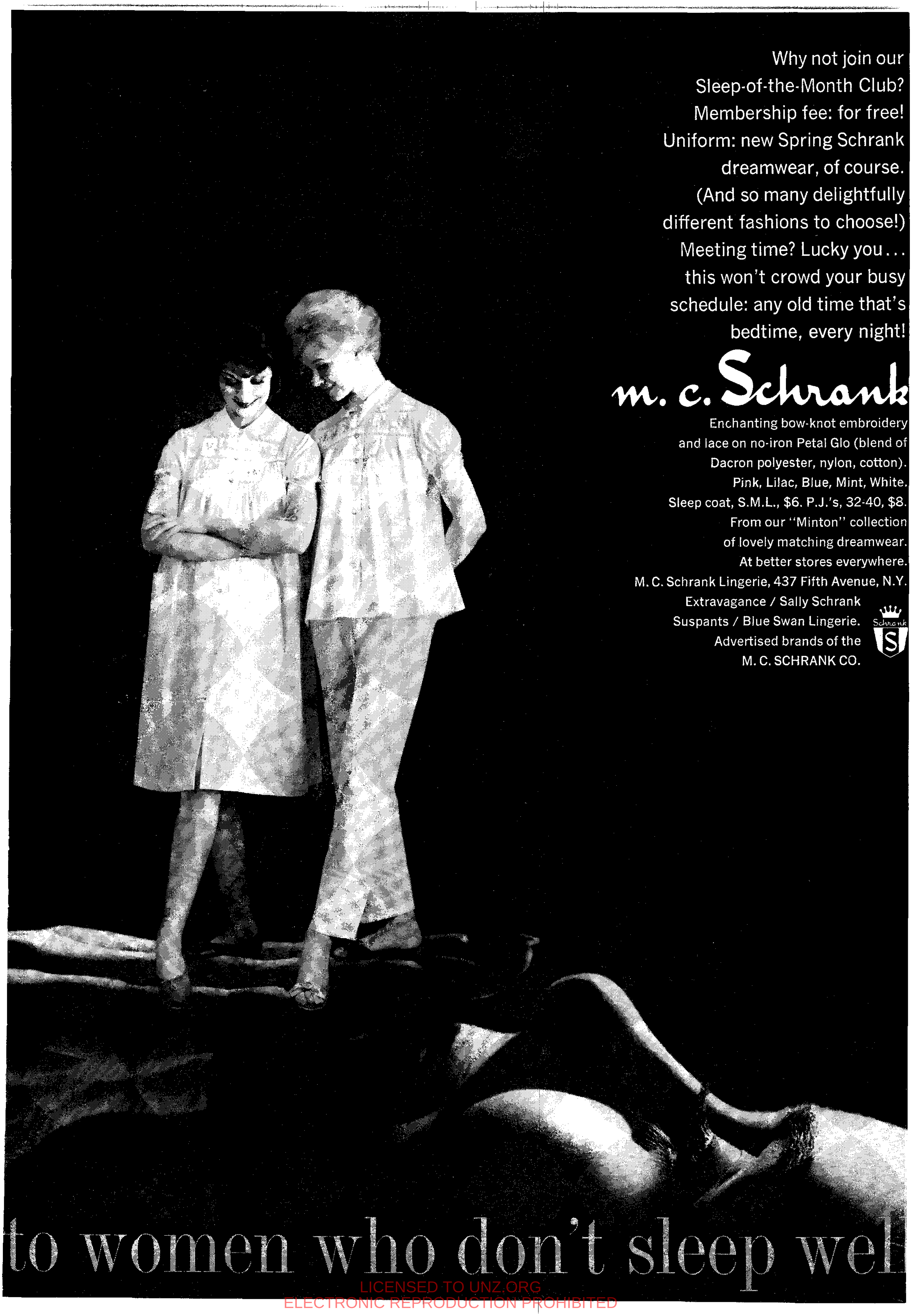

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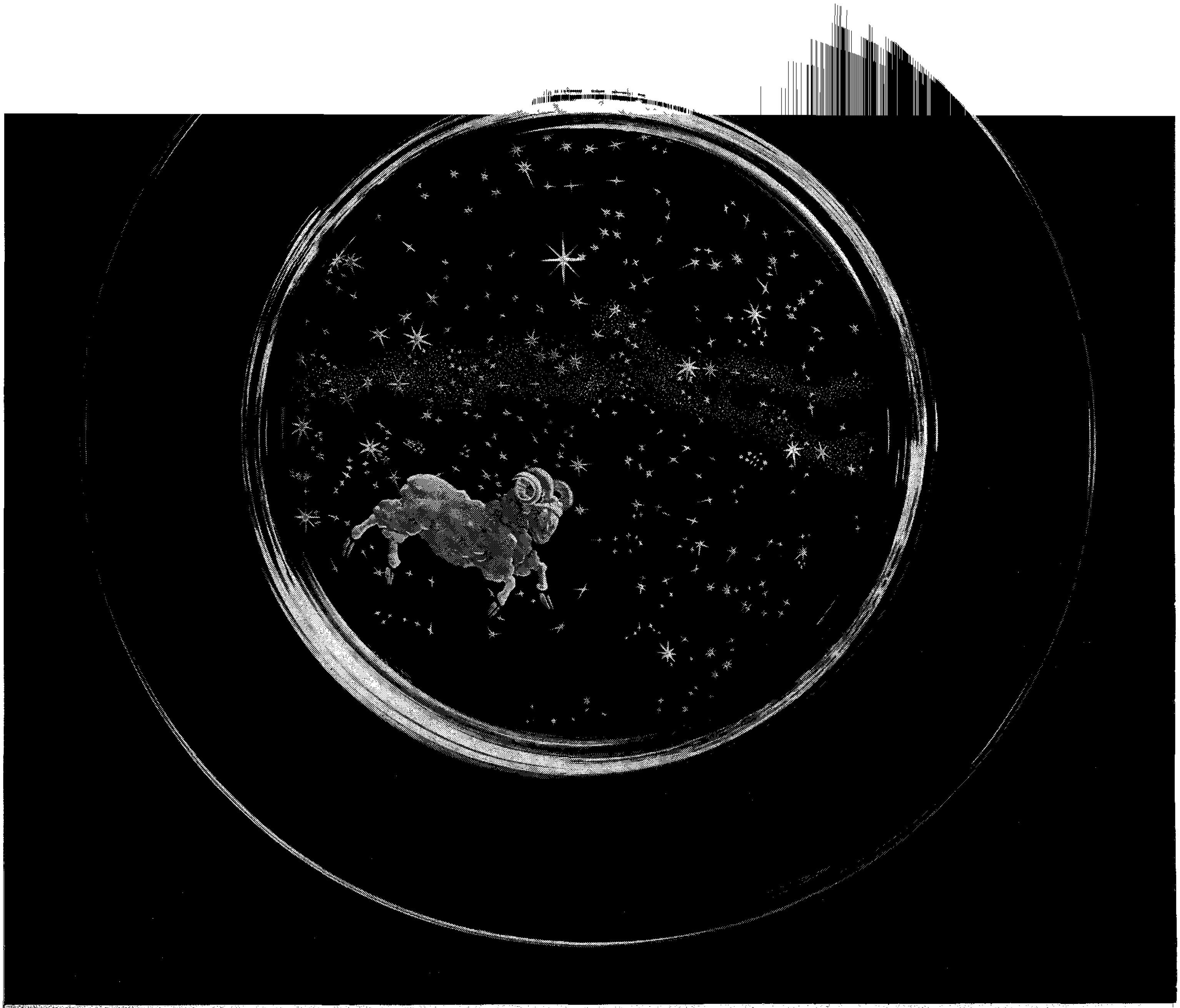

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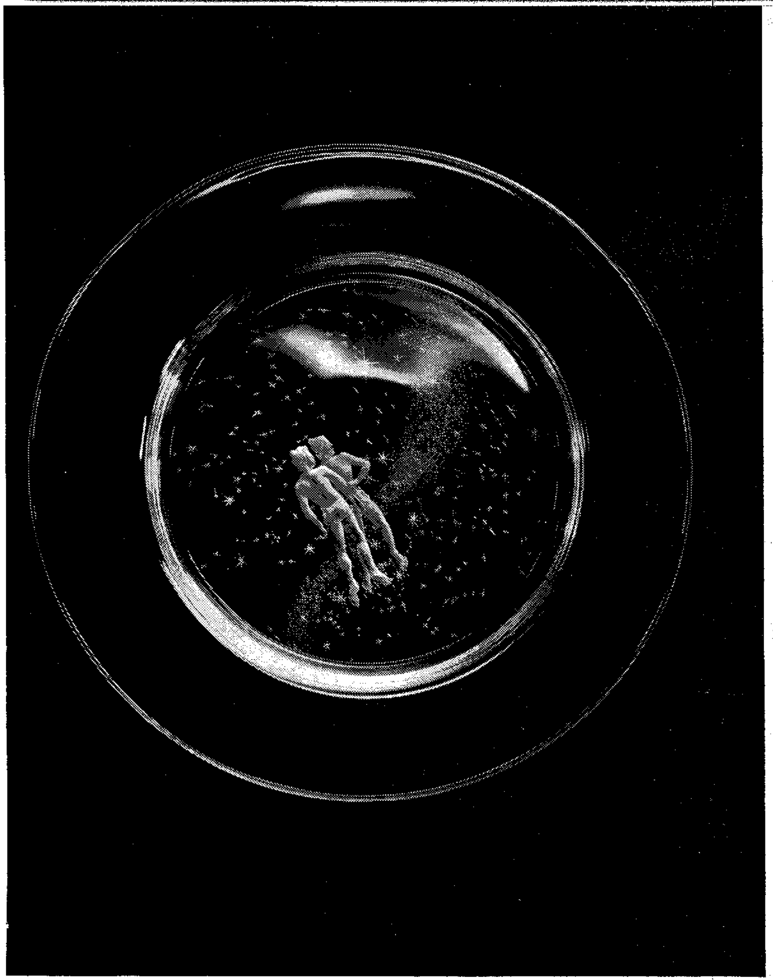
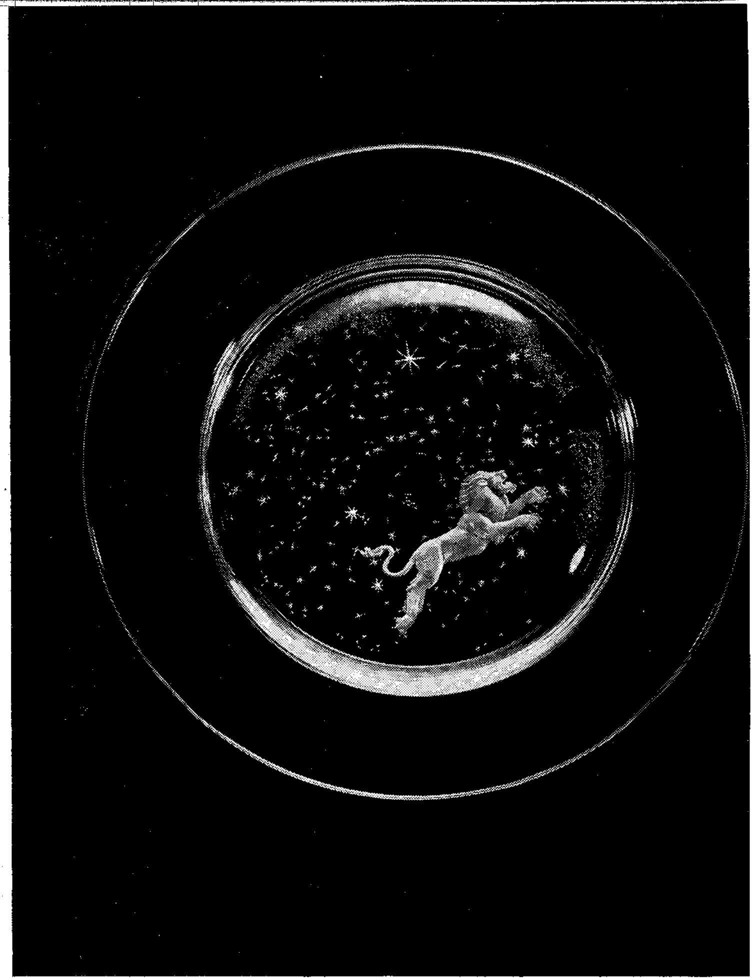
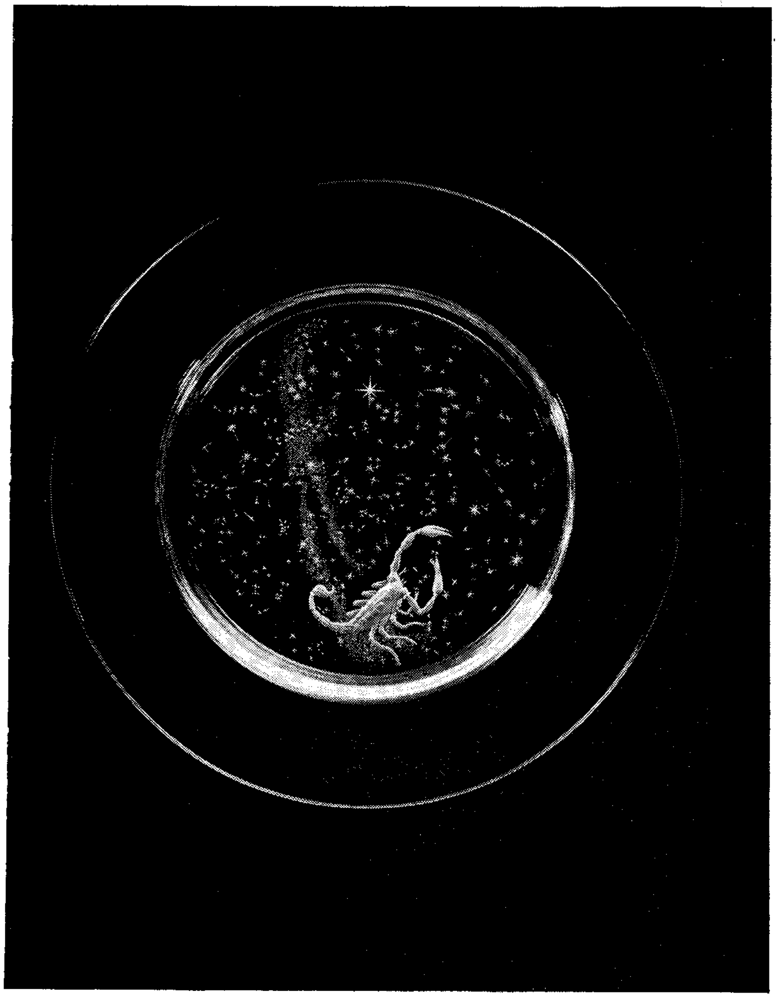


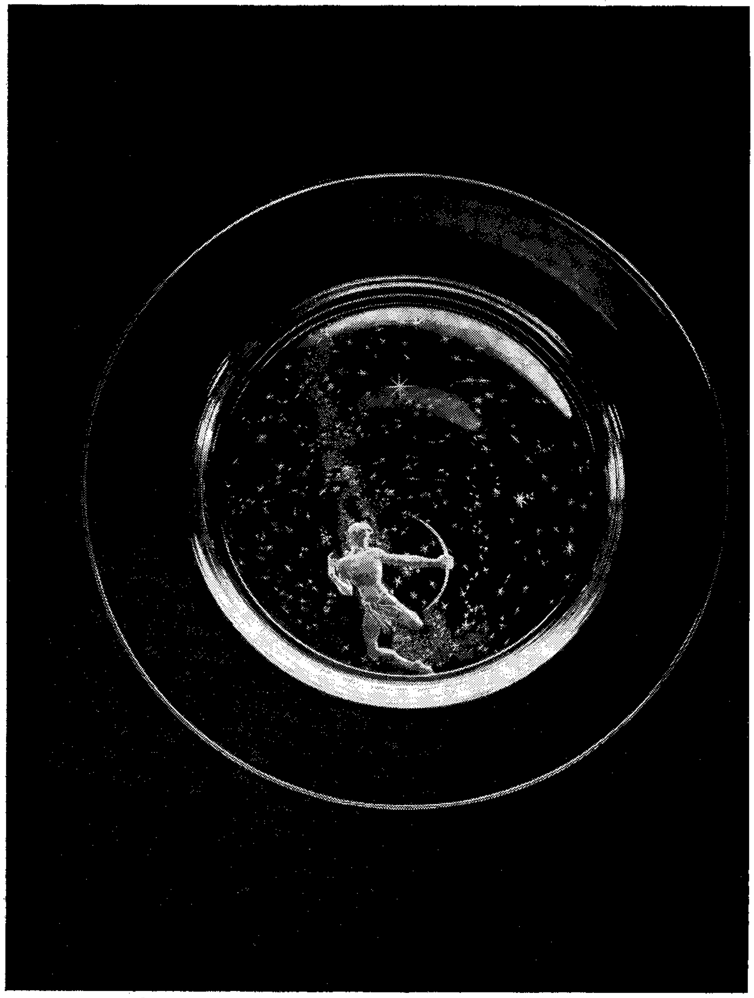
The Twins — May 21 to June 21



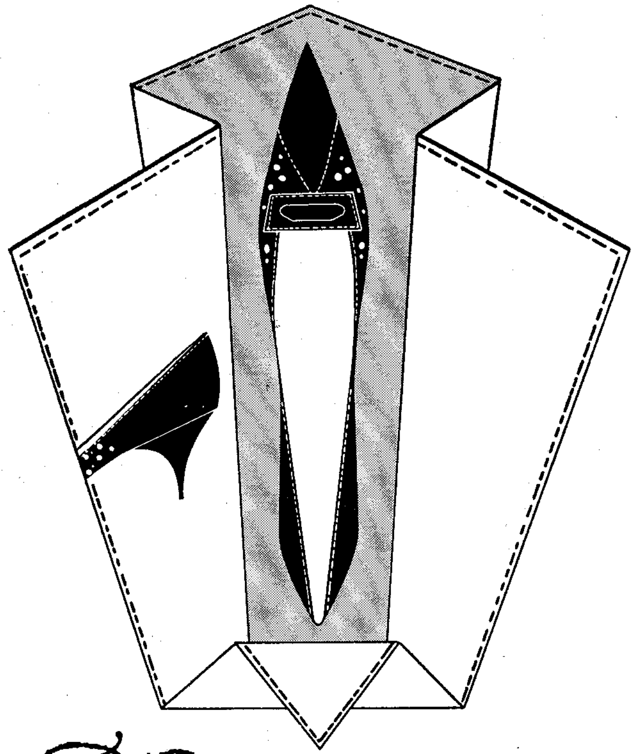
The Lion — July 23 to August 22



The Scorpion — October 24 to November 21



The Archer — November 22 to December 21



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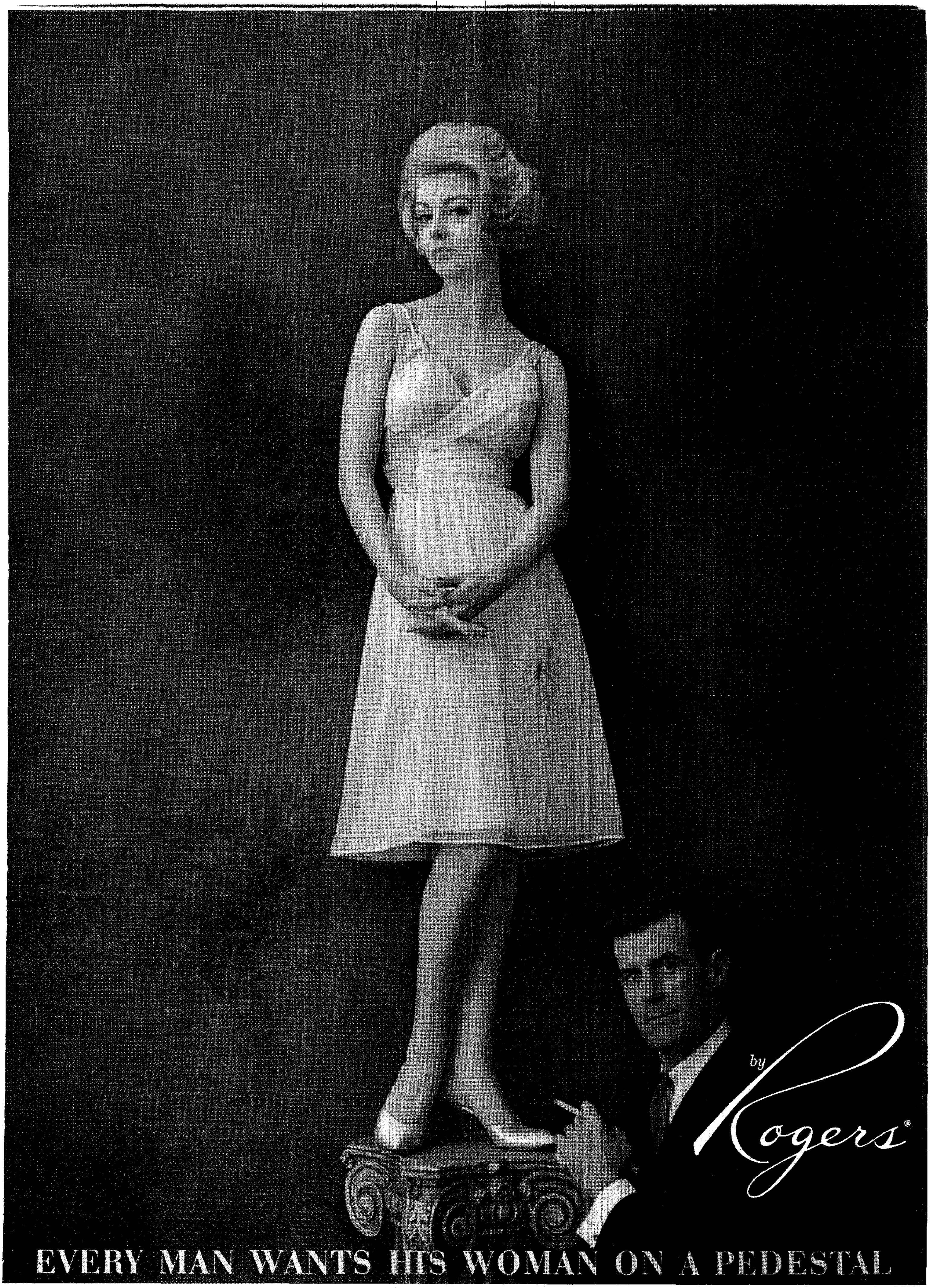
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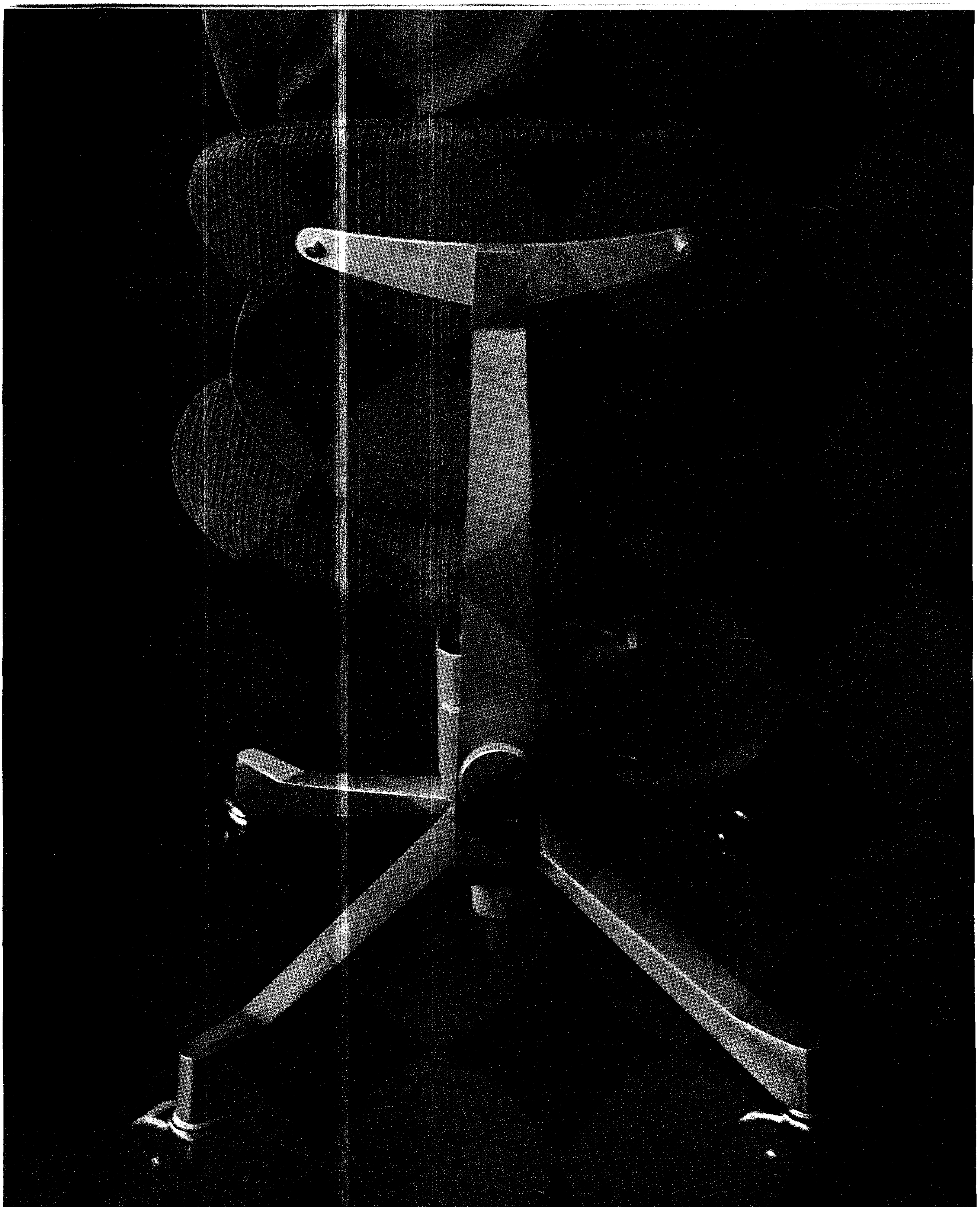

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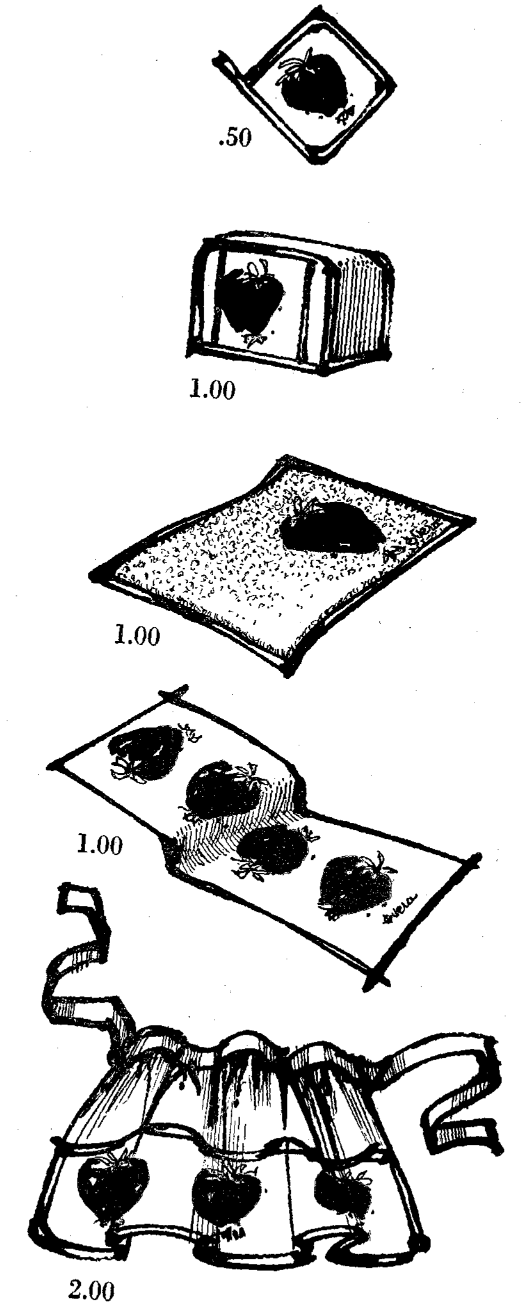

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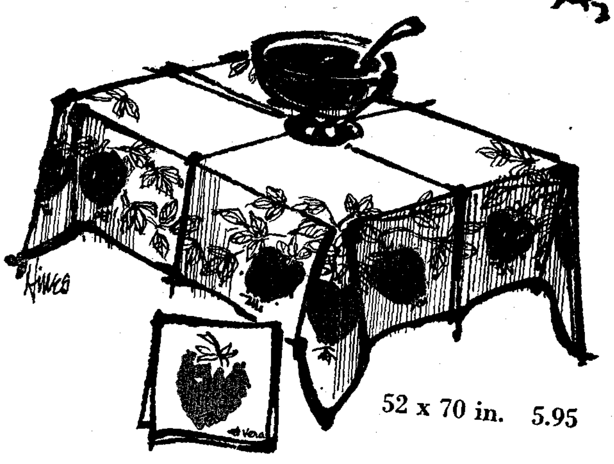

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have our own method of telling when spring is in the air, and we pass it along for whatever encouragement it may give to others. One moment we are at our desk, glancing at the wall hook where our heavy winter overcoat hangs, an itchy wool muffler draped over one of its shoulders. Our umbrella hangs on the next wintry hook; beside it there's our drab, heavy gray felt hat. Beneath the hooks, at the base of a small cabinet, lies our emergency pair of galoshes, hideous objects whose name implies black slush rather than bright snow. There are aspirin bottles inside the cabinet. Our sinuses are engaged in some private and obnoxious festival to which nobody else would care to be invited. Our outlook, in short, is bleak, not to say wintry. And the next moment we suddenly hear the hoot from the North River—the full-throated, defiant, independent hoot of a liner that is setting out to sea. There may be other hoots all winter, but this particular hoot comes right through our window, jiggles our umbrella, topples the aspirin bottles, and breaks up the sinuses' party. We *know*, because we have just heard the hoot, and it is unmistakably the first hoot of spring, and filled—again, again—with promise.

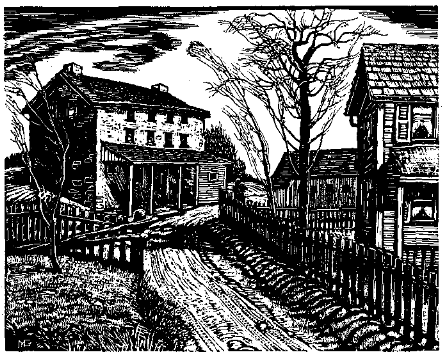
Let There Be Light

THERE are no bats in the belfry of the First Presbyterian Church, a Gothic pile down at Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street. This we established by accompanying Edgar Tafel, an architect quite prominent in the ecclesiastical line, and Alexander Robertson, the sexton of the First Presbyterian, on a tour of the attic of the edifice one morning last week. The purpose of the tour was to examine the possibility of casting more light into the church from the apexes of the Gothic bays than is provided by the four chandeliers that are now the principal source of illumination. As we toiled upward to the summit, each step a little more arduous than the last, Mr. Tafel, a jolly soul in his forties who is as durable as Tenzing, advised us that the chandeliers whose function he was out to augment had come from the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, where the Reverend Charles H. Parkhurst, foe of the denizens of the Tenderloin, waxed and waned, and that they had been installed seventy-odd years after the present building—which, incidentally, cost fifty-five thousand dollars—was dedicated, in 1846. Gasping along behind Mr. Tafel and the equally agile Mr. Robertson, who carried a flashlight, we presently left the secure stairway that had been supporting us and entered a door that led to the attic proper.

"What you might call this," said Mr. Tafel, "is Lon Chaneyville. I'll bet he'd rather be a phantom here than at the opera."

"Watch your head," said Mr. Robertson, and we proceeded through a small door into a wilderness of beams crisscrossing endlessly over the gray parabolas, like the humps of camels, created by the tops of the bays.

A couple of naked electric bulbs and Mr. Robertson's flashlight penetrated the murk sufficiently for us to make our way along a series of wooden catwalks. All of us had to crouch to avoid being decapitated by an intricate structure that angled out over the catwalks, but Mr. Tafel, even when practically doubled up, continued to inform us about what we were looking at, or trying to look at. "When Gothic was first introduced into the United States, vaulting bays were made of plaster, just as these are, and hung from the rafters," he said. "You'll notice how the beams take care of the various stresses, and you'll notice, too, that the wood is as sound now as it was a century ago. Today, if we were building these bays, we would, of course, use steel-strap hangers, but this is solid stuff." He rapped a timber appreciatively, and took off on a catwalk leading to the left.



"We are now over the center of the church," Mr. Tafel continued, "and there is, thank God, a hole right down into the area that we want to light up. The hole goes through one of those five-foot plaster rosettes that you see at the apexes of the bays, and we can lower spotlights through this and one other, and have our problem solved without fuss or muss. The plaster is too light to support a man for any length of time, but with these catwalks the workmen shouldn't have too much difficulty."

Mr. Robertson peered around and remarked, "Couldn't one of those artistic photographers have a ball with all the shadows up here?"

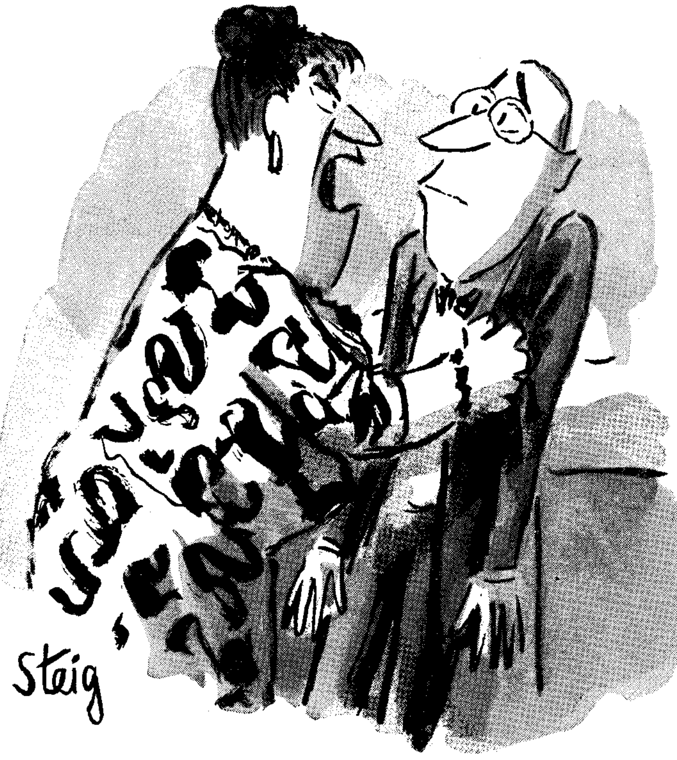
Since Mr. Tafel seemed to have completed his mission, we proposed, on the ground of a slight attack of claustrophobia, that we leave the upper reaches of the First Presbyterian—a notion that was agreeable to our companions. Once we were outside the small door again, Mr. Robertson showed us the echo chamber of the organ, in an area just beyond. "You hear that hum?" he said. "We got a cipher. That's an air leak."

We sympathized with him, and he led us to the belfry—or at least to the base of it. "Nobody rings the bell," he said. "Dr. Mellin once told the congregation that people around here like to sleep late."

We went down to the main floor of the church, and accompanied Mr. Tafel to the adjoining church house. In an office in the church house, we met Dr. John O. Mellin and his associate, John Macnab, the first very tall and young, the second not so tall but equally young. Mr. Macnab immediately complained to Mr. Tafel that he had been all set to climb up to the attic, and had put his worst suit on in preparation for the trip. Mr. Tafel apologized for depriving him of the exercise.

"This church is full of surprises," said Dr. Mellin. "Right now, we've got the market cornered on authentic eighteenth-century tombstones. When the church was moved here back in 1846, from down in the Wall Street section, several bodies came with us, together with a dozen funeral slabs, which we now have down in the basement. The reason those large rosettes at the tops of the bays have holes in them is that at Christmastime in the twenties the church used to be festooned with great loops of laurel. That sort of thing doesn't go on now, but I think the church will survive. I have a notion that the Protestants are becoming a prophetic minority, which is what the Presbyterians were in the first place, and I think they can get along without the trimmings. Right now, I'd like to think of something to do with those tombstones. I don't believe in collecting, and I don't like antiques that aren't practical."

"Am I glad those rosettes have holes in them!" said Mr. Tafel.



"Must I fight for every dime you give me?"

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (DIVISION OF IMPLAUSIBLE ORGANIZATIONS): There's a Lamb and Rabbit Workers Union, Local 85, at 109 West Twenty-sixth Street.

Six-Sided

THE winter we're just about to say goodbye to has been the sixth-snowiest on record hereabouts—52.7 inches so far, compared to 77.6 inches in the winter of 1892-93, 56.1 in 1893-94, 58.3 in 1898-99, 53 in 1933-34, and 61.5 in 1947-48—but this is only early March, and you notice that we say "so far." In any case, while walking deep in snow, shovelling snow, and merely sitting and watching it swirl down past our windows, we've gone from welcoming it to tolerating it to being irritated by it, and finally to pronouncing a harsh druid curse on the stuff. This sequence of emotions has had one fruitful result—we've been sufficiently preoccupied with snow to learn a little about what it is, why it is, and where it's apt to be found (on the equator, among other unexpected places). The formation of snow depends chiefly on a cloud temperature no higher than 10° Fahrenheit and a substantial amount of water vapor in the air. It is not true that more snow falls at the poles than anywhere else on earth. A greater amount of snow forms in the Temperate Zones, where the air contains more moisture than it does in the extremely low temperatures of the Arctic and Antarctic.

Snow may be formed under favorable conditions in the upper atmosphere but turn into rain on the way down, depending on the temperature close to the earth's surface. One day last week, quite an angry little snowstorm hit lower Westchester but there was simply cold rain in town, New York being, in effect, steam-heated outdoors as well as in, and therefore nearly always a few degrees warmer than the suburbs. A rough rule of thumb employed by meteorologists is that ten inches of snow is the equivalent of an inch of rain. The heaviest snowfalls occur at temperatures between 24° and 30°. The heaviest local snowfall on record was the Big Snow of 1947, which piled up 25.8 inches in less than twenty-four hours, but the most talked-about was, of course, the Blizzard of '88, which piled up a total of 20.9 inches in sixty-two hours and was accompanied by gale winds, causing the snow to form twenty-foot drifts. The heaviest single snowfall in United States history is supposed to have taken place in Silver Lake, Colorado, in 1921—a hundred inches in eighty-five hours. Since snow is a function of cold, and cold is a function of height above sea level, among other things, plenty of places in the Torrid Zones get snow. At the equator, it takes a mountain at least seventeen thousand feet high—Mount Kenya, for example—to bear snow all year round, whereas up in Alaska mountains only five thousand feet high are permanently capped with snow. The Empire State Building would have to be eight times as high as it is to be permanently snow-capped at this latitude.

The development of snowflakes is ordinarily dependent on the presence in the air of microscopic nuclei, the composition of which is, surprisingly, uncertain; comparatively high temperature and low atmospheric pressure combine at low altitudes to produce large, moist flakes, while the formation of tiny, compact flakes requires high altitudes, high pressure, and low temperature. There are two basic types of snowflake—tabular and columnar. The former includes those lacy hexagonal plates and complex star shapes that one often sees in photographic enlargements. Hexagonal structure is characteristic of practically all snowflakes; a few, though, are triangular, and now and again you may run across a crazy mixed-up four- or five-sided snowflake. Nobody is sure why snowflakes are six-sided, but it's agreed that the tripartite composition of the water molecule has something to do with it.

Our word "snow" comes from the

Old English "*snāw*." Snow is "*neige*" in French, "*neve*" in Italian, and "*nieve*" in Spanish. The State of Nevada was named for the Sierra Nevada, or "snowy mountain range," which lies partly within its boundaries. The French Revolutionary calendar, which was adopted in 1793 and abandoned a few years later, included a month called Nivôse, or Snow, which lasted from December 21st to January 19th, when Pluviôse, or Rain, hopefully succeeded it. Almost anything white tends to get named for snow—snowberries, snow lilies, snow pudding—and as a metaphor for purity it has proved unbeatable for over two thousand years. The Psalms say, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," and Isaiah says, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." Swinburne, who would do practically anything for the sake of alliteration, tried to smear snow with "For winter's rains and ruins are over,/And all the season of snows and sins," and current slang makes snow a synonym for both heroin and overwhelming flattery, but for the most part snow enjoys an excellent press. What else can you imagine the fleece of Mary's little lamb being said to be as white as?

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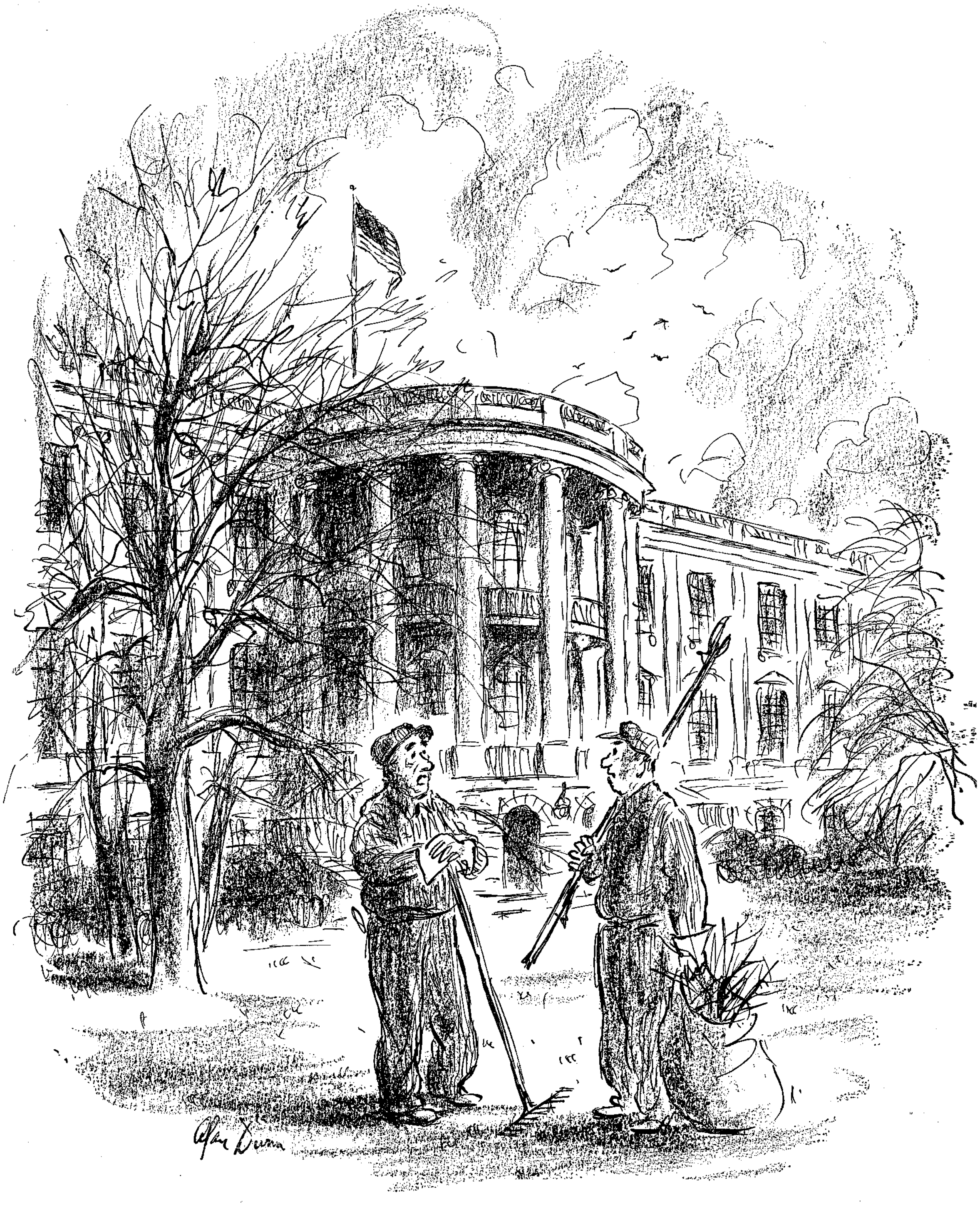
SIGN over the bar of the Headquarters Restaurant, on West Forty-ninth Street: "We Are Not Responsible Unless Checked."

Good Works

WE'VE been talking with as nice a young prince as you'd care to meet—one who is, as it happens, not only a prince but a publisher, and not only a publisher but a public servant. Prince-publisher-public-servant spells paragon; this paragon's name is Sadruddin Aga Khan, and he is a son of the late Aga Khan III, a brother of the late Aly Khan, and an uncle of Prince Karim, more formally known as Aga Khan IV, Brilliant Star of Zanzibar and Forty-ninth Imam (or spiritual leader) of Ismaili Mohammedans throughout the world. Prince Sadruddin is twenty-eight, just under six feet tall, and wonderfully well tailored, and has the famous dark-brown Khan eyes. When in town, he stays at the family apartment, on Beekman Place, where he gets an admirable view of the headquarters of the United Nations—his employer—and where we called on him the other day. "That's where I was this morning," he told us, waving toward the U.N. enclave, to the south. "I have two jobs with the U.N.—one as Special Consultant to the Director-General of Unesco, and the other as a chargé de mission in the office of the High Commissioner for Refugees. I submit my services on an honorary basis, but I am given a per-diem allowance by Unesco for travelling expenses and the like. I take care never to become involved in politics and consider myself welcome wherever I go. I hope it won't sound too ambitious if I call my-



"I'd gotten as far as Chapter Two, and then they made me sign the pledge."

self a free man committed to all men."

The Prince graduated from Harvard in the class of 1954, then spent three years there doing graduate work in Persian history and Arabic. It was while he was still an undergraduate that he assumed the role of publisher, under circumstances less characteristic of him than of his publication, the *Paris Review*. A literary periodical that has offices in Paris, London, and Flushing, the *Review* comes out several times a year, but rarely at the same times from one year to the next. "My publishing career started in Pamplona, in the spring of '54," the Prince said. "George Plimpton, the editor of the *Review*, and I were running ahead of the bulls, and at one point George, who is remarkable for the number of things he can keep in mind simultaneously, yelled over to me to ask if I would become publisher of the magazine. My mind is different from George's, and I had other things to think about, but later I said yes. I started in by bailing the editors out of a printer's debt of three or four hundred dollars and have been on the job ever since."

When his father died, in 1957, the Prince left Harvard and went to work for the U.N. "Because of my family's very long and close relationship with Middle Eastern and African affairs, I felt I could be of some help," he said. "Our Ismaili community extends across many boundaries—India, Pakistan, Iran, Iraq, Syria, and Tanganyika, to name a few. As chargé de mission, I've been particularly concerned with the plight of refugees who have fled into Morocco and Tunisia as a result of the conflict in Algeria. I spent last July in the sheikdoms of Kuwait, Bahrein, and Qatar, organizing committees and raising money. The sheiks were agreeably generous. Later in the summer, I started work for Unesco on an extraordinary project to save the Nubian monuments on the Upper Nile from being drowned. Upward from Aswan, where the new High Dam is under construction, there are sixteen freestanding temples, built in the days of the Pharaohs, and seven hewn out of cliffs. When the water rises behind the dam, these priceless relics will be lost to mankind forever unless, at enormous expense, we move the movable ones. Who is to pay for all this? I spoke to President Nasser, and he is both much interested and very much concerned, but the United Arab Republic cannot possibly finance, singlehanded, the salvation of its monuments. So on I shall go, in a race with the water, to many countries, helping to raise the unthinkable sums needed to achieve our goal."

Waste No Words

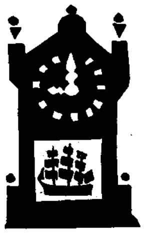
HERE'S an essay by a nine-year-old that has come our way from the teacher to whom it was submitted:

> WHY I HATE GRAHAM CRACKERS
> They crumble.

Life in the Waldorf

WE were getting along perfectly happily in what seemed to us at least an interesting world until Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, a firm dealing in booze, began to stir us up. "Man until now has been confined to one little planet surrounded by an atmosphere 100 miles high, and, like a fish at the bottom of the 100-mile-deep ocean, unable to see what goes on above the surface," it wrote, a trifle awkwardly, in an invitation to a "Life in Other Worlds" Luncheon and Symposium held in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf last week, and went on:

> The coming of the space age enables man to rise above the confining atmosphere to see the universe around him in its pristine glory.



> In man's ability to escape the gravitational bonds that have held him to earth lies the opportunity to answer age-old fundamental questions: How did the universe begin? Are the laws governing the universe today the same as a billion years ago? Does life exist elsewhere and what is the form of that life?
>
> We may expect answers to begin coming in the lifetime of most human beings living today.
>
> One of the most enticing promises that the conquest of outer space holds is the possibility of communicating with intelligent beings in other worlds. . . . It is our hope that these outstanding men who are graciously giving their time to this Symposium may provide us with insight to what lies ahead in this world and in other worlds.

We're busy enough, as it happens, communicating with intelligent beings at the water cooler in our office, but we gravitated over to the Waldorf anyway, surfacing at noon in the east lounge of the ballroom, where drinks were being served. There we began to examine such life as the confining atmosphere afforded.

The first distinguished piece of protoplasm to swim into our ken was Mr. Robert Cecil, chief of the British Information Services. "We had Toynbee for dinner last night, and he was in excellent form," he said, referring to Dr. Arnold J. Toynbee, the British historian, who was one of the Symposium's "outstanding men." The others, we had noted in our invitation, included Dr. G. B. Kistiakowsky, professor of chemistry at Harvard; Dr. Donald N. Michael, senior staff social psychologist at Brookings Institution; Dr. Harlow Shapley, the Harvard astronomer; and Dr. Otto Struve, director of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory.

We next turned to Mr. Carl H. Pforzheimer, Jr., an investment banker, and asked what had persuaded him to escape the gravitational bonds of Broad Street. "The Bronfmans are our neighbors in Purchase," he said, referring to Seagram's owners, "and I'm interested in education; I'm on the Board of Regents."

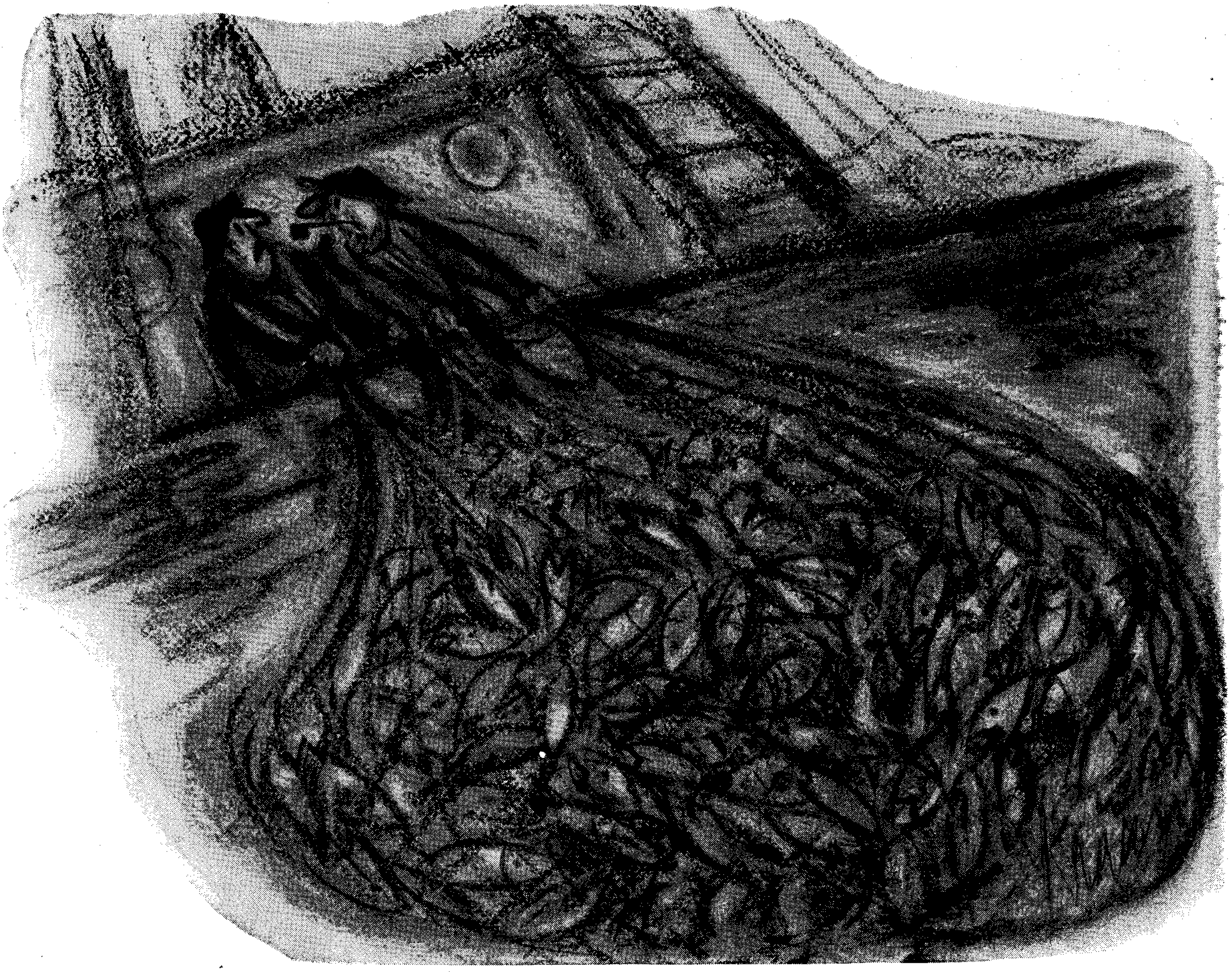
Mr. Pforzheimer introduced us to Mr. Horace C. Flanigan, chairman of the board of the Manufacturers Trust Company, who said, "You know why *I'm* here," and moved on, laughing.

"He's Seagram's banker," Mr. Pforzheimer graciously explained.

We presently found our place—at Table 30, one of several tables whose chair seats were upholstered with press kits containing digests of the day's speeches and photographs of the speakers. No one joined us. Alone in a sea of lunchers, we were halfway through our Avocado Pear Waldorf when a tall, genial man sat down next to us and introduced himself as William T. Faricy, retired president of the Association of American Railroads. "Eric Johnston and I flew in from Washington with General T. A. McInerney," he said. "I give the Association a little gratuitous advice from time to time. Without pay, that is." He pulled a press kit out from under him and gazed at it uncertainly. "Good grief, I'm at the wrong table!" he said. "I'm supposed to be at *Twenty*." And off he went, his Avocado Pear untouched.

Our renewed solitude was relieved by a dark, handsome man who picked up his press kit with composure and sat down at our other side. We identified ourself, and he handed us a card reading "*The Jewish Standard.* New Jersey's Leading English-Jewish Newspaper. Morris J. Janoff, Publisher." "I'm looking for a New Jersey angle," he said.

To the accompaniment of organ music, we ate our Grilled Filet Mignon (advertised on the menu as flanked by Asparagus Polonaise, but supported in fact by String Beans) and, as Mr. Janoff was joined by another journalist, table-hopped to Table 29, where we had spied a vacant space next to a couple of enticing young ladies. These proved to be Nancy Frazier, of *News-*



"You've really got a problem when you start feeling sorry for the fish."

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week's Space and the Atom department, and Antoinette Gattozzi, of its Science department. "Isn't this organ music awful?" one of them said. "It's too loud, and anyway this is not a skating rink."

On the stroke of one-thirty, the curtains of the ballroom stage parted, providing us with a sight of Mr. Edgar M. Bronfman, president of Seagram & Sons, at the microphone, and, seated behind him, the aforementioned panelists, along with Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., president of M.I.T., the day's symposiarch, and three interviewers—Chet Huntley, of N.B.C.; William L. Laurence, science editor of the *Times;* and Walter Cronkite, of C.B.S. After observing that the Symposium was being held under the auspices of the Samuel Bronfman Foundation, established by Seagram & Sons "to further goals of aiding mankind the world over," Mr. B. presented his father, Mr. Samuel B., founder and president of Distillers Corporation-Seagrams, Ltd. "Man has not learned yet to live peaceably with his neighbors," the Founder said. "Annihilation could be but a step away. But also a step away are the stars."

This was Dr. Killian's cue to introduce the speakers.

Dr. Kistiakowsky said that life on other planets was probably primitive and microscopic.

Dr. Michael said that the first contact between the earth and other planets might well make religious leaders and scientists anxious, and he suggested that extra-terrestrials might not *want* to communicate with us.

Dr. Shapley wrote off Mars and Venus as uninhabitable.

Dr. Struve said that there might possibly be intelligent living beings on many of the billions of planets but we were probably the only such in our solar system.

Dr. Toynbee found this thought comforting. "We will not be visited by superior groups who might do to us what the Old World did to the New," he said.

"Could we learn spiritually from outer space?" Mr. Laurence asked.

Dr. Shapley replied that it would take at least twenty-four years, and in most cases a whole lot longer, to get an answer to any question directed by radio signal to a planet beyond our solar system.

"Our great-grandchildren might get the answers," Dr. Toynbee said. "If we permitted them to be alive."

Our hope of good extra-terrestrial talk somewhat dampened, we beat it back to the water cooler.

Rules

A FRIEND of ours called his daughter, a freshman at Bennington, on Washington's Birthday, and inquired of the operator, in passing, if holiday rates would apply to his call. "The Telephone Company recognizes five holidays," a gelid voice replied. "Thanksgiving Day, Christmas Day, New Year's Day, Mother's Day, and Father's Day."

STERLING SILVER

THE woman with the white, white skin two cabañas away called out, “Norman, come here a minute, please. Nor-man?” From her tone we expected that a small boy would respond to the call, but the man who separated himself from the group on the sand was well in his forties, furry as to chest and belly and shoulder blades, all but bald above the forehead, and deeply browned by the sun. He wore a gold identification bracelet, Hawaiian print bathing trunks, web-strapped clogs, and carried a raffia hat shaped like an old-time planter's panama. He looked at his half-smoked cigar, then on his way to the cabaña he clinched it in the concrete flowerpot.

“What is it, Irma?” we heard him say.

“I wanted a Collins,” she said.

“I know, but when the waiter comes around,” said the man.

“He was just here, but I wasn't ready for one.”

“I know, but by the time he gets here you could have ordered one and you'd have finished this one. Wuddia want? Another rum Collins?”

“Well naturally I don't want a Tom. Gin on top of rum.”

“No. You want a rum Collins—”

“Exactly like this one. This was just right.”

“Well, now how was that so I can tell them?”

“I don't know, but it had just enough sugar.”

“In other words, not too sweet.”

“Not *too* sweet, but you could taste the sugar.”

“Two spoonfuls, about?”

“I honestly don't know, but *they'll* know.”

“Which waiter brought you this one? Joe?”

“No, I didn't like the one Joe brought me. It was *too* sweet.”

“Then it was Mark?”

“Is that his name? The thin one.”

“That's Mark. All right, I'll go find Mark and he'll take care of it for you.”

“Oh, I don't know,” she said.

“What?”

“Well, it's close to ha' past one. There won't be any lobster if we don't get there before two. They were all out yesterday. You take another dip and then we can go up and have lunch.”

“You mean cancel the drink? You don't want it?”

“I'd rather have the lobster. I was so disappointed yesterday. I just felt like lobster.”

“We could have lunch served here, or I guess it's too late today, but it's only a buck apiece extra to have it served in the cabaña.”

She shook her head. “I'd rather go buffet. I hate to see those dirty dishes sitting around after I eat. You have a dip.”

“No, I'll put on my bathrobe.”

“Don't do that, Norman. Change into your slacks and your Filipino shirt. Don't let's go up there in your bathrobe.”

“All right.”

He entered the cabaña and came out a few minutes later wearing a white ruffled shirt and orange-red slacks. “Y'all set?” he said.

“Yes, but let's wait till those two go up. I don't care to stand in line next to them,” she said.

“Who are they?”

“They're in 24. Their name is Mr. and Mrs. Copeland.”

“How do you know?”

“It says so on the cabaña list. Here.” She handed him a card, which listed the numbers and names of cabaña occupants.

“What have you got against them?”

“If she's his wife, I'm Lady Mountbatten.”

“Lady Mountbatten is dead.”

“Well, so am I, if that's Mrs. Copeland or Mrs. Anything Else.”

“You could say that about quite a few here,” he said. “Live and let live.”

“I'm surprised they allow bikinis in a place like this,” she said.

“Oh, it isn't a regular bikini,” he said.

“If you can see a woman's belly button, that's a bikini for my money.”

“Well, you can't see anything now. She's all covered up, right up to the neck. Come on, Irma, or we won't get any lobster. Or *you* won't. I don't want any. The roast beef was good yesterday, and it satisfies my appetite.”

“You haven't lost any since we've been here.”

“No, but I haven't gained. I just don't want to go over one-ninety. That's what I gotta watch out for. One-ninety. God, you're lucky. You take in the calories. One of those rum Collinses is more calories than I take in in a whole breakfast. And how many did you have?”

“What are you, counting my drinks again?”

“Oh, Irma. Lay off. Let's go eat.”

THEY were Mr. and Mrs. Norman Borse, Cabaña 18, and they had arrived from Los Angeles in a black-and-gray Rolls-Royce. There were some Borse brothers who had lately got their names in the newspapers in connection with several fairly spectacular real-estate deals, and we assumed that he belonged to that family. At the hotel he was on familiar terms with four or five men, but his wife kept to herself. In the late mornings she sat in the cabaña, and after lunch, while he was playing golf, she presumably retired to their room. They dined late, together, and for about four hours in the evenings she displayed her Paris originals and jewelry in the bar; then he would go with her to their room, returning to take his place in a bridge game with the same three men every night.

“Irma, Irma, Irma,” said my wife. “And where have I seen that face before? You're no help at all.”

“Yes I am,” I said. “I told you she was never in the movies and never on the stage. That saves you a hell of a lot of trouble.”

“Are you sure she was never in the movies?”

“She was never even a Wampas baby star. Not even a Meglin kiddie. I'm sure of it. Think back on some axe-murderers.”

“No, and she wasn't the Pig

Woman, in Debussy's Lane."

"De Russey's Lane. I could easily find out who she was."

"How?"

"By asking him. But that would take the fun out of it."

"Have you spoken to him?"

"Yes, today. We were held up on the first tee and we made conversation. He asked me where I got my putter, and I'm playing in a foursome with him tomorrow."

"If I don't figure it out tonight, ask him tomorrow who she was."

"If I can. It may be an embarrassing question."

IT was not. Norman Borse and I were partners in the golf match, and he immediately became a fraternity brother, with the right to overpraise a good shot, to suggest changes in my stance, to recommend a tailor, to convert me to a vitamin preparation, to inquire into my financial investments, to give me a guided tour of the development he and his brothers had created near Santa Ana.

"You're a married man, I take it," he said.

"Yes," I said.

"Some evening you and your wife might like to have dinner with my wife and I. You staying awhile?"

"Another week," I said.

"Yes, now I know which one is your wife. She was the charming lady you got out of the station wagon that she was at the wheel. I been married to the same woman for twenty-two years. Three to go before I have to go for that big silver number. I have it all planned out. Do you remember the girl with the beret?"

"I didn't notice her."

"Oh, I don't mean today. I mean the one that first they ran a picture of her on the cover of *Life*. The girl with the beret, she got to be called. Black beret and trench coat, and then her picture was in all the ads every time you picked up a magazine. That was my wife, Irma Hopwood."

"Oh, of course," I said. "Billboards, all over the country."

"That's it. Bradford Petroleum put her under exclusive contract. She was practically their trademark there for a while."

"Yes, I remember her very well. She was like Betty Furness and Westinghouse, on TV."

"Well, she's my wife, and what I'm going to do, I'm going to get one of those sculptors and get him to make a statue of her in the beret and trench coat and present it to her on our twenty-fifth. Solid silver, of course. I don't care if it costs me a fortune, it's something I been wanting to do for over twenty years. I'll bet she's the only woman in the United States that has a contract that precludes her from wearing a beret."

"Really?"

He nodded. "If she wears a beret and has her picture taken and it gets into like the society page, she's in violation of contract. Oh, hell, they wouldn't go to court now, but they could. And twenty years ago don't think they wouldn't. I guess at one time her face was as well known as the President of the United States. There's no doubt about it."

"I'm sure you're right."

"The Bradford Petroleum Girl. The Girl in the Beret. We used to count how many billboards we saw her pic-

"Have we lost the joy of doing for ourselves? Have we become slaves to the machine?"

ture on. On a five-hundred-mile trip it used to average around fifty, depending on what part of the country."

"I remember. She'd be standing there with her hands in her pockets and her feet spread apart. Very dashing. Beret and trench coat."

"And you know what they did, don't you?"

"No."

"They used to give her a bonus of Bradford stock. That's what they thought of her. Oh, she needs me like a hole in the head. I didn't start making mine till after the war, and what I got in the Seabees you can imagine, but I made her hold on to that Bradford and I don't know how many times they split it."

"Irma Hopwood, eh?"

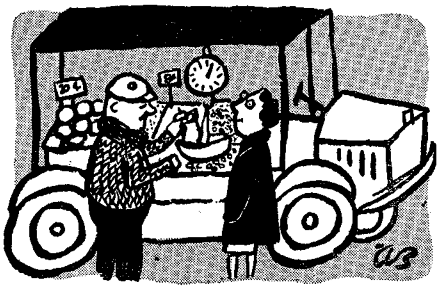
"That's it. Hardly anybody knew her name. To this day they don't. The Bradford people didn't want her name known."

"Then what happened?"

"Oh, what you might call a combination of circumstances. I never knew exactly. But somebody in the Bradford organization conceived the idea that the public was sick of trench coats after the war, and then they began publicizing that big 'B,' you know. You know, the black-and-yellow 'B' you see on all their pumps and all. And I guess an oil company couldn't go on forever with the same girl advertising their product. Irma wasn't sore. She got bored with it, to tell you the truth. You know, a woman likes to dress up, but every time she had to pose for a new painting or some photographs, always the beret, always the trench coat. And she gets paid, you know. She gets a couple thousand dollars a year today to enforce the contract. And she has that beautiful Bradford stock."

"Yes," I said.

We were standing together on the fairway, waiting for the foursome ahead to hole out. "It's an advantage when the wife has money of her own," he said. "I got one of my brothers that everybody knows the only reason why his wife is sticking to him is the money. We weren't always millionaires, the Borse brothers. Al married very young and she'd of been all right for life if he'd of stayed where he was, making a nice living but never very big. He had a used-car lot on Cahuenga and a nice home in the Brentwood section. But he came in with my other brother and I, and inside of three years if you wanted to find her she'd be in Bullock's-Wilshire or I. Magnin's, spending. There, or trying to get the fat off her in some reducing salon. Which was all right, understand. A man makes a lot of money, his wife is entitled. But she got so she hated him. The more he made, the more he gave her, the more she hated him. Al's no Gregory Peck, this I got to admit. He's undersized and he has a high-pitched voice that he sounds like everything he said was an argument. So all right, that's what he was when she married him. It shouldn't be any news to her. Go ahead hit, you're away."



I made my shot and got on the green.

"You'll get your four," he said. "You got a chance for a birdie, but I'll be satisfied with a four." He hit his own shot, and it went in the trap. "Short," he said. "That may cost us, partner. It's when I get thinking about my brother."

We walked in silence to the green, and when it was his turn he blasted the ball out of the sand and laid it an easy two-foot putt from the cup. He winked at me. "This is a game of concentration," he said. But on the next hole he returned to the subject of his brother. "Al used to play this game better than I do, but he never gets time for it any more. We used to play in Griffith Park. That's where they in-

* * *

THE JUNK SHOP

The pride of wrights, the joy of smiths abide
In fallen things—
In tattered carpetings,
In blackamoors and chamber pots.
Useless, they stay there in their show of pride
Under the naked watts.

Is that not childhood in the corner there,
Color and riot
So dark now, and so quiet?
To linger there would be unwise.
What if the tongues of wagons beat the air,
And dolls opened their eyes?

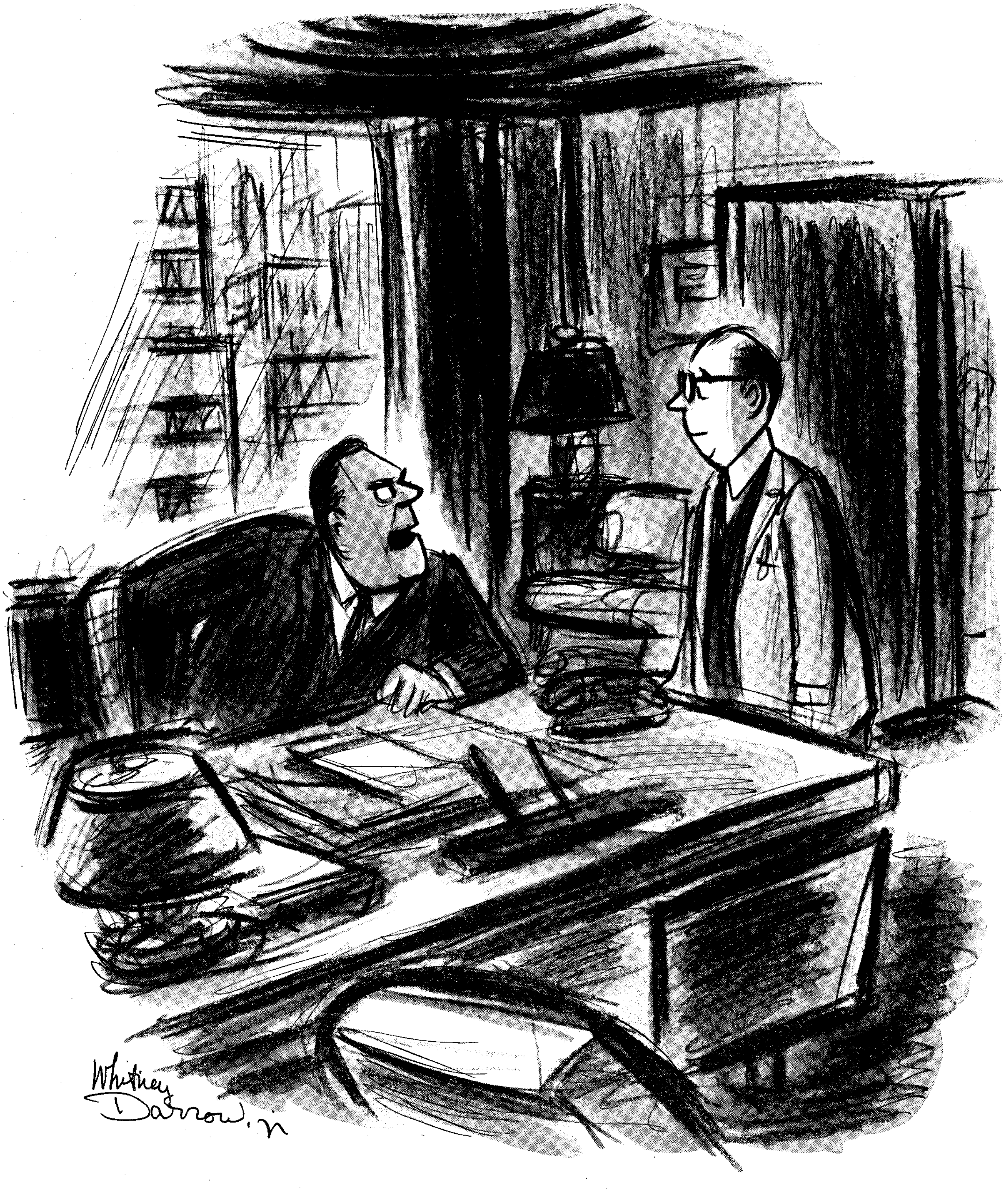
O milliners, I see you in the hats
Your deftness made,
Imprisoned in their shade.
I mark the cartwheel and the sailor,
The toque, the cloche—these are your habitats,
Eternity your jailer.

The shoe forsaken is essential last.
The cobbler fled
Barefooted with the dead;
His cunning stayed upon the sole.
Poor boot, your consolation is your past—
Now broken, you are whole.

Medusa must have looked upon these clocks,
They are so still,
With no time left to kill.
They are like chimneys without lamps,
Or keys forever separate from their locks;
They are like cancelled stamps.

Ah, this is the imperium of things,
Things in themselves.
These crammed and dusty shelves
Contain us in the things we wrought.
These bronze, unbarbered heads are not our kings
But subjects of our thought.

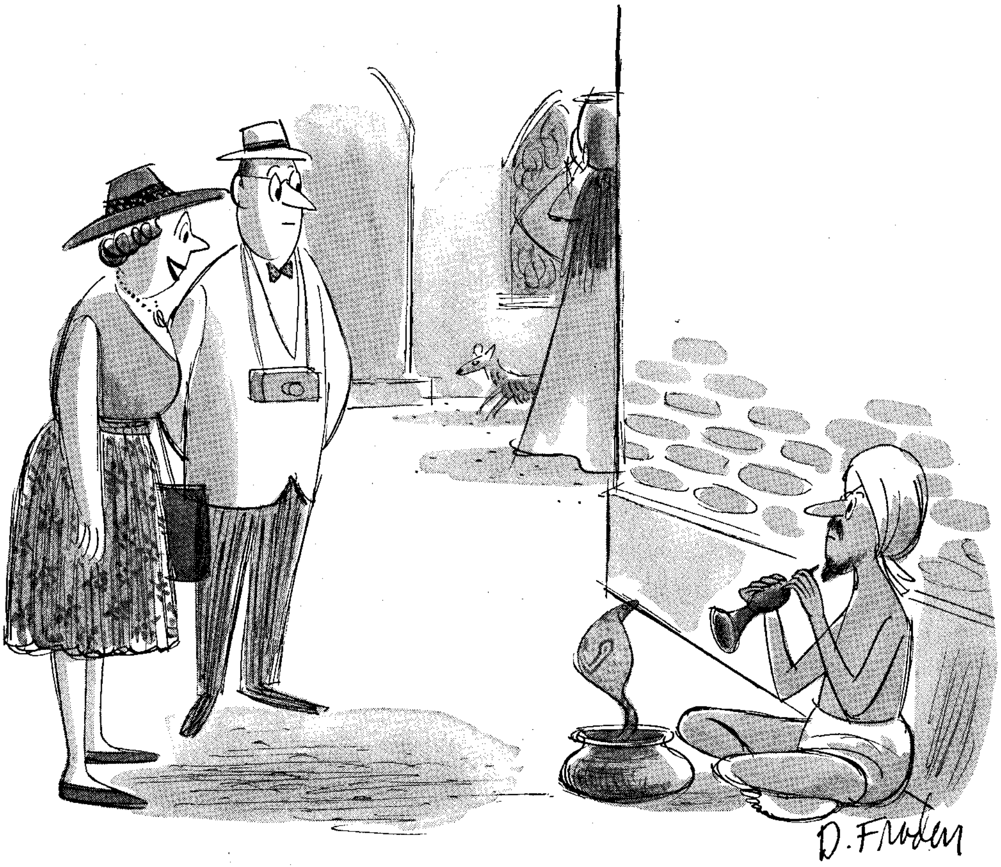
—Henri Coulette



"It isn't that we don't appreciate your efficiency and your hard-working loyalty. It's just that you don't fit into our corporate image."

• •

vented the saying 'A ball is not lost till it has stopped rolling.' I was telling you about Al and his wife. So anyway, how do you think he feels, knowing that she'd walk out on him today if it wasn't for the money. Whereas, I always have the consolation that Irma could walk out on me any time. It's an advantage when the wife has her own. It gives a man the feeling that he has more to offer. Whereas, Al, the harder he works, he's only getting in that much deeper. He makes it and she spends it, and every dollar he gives her she gives him back five dollars' worth of hatred. This is living? I don't see it. He don't even get any consolation out of their children. She took away all the pleasure he got out of the children. We came from a very strict family and it nearly kills Al, the way they don't show him any respect whatsoever. Like I was over at his house a couple weeks ago and he went around looking for the evening



"Can you play something from 'Camelot'?"

• •

paper, and Daphne was reading it. The older daughter. 'Never mind,' he said. 'The hell with that,' I said. 'Give your father the evening paper.' Oh, they hate me. They really hate me, but I get more respect out of them than their own father. When I see what's happening with his kids, I don't regret it not having any of my own. I wouldn't hold still for the way they treat their parents nowadays."

"It's a problem, all right," I said.

I liked him, he sensed it, and when our match was ended he took me back to the hotel in his Rolls and invited me to play again the next day. We arranged to meet at two-thirty, and he declined my invitation to have a drink in our cabaña.

My wife was sunning herself at the pool. "How'd it go?" she said.

"We won. He's damn good," I said.

"Did you find out?" she said.

"Oh, yes," I said, and told her about Irma Hopwood, the Girl in the Beret. She did not receive my report with as much interest as I had anticipated. Instead, when I had finished, she resumed reading her novel.

"What's the matter? Lost interest?"

"Not exactly," she said.

"Here I come home with a good story and forty dollars I didn't have when I left, and all I get is Cloud 90."

"Relax," she said, and from her smile I knew she had something on her mind.

NORMAN BORSE and I won again the next day, and as he was leaving me near the pool area he suggested dinner for four. I said I would speak to my wife and call him in his room.

"No thanks," said my wife, when I relayed the invitation. "Let's not get involved with Mr. and Mrs. Borse."

"Why not? He's not a bad guy, and she might be amusing for one evening."

"I don't like women that sleep with waiters."

"Who? Borse's wife?"

"She and the waiter called Mark. Yesterday I saw him going in their room. Today I saw him leaving."

"You're sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure. Are you playing golf with Borse tomorrow?"

"No, he's going to be in Los Angeles all day, but we have a date to play the day after tomorrow. He's flying back tomorrow night."

"He'd better not get back too early," said my wife. "Who are you playing with tomorrow?"

"It's ladies' day, so I'm skipping a day."

"Then let's drive around. You can show me that house you used to have."

There was a house in the foothills I had rented many years ago, a comfortable, isolated, overgrown cabin, with its own tennis court and a view of the desert—and rattlesnakes. We found the house, now no longer isolated but in the midst of a colony of modern ranch-type units. "That's it," I said.

"I imagine it had charm then, but not now," said my wife. "Why do they have to build so close together when *they have the whole desert?*"

"Probably the water supply," I said. "Expensive pipelines."

"Yes, I suppose so," she said. "And yet it isn't a low-cost housing development. There's one family that have a Rolls."

"The people that own that particular Rolls don't live there," I said. "Let's turn around and go back."

"Why? Whose car is it?"

"Belongs to Norman Borse."

"Oh," said my wife. "Well, you're not surprised, I hope."

"No, you were right. But he isn't a bad guy, you know."

"Do you really know that?" said my wife.

"No, I guess I don't. But this is so disrespectful, flaunting the Rolls, and he was so outraged by the disrespect his brother's children show."

"I'm not on her side, but after twenty-two years he must be awfully obtuse."

"You think he knows about these things?" I said.

"That's the only way I could forgive him."

"Forgive him?"

"Well, excuse him," she said. "If he doesn't know she sleeps with waiters, he's too stupid to live. If he does know it, and still loves her enough to ignore it, he may be kidding himself, but as you say he's not really a bad guy."

"But you don't like him," I said.

"I don't have to like him," she said. "Neither does she. She's just a sterling-silver bitch that he has to live up to. A girl he stole from a billboard. Don't play any more golf with him."

"I was just thinking, I didn't want to," I said. "Why?"

"Because you don't really like him, and you'll come home depressed. He's not a bad guy, but that's all he is. Just not a bad guy, and that isn't enough when you're our age."

"And this place is too damn expensive anyway, for what you get."

"For what you get," said my wife.

—JOHN O'HARA

•

Q.—What species of bird feeds on bees?
A.—The bee-eater.—*Norristown (Pa.) Times Herald.*

That'll quiet *you* down.

TRANSLATION

MY mother knelt with my grandfather's right hand on her hair while the rest of us, rubbing elbows in the quadrant that had one post of the big, black bed for its focus, waited. Afterward, my mother was pleased to have been given "the blessing" and often spoke of it, while we, naturally, were somewhat disappointed that he hadn't also blessed us. At any rate, I was. For in a summer day, a small tomboy can do things *besides* reading in a darkened house to a dying man with a penchant for Psalms—and I must have done almost all of them. Yet it was the daily reading of the Bible that I remembered when the summer was over, and I thought my grandfather would say that he remembered it, too. But, having blessed my mother and spoken, finally, to my father and his older sister, my aunt Sarah, he shut his unseeing eyes and did not, to my knowledge, open them again until the next day.

Then, to everybody's surprise, my grandfather sat up in bed and asked my father to bring him a glass of Old Overholt, and my father, even more surprisingly, brought him a glass of new cider instead.

But my grandfather, holding his head high, sniffed and again asked for a drink, so my father, who disliked delays and surprises about equally, had to fetch it from the tavern.

"He can't last that long," my father said, out in the hall.

And my mother, noticing how red my father's face was all of a sudden, said, "Take your time."

It seemed to me that he did. But my grandfather waited without a word and, having emptied his glass, died. After the impact of this, the funeral services were a sad letdown. The church was strangely warm and empty, as railroad stations sometimes are after a train has passed, and much of the food that the caterer had brought to our house to make a feast for my grandfather's friends had to be taken away.

"All of his friends are gone," a neighbor said. "Seventy-nine is a good age."

NOW, we have no way of knowing, but it may have been his father's death that made my father first realize the possibilities of translation. We were much older, however, before hints of his determination to leave this world alive began to crop up in his conversation with us. He was in his early eighties and had been retired a few years from his day-laborer's job with the road gang when—without preamble or provocation of any kind—words like these began to drop from his lips: "I didn't shed a tear for either one of my parents, and I don't want you to have a funeral for me."

One time he stopped, as though to study the effect of his confession and juxtaposed charge. And, inwardly shaken, I tried to think of something suitable to say.

The fact that he had not wept for his parents was not surprising to me. I had no tears for them. Nobody, as I remembered it, did. To my four-year-old way of thinking, my grandmother's demise, with the odors of carnations and freshly baked raisin pies blending and my father deferring to my grandfather's wishes in everything and the house alive with visitors, was delightful in every way (perhaps *delirious* comes nearer to the truth), and my pleasure was quite apparent.

My mother's high forehead had four, or five, horizontal lines that came and went with changes in her feelings. The lines were there when she put me to bed on the night before my grandmother's funeral. "Aunt Sarah thinks you are a naughty girl," she said. "Are you? Did you get into the clothes basket while Aunt Sarah was ironing?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I wanted to show her what the robin does."

"But you got in again after she had filled it with the clean clothes?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

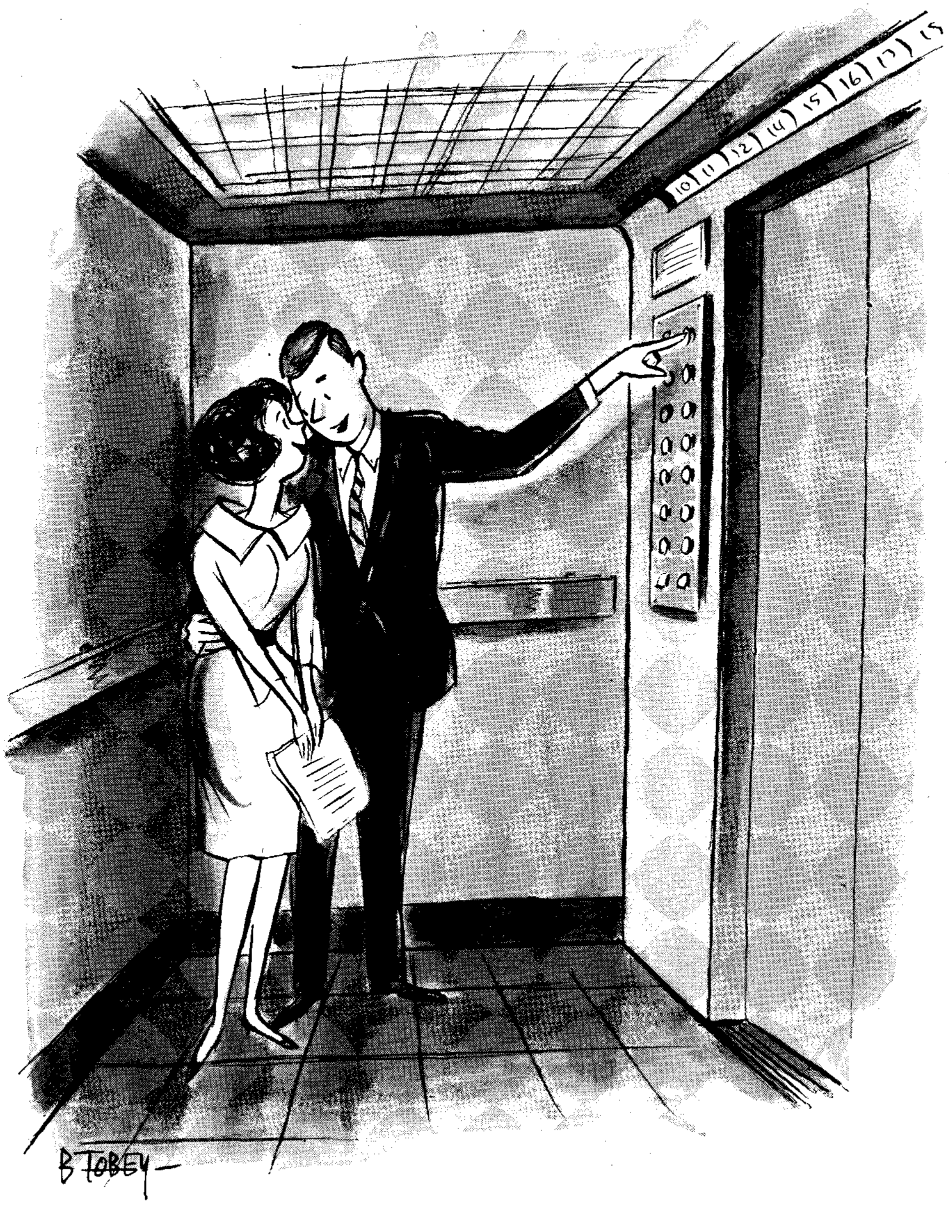
"I *like* to be in the clothes basket."

"Did you swear at her?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"She knuckled me. Real hard. And



"Up and down again just once more, and then back to work."

I said I hoped she would be shot in the five-o'clock train. Real loud."

"That was naughty," my mother said.

The lines, however, were gone from her forehead and the day seemed to have ended well. Looking back, I find it puzzling that anyone but Aunt Sarah could have misunderstood my wish to be entertaining at a sorrowful time, and yet the number that agreed with Aunt Sarah was formidable—including, I suspect, my father, who was even now, thirty-six years later, trying to read my mind.

"But the laws require a funeral," I said.

"You know what I mean," he said.

"No."

"A man should leave this world in a whirlwind, like Elijah did."

"If we had a choice," I said, "I'd ask to be hung from a tree—after I'm dead, of course—and eaten by the birds."

"And no memorial service?"

"My survivors can remember, or forget. I don't really care."

This was perverse of me, because I knew how highly my father prized the possibilities of memory. But he looked so well—so contemporaneous—that the thought of surviving him seemed preposterous. When he was eighty and I was forty, I had, after all, been mistaken for my own mother, and the mistake, I had persuaded myself, was due rather to the fact that my father looked only half his age than to the chance that I was looking twice mine.

THEN, suddenly, my father was ninety years old, and my mother came to say that he wanted to see me. I went up to his room and stood in the doorway.

"Linda, I believe I'm dying," he said.

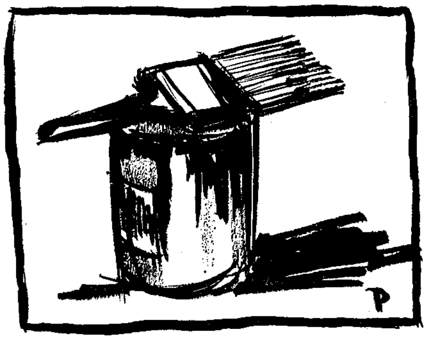
"But you can't." I laughed, remembering what he had said about leaving us in a whirlwind. "It's your birthday."

"Sit down, Linda. I want to talk to you."

My father was sitting on the edge of the bed, in a faded nightshirt. The illness, still new, had not affected his appearance enough to support the gravity of his announcement. Indeed, nothing did.

Seeing how lightly his feet touched the floor, my thoughts returned to the times when, somewhat unpredictably, a foot bath took place. My mother and the rest of us washed our feet unceremoniously in the privacy of the bathroom. But the washing of my father's feet, being a family project with religious significance, could happen in any room of the house, and as a child I was usually present. It was, in a way, the only time when my presence seemed to be needed; some of the cozy connotations implicit in a robin's nest or clothes basket were expressed in my father's foot bath. For when the temperature of the water in the basin, tested by the forefinger of one parent and the heel of the other, was pronounced "right," we three became, miraculously, *right* again—remaining in complete accord until both of the plump white feet had been dried and returned to my father's shoes.

Nearing the ritual's end, my father often quoted a part of the fifteenth verse of the tenth chapter of Paul's Letter to the Romans: "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel." Here, the more important half of the exclamation still to be said ("and bring glad tidings of good things"), he stopped short, with one flawless white foot in the air. It was an impressive sight—and one at which my mother and I smiled nervously. Compared to ours, my father's feet *were* beautiful.



Even now, resting side by side on the floor in the early sunshine of the day he was ninety years old, my father's feet had the look of complete innocence and, moved by the sight of them, my mother said, "Pop, will you let me wash your feet?" Then, hearing no protest, she went to get the basin.

While we waited, a pair of cicadas raised their voices in the walnut tree. "Nothing left now but the cicadas," he said. "Where are all the birds?"

"Nobody knows where the birds go in August," I said.

"I haven't heard a bird this summer."

"You couldn't have been listening." The truth is, I had not really heard

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THE DICTIONARY OUNCE

(AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE AMERICAN COLLEGE DICTIONARY)

The spotted, whiskered, feline ounce
is not about to pounce

on some unsuspecting reader's blouse or vest.
Merely, he is depressed.

The mood is printed clearly in his face;
he's all upset about the narrow space

he's been assigned
and the way he's been defined—

always to be a second meaning,
always to have to crouch, leaning,

under a ledge of text,
annexed

to a puny unit of weight,
is sad enough for anybody's fate,

but it must be especially hard
for a snowy leopard

accustomed to far Siberian peaks.
His gaze bespeaks

the plight of one who, having a lovely tail, is having to sit
on it

looking glumly off the page
in far too short and low a cage.

—ROBERT WALLACE

• •

"You'd never guess he was being bypassed on patronage, would you?"

bird songs before the age of twelve, and now that I was forty-nine heard them much less clearly than I did at eighteen, when my need to hear them was so great that it was scarcely worthwhile for my parents and teachers to speak to me at all. This kind of hearing loss was to be expected by everybody who lived long enough—and, without a doubt, my father had lived that long. At the same time, I was startled to hear him say it.

"When will the doctor come?"

"Around ten, I guess."

He sighed deeply and asked where my mother was.

"To get water to wash your feet."

"Pshaw." Careful to avoid the usual imprecations, he had learned to use this mild expletive with all but the direst results of true blasphemy. "My feet aren't dirty."

"Then the washing won't hurt."

"No, not you," he said.

My mother came then with the teakettle and a basin of steaming water. Setting the two vessels on the floor, she knelt beside them, and, after pouring cold water from the teakettle into the basin, the testing got under way. Although my father said "Right," this time the miracle of communion did not follow, and the ceremony itself seemed to end more abruptly than usual. One of the flawless feet twitched, as if its owner had been tempted, fleetingly, to raise it for our edification. But no one dared to recall our little joke from Paul's Letter to the Romans, and my mother, admitting that my father's feet "were not really dirty," quickly dried them. Seeing that she did not return them then to the high-topped black shoes, I imagined that she must have known from the beginning how ill my father was.

Four hours later, the doctor told us. "There's nothing I can do," he said.

Accustomed to think of himself as a man of such benignity that he lived with women because it gave *them* pleasure and comfort, the prospect for my father of a long illness in their care probably was the least pleasant of all the remaining possibilities. It was as though Elijah, having saved the widow and her son from slow death in Ahab's parched land, had been left to die in Zarephath—a man abandoned by God to the uncertain mercies of a woman. It was unthinkable. And so, with an aplomb born of shock, my father answered everyone who inquired about his health in pretty much the same way: "I think I'm feeling better today" or "Things might be a lot worse. I have no pain." He remembered, of course, that Elijah had not been fatally stricken in Zarephath, or anywhere else, but had, because of his faith, been translated in a whirlwind to a happier place. My father never presumed to speak of Heaven, and yet obviously he wished to escape from the familiar place where he was.

Mistrusting women, he had no one to wait and watch with him as Elisha had waited with Elijah—since our Eric, his only grandson, was gone, so unfortunately, and married. My father had, almost certainly, counted on the boy to be on hand at the end, to take up his "mantle." The prophetic spirit he saw as already having been given to Eric in a double portion, according to the pattern set by Elijah and Elisha, and as now being dissipated in what my father jovially called "pleasing a wife." Eric's marriage, in short, upset his grandfather's plans in a way that was both shocking and lasting. And my father, alone with us, mentioned Eric less frequently. Every day, we had less to say to one another.

August had turned into September when, suddenly, our growing silence was broken. It was the day of Eric's homecoming, his first since the wedding; he was coming with his wife, and his wife's mother and father, to make us a visit. It was a warm and sunny day with the scent of fox grapes in the air. And my father, unable to hear the birds during the summer, could hear them plainly now.

"What kind of bird is that, Linda?" he said.

"I'm sorry. I didn't hear it."

He expressed no surprise. There had been too many failures on my part to hear and see and feel as he did. Sometimes, when exasperated by one of these shortcomings of mine, he said, "*You are too sensitive.*" And no irony, I believe, was implied—only a hint of man's original surmise about woman.

"Eric will be here this evening," I said. "He's coming to see you."

"With his wife?"

"Yes."

He closed his eyes then. And the way he sighed reminded me of my grandfather's death. The fact that soon, with Joan and her parents, we would be a party of eight suggested the bedside scene. The late-summer warmth, the insistent katydids, and the small bright room made a perfect setting for the death of a patriarch. With a minimum of imagination, I could see Eric on his knees, with my father's wide right hand on the tousled hair and the rest of us in a half circle at the foot of the bed. Afterward, Joan's father, a clergyman, might bless us all—for surely, by evening, we would all be in need of a kind word well spoken. But even while I imagined these things, I knew they wouldn't happen.

The spirit of a patriarch differs, no doubt, in many ways from the prophetic spirit, and my mother, unaware of these differences, was totally unprepared to do for my father what she had done so well on the day my grandfather blessed her.

"You may be enjoying yourself, Mary," my father said to her. "But I want to go home." His voice was strong, suddenly, with the overtones of despair that had frightened me, from time to time, as a child. "Where is the other lady?" I was no longer Linda, the puzzling child, but another woman—not yet familiar enough to have a name, though both interest and affection were implicit in the question.

"She's busy." Mother's voice sounded gruff—certainly less girlish than it usually did.

This was not true. The house was shining and the food ready. But since Eric would be home in a matter of minutes, it seemed only sensible for me to wait downstairs until he came. Then, Joan and her parents welcomed, Eric could go to my parents' room and, seeing Eric, my father might immediately realize the utter impracticability of his wish.

"*Linda!*"

The sound of my father's voice was so close to the supernatural that I was afraid and, already hidden from him, could not answer. I wonder now why this was so. It seemed wrong for me to speak just then, and now it seems downright wicked that I did not. Yet, having decided to wait for Eric, I stood in the doorway and watched the road until I heard a heavy sound overhead.

Then I ran upstairs and opened the door of my parents' room—the room from which, until my father's illness, I was by tacit agreement barred. It is comforting to remember how they were—half smiling, with linked arms, and sitting on the floor at the foot of their bed.

"Of all things!" I said. "What are you two doing?"

"We are sitting on the floor." There was no way of knowing that these would be my father's last words. His tone was so truly matter-of-fact and conversational.

"Aren't you ashamed?" It was a foolish question and, like a great many of the questions I asked him, was never answered. Obviously, he had been trying to find me, and my mother had managed somehow to stop him. Death came while I chided him.

In a very short time, Eric arrived. With tears still undried, I said, "Grampy *died.*"

"I know, Mother. I know. It happened as we turned away from the turnpike. I felt him going."

"You did?"

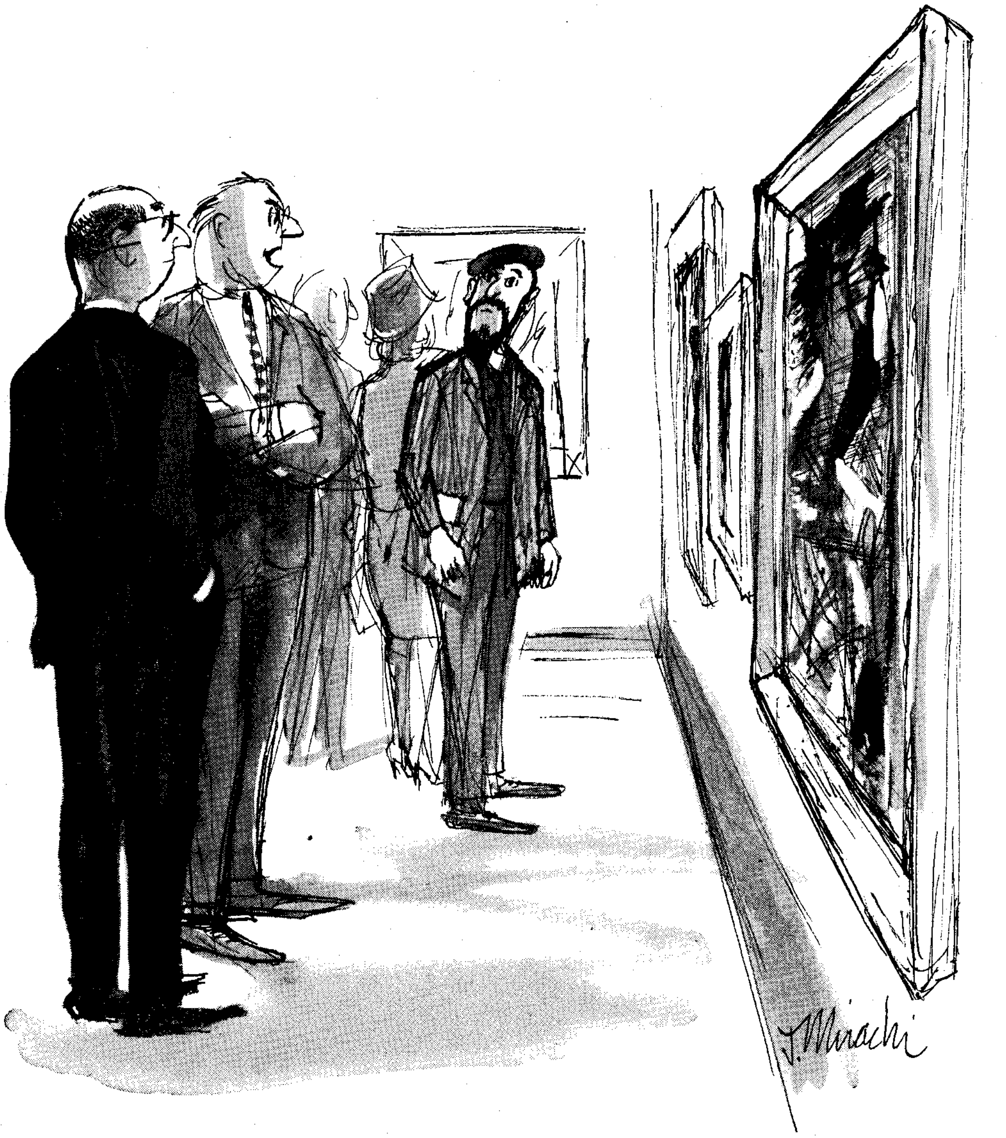
"Yes. May I see him?"

When he came downstairs, Eric said, "He died *well.*"

The words sounded so odd that I had to laugh. "It's the thing our family does best of all," I said. "We *do* die well, don't we?"

Perhaps I had expected Eric to be able to see the chariot of fire and feel the whirlwind and show me the mantle. At any rate, the funeral was as nearly "no funeral" as we dared to make it, and both Eric and I wept.

—LINDA GRACE HOYER



"I'll buy that! Figuratively speaking."

•

THE MYSTERIOUS, EMOTIONAL EAST

[*Letter from a Tokyo toy manufacturer*]

Messrs. Omag Trading Corp.,
New York

GENTLEMEN:

Per separate cover, we have sent you the copies of documents for the shipment of O/#236 & 238. We hope they shall arrive in safe to your hand.

Thenafter, we have by and by remitted you samples sometimes per air-freight and sometimes per parcel-post.

However, we have no voice of advices nor critics at all from you upon the samples, for which we are much disappointed.

Please let us have your favorable expectations soon so that we are sincerely desirous to pile up many negotiations with you in most amicable and deep business relation.

Really, we having our will to do business only with you but any other firms at your market shall always do our best in faithfulness and honesty.

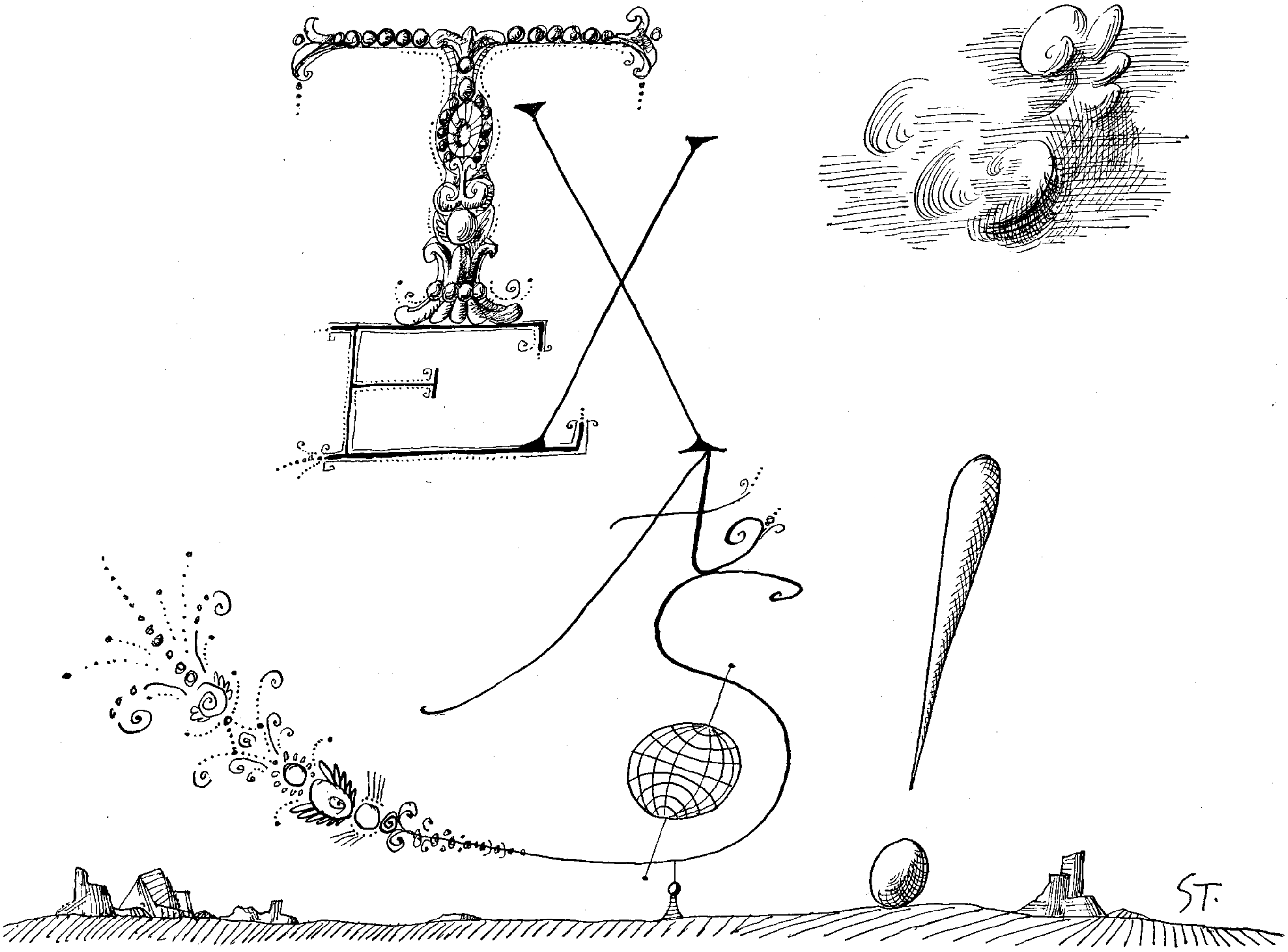
Awaiting your soonest instructions and offers, we are yours forever.

Many thanks, yours truly,
SOWEI TRADING CO.

PROFILES

THE SUPER-AMERICAN STATE

I—WHEELING AND DEALING



IT is currently fashionable among the more advanced spirits in this country to look upon Texas with an air of amused condescension. This attitude, though not heartily relished by Texans, is historically appropriate, for Texas is a new boy, standing in relation to the rest of the United States as the United States stands to Europe, or, for that matter, as Rome stood to Athens, and since time began new boys have been subject to the elaborate patronization of old boys. The practice of low-rating Texas does not, of course, spring solely from the superiority that age naturally feels toward youth. Twenty-two states are younger than Texas, Utah among them. Who bothers to denigrate Utah? To be sure, the widespread mockery of Texas, like the old European custom of patronizing America, originally stemmed from the newcomer's relative immaturity, but something much more provocative has since come into play: envy. "As long as the region was church-rat poor, there was nothing for the other sections to be jealous of," the eminent historian and native Texan Walter Prescott Webb recently observed. "But today . . . we in Texas have become a sort of whipping boy for the other regions. Wherever we go, people tell us stories, most of them unfavorable to Texas. . . . Texans may have done things that foster this attitude of not too delicate criticism and invective. But there is no doubt that a good part of the hostility stems from the fact that Texas is booming." Beyond the mere envy of prosperity is the envy, more far-reaching in its implications and less easy to evaluate, of a certain cast of mind. The life-style in Texas is marked by bravado, zest, optimism, ebullience, and swaggering self-confidence. "In the East, the young men fight for jobs with the telephone company, so they'll be safe and secure," Joseph O. (listed in the Dallas telephone directory as Joe O.) Lambert, Jr., a Louisiana boy who has made good in Texas in landscaping—"the bush business," as he offhandedly calls it—real estate, and allied lines, once said. "Down here, young fellows have to be drafted for that sort of work. This whole world is new, wide-open. Anybody, any person of ability, can set out here and make it go." This exuberant, razzle-dazzle approach to life is sometimes referred to in Texas as the "wheeler-dealer" spirit. Nobody seems to know, or care, where the term originated (in gambling halls, no doubt), but everybody knows what a wheeler-dealer is: a canny, adventurous millionaire whose approach to business is strictly free-style. In what appears to be an unquenchably lighthearted and casual mood, he is constantly in the process of extending his enterprises by buying, selling, borrowing, merging, and trading. His transactions, always called deals, usually involve sums of at least seven digits; to save time in calcu-

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lating, he customarily drops the last five. He keeps no regular hours. He may spend the morning at his office and by late afternoon be fishing in the Gulf or watching the races at Aqueduct or Santa Anita. He shuns conferences, paperwork, consultations with lawyers, and other time-consuming activities that pass for accomplishment in the life of the ordinary businessman. A wheeler-dealer makes most of his deals over the telephone, and prides himself that his word is as good as his signature on a contract. For him, business is a game. He operates on the sporting principle that *he wants to make a profit but wants the other fellow to come out all right, too.* His cardinal rule is to trade in such a way that whoever does business with him today will want to do business with him again tomorrow. In Texas, the sharp but free-and-easy wheeler-dealer spirit extends even into banking circles, which nearly everywhere else are havens of decorum. "A bank in Florida called us up the other day," DeWitt Ray, a vice-president of the Republic National Bank, in Dallas, recently recalled. " 'We've got a couple of customers down here in the citrus business,' they said. 'These fellows need a couple of million to carry them over the harvest. We understand you know how to loan money. If you think you'd like to loan some here, we'll send a couple of men up with all the facts and see if you're interested.' 'Tell you what we'll do,' we said. 'You just sit tight. We'll have a man down there by morning to look into the proposition.' Which we did. And within twenty-four hours after the phone call we closed the deal." This bright-eyed, bushy-tailed attitude toward lending money has made Republic the largest bank in the Southwest, and, six years ago, enabled it to monumentalize itself in the form of a shiny, forty-story, twenty-five-million-dollar skyscraper surmounted by what appears to be a gigantic trained seal holding an electric beacon, which casts a beam for a hundred miles over the surrounding prairie. The new building, which, when completed, was the tallest in the Southwest, has a main banking floor nearly as long as a football field; this is a vast, unobstructed expanse of wood and marble, and looped around it is an eye-catching balcony faced with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of glistening gold leaf. The bank opened its new quarters with a housewarming party, which got under way with a cocktail buffet for forty-five hundred guests. They were diverted by mountains of food, oceans of whiskey, and continuous entertainment, which included comedians, jugglers, can-can dancers, and a symphony orchestra. The party lasted two days and cost about a quarter of a million dollars. Among the guests was an Eastern banker named Raymond N. Ball. "We gave him a tour of the bank," DeWitt Ray said. "One of the things that impressed him was the big, handsome chairs in our board room. On the back of each of them are the bank's initials, RNB, in raised gold letters. Mr. Ball said something about how those happened to be his initials also. Some time after that, I was talking to Fred Florence—he was our president then—and I mentioned what our Eastern friend had said about the chairs in the board room. 'Let's send him one of those goddam chairs,' I said. 'It'll give him a kick.' 'Hell, yes,' Fred said. 'Let's do it.' So we did, and ordered a replacement for the board room. Now, I don't know, but I'll bet if you admired the chairs in the board room of a bank back East, somebody would tell you how old they were and that would be the end of that." The inhibited practices of Eastern businessmen are regarded by wheeler-dealers more with sorrow than with anger. "It's not their fault. They just don't know how to work streamlined," B. Hick Majors, a millionaire Dallas real-estate broker who has handled a number of big deals for the protean wheeler-dealer Clinton W. (Clint) Murchison, said recently. A few years ago, when Murchison acquired control of an insurance company, he induced Majors to take over as its president. "I tried it for a year," Majors says, "but it was too tame. I missed the wheeling and dealing. Why, if I'd stayed much longer, I'd have got slowed way down, like those Eastern fellows. You know, they don't understand the way we do business down here. They want to fool around exchanging a lot of papers. They can't believe it when they sit around here and see how we frame a deal over the phone in fifteen

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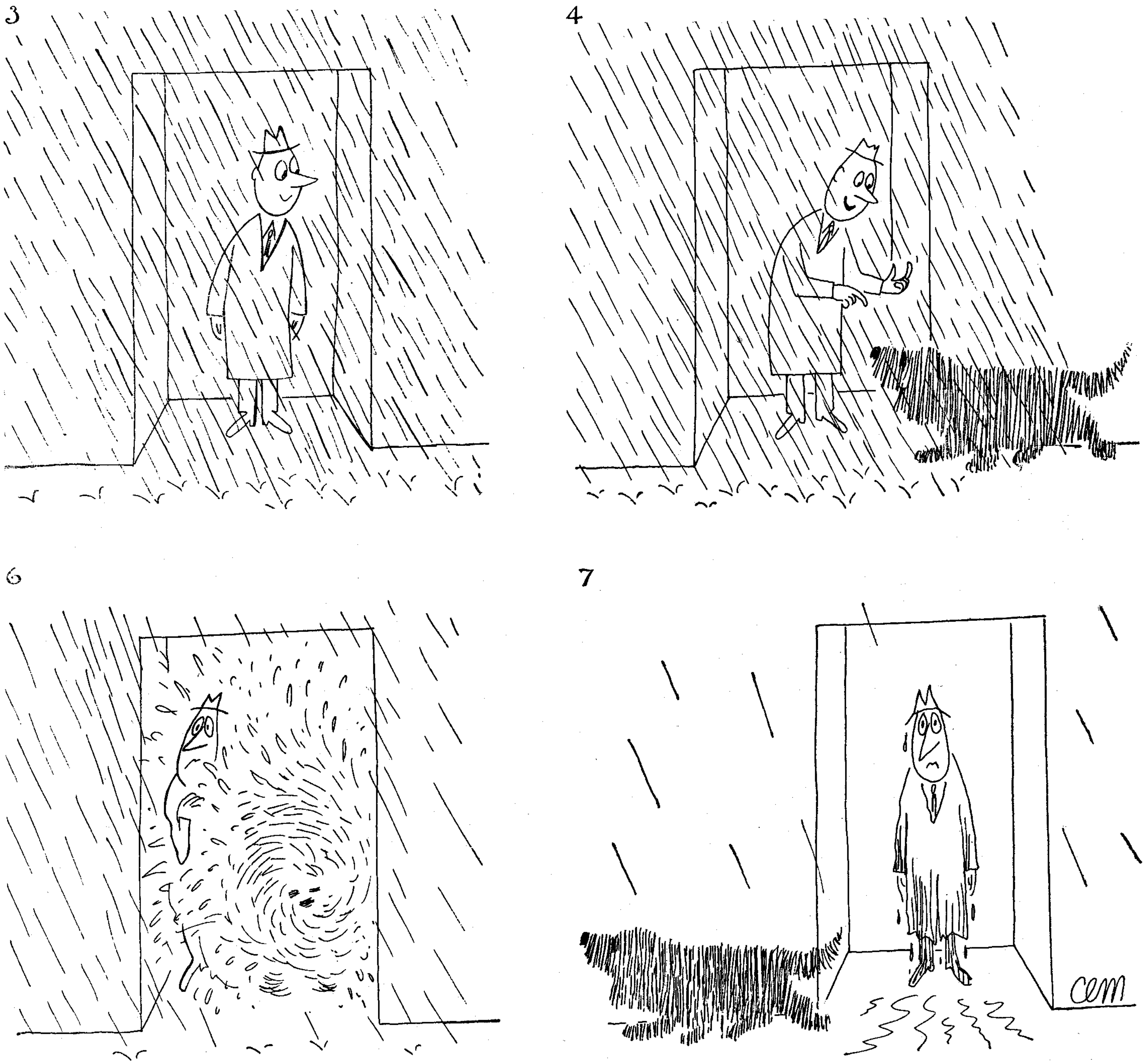

minutes that it would take their lawyers months to handle. After those Eastern fellows been around for a while, though, they begin to go along in the small denominations. But when they get into the big denominations, then they start going slow again. They never really seem to catch on to the basic idea, which is that it's the *ratios* that count. Just the *ratios*. Them noughts at the end don't mean nothin'." Clint Murchison has earned the admiration of his fellow wheeler-dealers for his audacious disregard of the noughts at the end. "Figures don't scare Clint," one of Murchison's operatives says. "He figures if it's a good deal it will walk. Like the Lamar Life Insurance Company deal, over in Jackson, Mississippi. I told Clint about that one—how he could buy a hundred thousand shares of the company at a hundred and five. It sounded good to Clint. 'Take my plane and go over there to Jackson and buy it for me,' he said. Well, I went over, but when I got there, it looked like the thing was a little bigger and more complicated than Clint had figured, so I called him up. He was just taking off for Mexico on a hunting trip. 'There's nothing complicated about it,' he said. 'A hundred thousand shares at a hundred and five. That's ten point five. Just a simple business deal. Go ahead, and don't worry about it.' "

The wheeler-dealer spirit, of course, is not unique to Texans. Though not always referred to by the same term, the quality is a basic component of the adult American personality. Cecil Beaton, discovering it to be an admirable attribute shared by all Americans, has described it as their "exhilarating insouciance." Whatever name it is given, the trait is one that Americans have always been proud of. These days, however, they are aware that it is gradually being toned down, dulled, and eroded, and will soon enough be replaced by a creeping punctilious conformity. The attrition is under way everywhere, but in Texas it has made scarcely a dent. Texans have kept their original store of exhilarating insouciance just about intact. Americans who haven't begrudge them this. Such outsiders also begrudge Texans their possession of the frontier. To most Americans, Texas is the last real frontier (when Harvard College was two hundred years old, it has been

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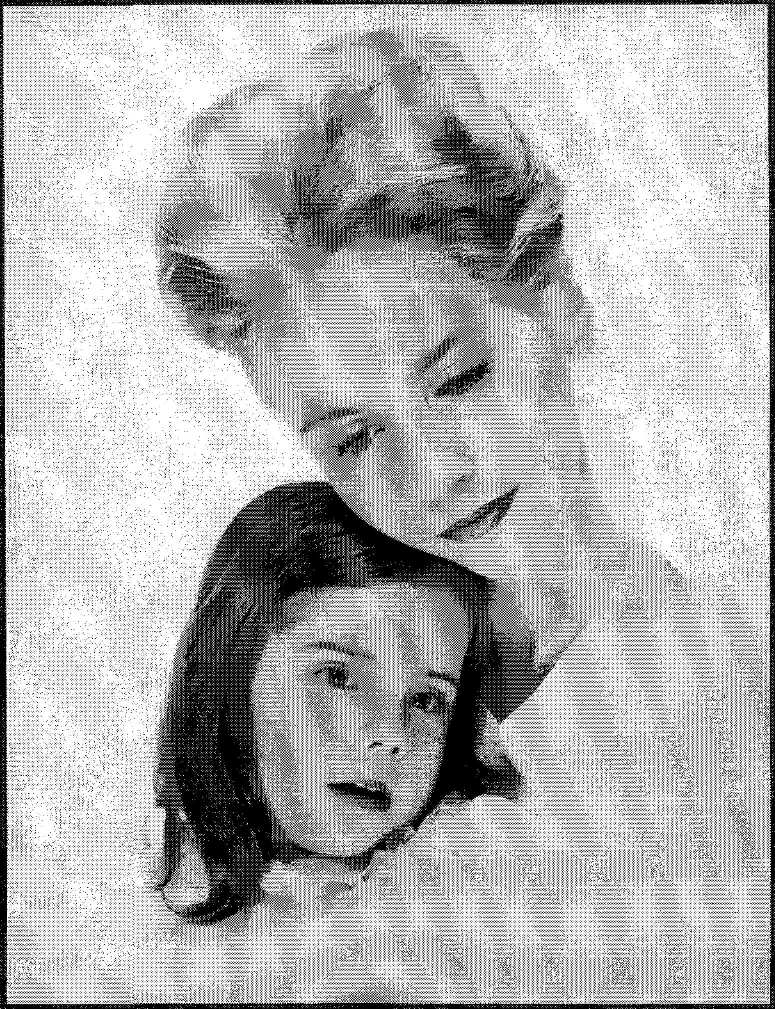
noted, they were still shooting Indians around Dallas), and in this country the frontier still holds a mystical fascination. According to the idealized concept, life on the frontier has always been simpler and happier, and a man could be luckier there. As things fall out nowadays, the so-called American Dream, which has as its point getting very rich, preferably overnight, seems to come true most often in Texas. So it appears that the popular attitude toward Texas is compounded not only of hostility born of envy but of resentment born of nostalgia. There is more to it than that. Non-Texas Americans find much in Texas to praise, but, adopting the traditional Old World attitude toward the New, they usually find much more to criticize. The faults of Texas, as they are recorded by most visitors, are scarcely unfamiliar, for they are the same ones that Europeans have been taxing us with for some three hundred years: boastfulness, cultural underdevelopment, materialism, and all the rest. In enough ways to make it interesting, Texas is a mirror in which Americans see themselves reflected, not life-sized but, as in a distorting mirror, bigger than life. They are not pleased by the image. Being unable to deny the likeness, they attempt to diminish it by making fun of it. As a consequence, Texas has become the butt of jokes too numerous—not to mention tedious—to count. Still, the image remains. In the end, perhaps, it may not be possible to escape the fact that the epitome of America is Texas and the epitome of Texas is its most picturesque product, its millionaires. They are the Super-Americans, making up a little civilization—the United States in microcosm.

ABOVE all else, Americans are noted around the world for what de Tocqueville, the most perceptive of observers, termed their "irritable patriotism." This trait is, as one might expect, found in exaggerated form in the land of the Super-Americans. With the natives, bragging has become almost a natural function, like breathing. At a recent cocktail party in Dallas, a visiting journalist was introduced to a handsome, impeccably groomed young matron with golden hair, velvety eyes the color of wood violets, and a becomingly superbious air. She seemed a sublime specimen of the Super-American until, as so often happens, she elected to open her mouth. "Mistah," she said, "Ah'm sick and tahed of readin' those trashy stories you-all keep writin' ahbowt Texas. They ah just so unfaih they make mah blood boil. Ah know this state real well. Ah'm a native Texan. Ah grew up on a ranch in the Panhandle, up neah Amarillo. Mah granddaddy [nobody in Texas has a grandfather, or a father] owned fouh hundred thousand acres, and when he passed on, he divahded it up among his fouh sons. So mah daddy's ranch has a hundred thousand acres. Theah's a great big beautiful house on it. The livin' room is thihty by fohty. Daddy lives a very cultured life. You should see his books! Hundreds of them! And his paintin's! Two Renoirs, a Chagall, a Manet—scads and scads of them. Daddy weahs Peal shoes. Always has. He sends to England foh them. Just won't weah any othah kind. Fouh years ago, Daddy sold all his cattle, foh one million dollahs. Now he leases his land foh pasture, foh a dollah an acre, and he doesn't have all those worries. If you could get to know Daddy, Ah just know you wouldn't repeat all those trashy lies they ah always tellin' about us." Daddy not being immediately available, the visitor was introduced to an older woman of stately bearing. Her grandfather, it soon developed, though the possessor of neither a ranch nor a pair of Peal shoes, did own the first house in Dallas to have wallpapered rooms. A casual boast, on the surface, but pregnant with old-family implications. Some Texas millionaires—espe-



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cially those who have had money for a generation or two—seem to suppress their natural desire to brag out loud and assume, instead, a tight-lipped smugness, which is apt to turn into a truculent uneasiness. Apparently unsure of recognition as a member of the peer group, they seem constantly on the verge of throwing aside their affected complacency, grabbing by the shoulder whoever they feel has not been properly impressed, and demanding, "Look here, don't you know who I am?" Many sojourners in Super-America have remarked the prevalence of a kind of implied boasting, and some, like the wife of a Northern corporation executive who served a three-year tour of duty there, have found that it takes the form of airily dismissing all things non-Texan. "Every time I went to a party," she recalls, "they'd notice that I didn't have a mushy accent, and they'd ask where I came from. 'Chicago,' I'd say. Then they always gave me a pitying look and said, 'Well, then you *are* glad to be here.' At first it made me laugh. Then it made me mad. I'm no Chicagophile, but I figured, Who do they think they are, running down Chicago? I used to try to think of something to say back to them, you know, like how pretty the lake front is in Chicago, or what a nice art museum we have there, or something, but they never seemed to listen. They would just look the other way, or through me or past me, and pretty soon I'd be standing there sort of muttering to myself. Well, I fought 'em for nine months. Then I found I couldn't lick 'em, so I joined 'em."

Many Super-Americans, like Dillon Anderson, the Houston lawyer and former special assistant to President Eisenhower for national security affairs, scrupulously avoid boasting and sometimes privately express the wistful hope that others might follow suit. "All Texans ought to be silent for the next ten years," Anderson remarked a while ago, but he gave no sign that he expected his admonition to be heeded. This is understandable, in view of the fact that bragging in Super-America, far from being generally frowned upon, is often openly encouraged. " 'Texans have ample reasons to be proud of their heritage, even to brag,' Dallas *News* Book Editor Lon Tinkle said Tuesday at a meeting of the Dallas Federation of Women's Clubs," one reads in a newspaper. The question arises: If Tinkle, a graduate of the Sorbonne, a professor of French and Comparative Literature at Southern Methodist University, and one of the state's cosmopolitan and cul-

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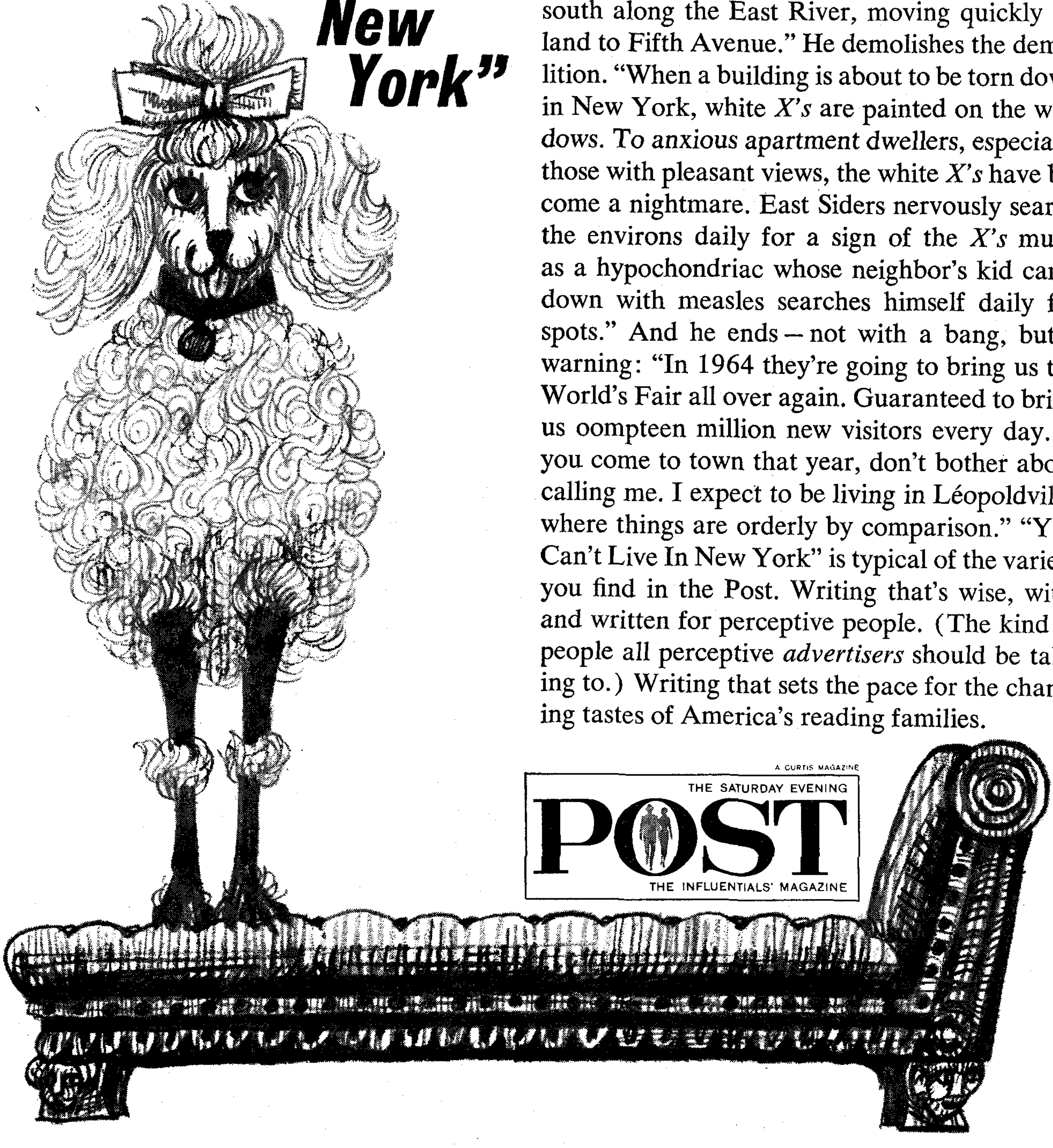
"poodles & psychiatrists are taking over New York"

These are the depressing words of Mr. Horace Sutton — a neurotic New Yorker who hates New York. (Hates it. Hates it. *Hates* it.) And in this week's Saturday Evening Post, Mr. Sutton winds up, takes aim and lets the old girl have it. Right between the eyesores! He rips into the parks. "A stroller in those sylvan glens after dark has as much chance as a Chihuahua in the African veld." He chews up the traffic. "When it comes time to go to work, I stand on my terrace and survey the route to the office. I am Kitchener at Khartoum, scanning the field from my O.P. I often toy with the idea of using MacArthur's Inchon-landing strategy. If the land route to the office is blocked, I can take to the waves, sailing south along the East River, moving quickly inland to Fifth Avenue." He demolishes the demolition. "When a building is about to be torn down in New York, white *X's* are painted on the windows. To anxious apartment dwellers, especially those with pleasant views, the white *X's* have become a nightmare. East Siders nervously search the environs daily for a sign of the *X's* much as a hypochondriac whose neighbor's kid came down with measles searches himself daily for spots." And he ends — not with a bang, but a warning: "In 1964 they're going to bring us the World's Fair all over again. Guaranteed to bring us oompteen million new visitors every day. If you come to town that year, don't bother about calling me. I expect to be living in Léopoldville, where things are orderly by comparison." "You Can't Live In New York" is typical of the variety you find in the Post. Writing that's wise, witty and written for perceptive people. (The kind of people all perceptive *advertisers* should be talking to.) Writing that sets the pace for the changing tastes of America's reading families.



A CURTIS MAGAZINE

THE SATURDAY EVENING

POST

THE INFLUENTIALS' MAGAZINE

tivated citizens, comes out for bragging, who can be expected to come out against it? Certainly not the newspapers, which relentlessly urge Texans to hold firm to the belief that they and their state are special and superior. "Texas is a country in itself," the Dallas *News* proclaimed recently, in a typical editorial. "It started out that way, and, in resources, tastes, spirit, and aspiration, it is a land apart, like none other in the world." This popular thought was echoed by the Houston *Post* in its editorial commendation of Sam Rayburn for having replied, when asked if he planned to return to Texas upon the adjournment of Congress, "There isn't any other place in the world I want to go." "Some commentators may accuse him of being narrow-minded in taking such a Texanic view of the world," the editorial said, "but millions of Texans . . . know exactly what he means. Washington is all right, and other spots in the world are all right, but Texas is THE place." Texanic ("Texanic" is often used as a heightened form of "Texan," and so is "Texian") journalists like to emphasize the separateness of Texas by only half-humorously referring to the United States as a "Sister Republic" and by describing Texas as "a State which may rule the world some day, if it can only shrug off the hampering arm of the rest of the U.S.A." For the same reason, they have a taste for feature stories such as the one concerning a Mexican laborer named Pedro Hernandez, who was tried on a charge of false claim to citizenship. Asked by the judge if he had previously been in the United States, he answered that he hadn't. "But this report says you worked in the United States as a contract laborer last year," the judge said. "Is this right?" "No, Your Honor," Hernandez replied. "I was working in Texas." According to the Dallas *Times Herald*, Senator William Blakley, a former cowboy and present millionaire who was appointed to fill Lyndon Johnson's seat, was asked on a television program if Texas is a Southern or Western state. "Texas is Texas," Blakley replied. The Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, editorially endorsing this stand, added, "As far as Texans are concerned, that is enough." Even the advertisements have a Texanic quality. "Texas Is Still the Land of Milk and Honey," the Suniland Furniture Company recently assured readers of the Houston *Post*. "Texans, one and all," the Suniland folk adjured, "be thankful for your heritage." When the Royal Dutch Airlines inaugurated service to Texas, their newspaper ads an-

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DRIP-DRY LINEN/TERYLENE SHORTS BY MAIL FROM BERMUDA. THE RICH TEXTURE OF LINEN WITH THE SELF-GROOMING QUALITIES OF TERYLENE, ENGLAND'S NOTED POLYESTER FIBRE. TAILORED IN THE BRITISH ISLES, IN SANDRINGHAM (MISTY TURQUOISE), RASPBERRY, NAVY, LILAC, BERMUDA BLUE. 12-18, $9.95. THE FAMOUS ENGLISH LAWN BLOUSE IN CONTRASTING OR COLOUR-COORDINATED FLORAL PRINTS. IN SIZES 10 TO 16.—$6.75.

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For complete details and illustrated literature, write: City Information Department, Box 1181-N10, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

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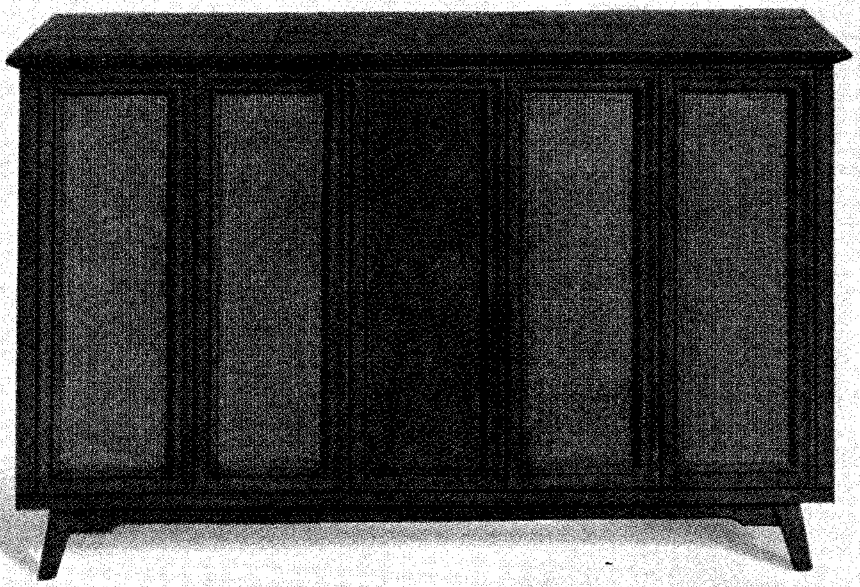

That
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noise
is
the
maestro
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Yes, listen very closely to certain recordings on this distinctive Contemporary stereo high-fidelity console by Stromberg-Carlson, and you can actually hear a humming maestro—right in the midst of a maelstrom of music. This amiable aberration highlights what Stromberg-Carlson stereo is all about. It invites you to step inside the music . . . to share the podium . . . to join the jazzmen. It surrounds you with a tangible atmosphere of beauty and delight.

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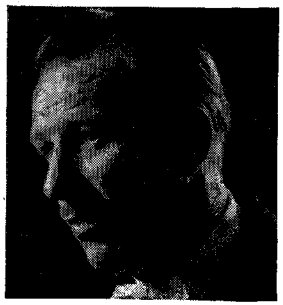
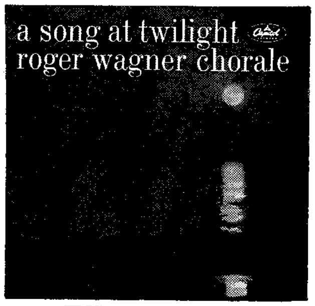
nounced, "KLM Now Serves Texas and 74 Other Countries." Texans appreciate clever touches like that, just as they do the pixie habit of radio announcers who follow the time signal with the phrase "Texas Standard Time." Satisfaction is also derived from reading the annual Associated Press dispatch from London about the dinner of the Anglo-Texas Society, a group of "two hundred distinguished Britons who love the Lone Star State," and who gather once a year to pay it tribute on the anniversary of the Texas Declaration of Independence from Mexico. "One of the proudest moments of my life was when I was taken for a Texan," Lord Jellicoe, a Society member, said in his speech at the 1960 dinner, held in the House of Commons. Texans were pleased to learn that that dinner concluded with the reading by Lord Bossom, the eminent architect, of a message from Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, who declared, after appropriate remarks about the splendid characteristics of Texans, "Friendship between Texas and Great Britain is a most important thing."

When Super-Americans put aside their newspapers and pick up a book by one of their native authors, like Mary Lasswell's 1958 work "I'll Take Texas," they are almost certain to find a literary *smörgåsbord* groaning with rich, patriotic tidbits. "After exploring Texas over a period of three years," Mrs. Lasswell, who returned to Texas after a long time spent in other parts of the country, writes in one of her less rhapsodic passages, "I am forced to conclude that God made Texas on His day off, for pure entertainment, just to prove what diversity could be crammed into one section of earth by a really Top Hand." At an autographing party, Mrs. Lasswell suggested that "all Texans should be required by law to leave the state so they can fully realize how great it is," adding, "Why, if Texans really knew all the state has, they would be insufferable. Texas brags are in many cases genuine understatement." Her book, not unexpectedly, was very well received in Texas, one gallant critic likening it to Proust. A somewhat more reserved reception was given a recent work in the same genre—"Home to Texas," by Stanley Walker, another native who returned, but one whose judgment, in the opinion of his sympathetic friends, may have been slightly impaired by many years in New York. At least, that is the way they account for the book's occasional blasphemies (carefully attributed by the author to his Uncle Ernest), such as "There have

THE CHORUS

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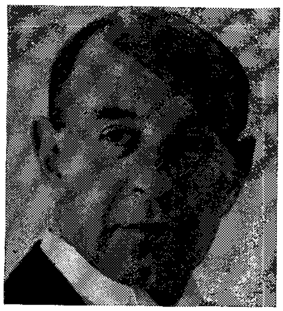

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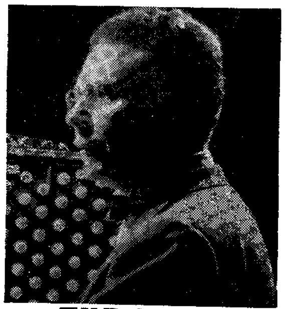

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been some wonderful Texans, but in general Texans have little to brag about. The state was settled mostly by second-rate folks on the lam from Tennessee. What can you expect from such people?" For every subversive thought like that, Texans are exposed to a thousand like the lyric flight contained in Mrs. Perry Wampler Nichols' recent work, "Deep in the Hearts of Texans," which makes the faithful choke up with pride. "Visitors stepping into this land of bluebonnets and endless skies find weaving about their hearts, like webs spun by giant spiders, the love of something friendly and great," Mrs. Nichols writes. "To them is given a serenity and peace. Longer-lingering guests feel the tentacles of their hearts reaching out in desire to take root here where the soul may climb its upward path unhindered by the rush—the dirt—the cynicism—of more thickly populated and commercial places. With regret—some leave, and in the departing, find a wistful part of themselves remaining. Others come from far lands—discover Texas—and join the family, soon to find that they have been adopted by the oneness of Texas love."

Adopted sons and daughters who are not totally blinded by the oneness of Texas love are apt to discover that the land of bluebonnets has itself become rather commercial. At least, Texas now leads the nation in the production of oil, cotton, beef cattle, natural gas, sheep, petrochemicals, goats, carbon black, rice, mules, bees, wool, pecans, helium, mohair, roses, spinach, and quite a few other items. In industrial production, Texas has moved up during the past twenty years from nowhere to tenth place, and in aircraft production to second. Within a generation, the population of the state has doubled. No city in Texas had more than sixty thousand people at the beginning of the century. Today, eleven cities have more than a hundred thousand. Houston has nearly a million. And all this, according to the signs, is just the beginning. The accomplishment so far, especially in view of the natural handicaps, would no doubt be acclaimed a Great American Success Story if it had been made by any people but Texans. Or if Texans would let the record speak for itself. As a race, they seem constitutionally incapable of this. They try to make everything bigger by talk. Everybody knows, for instance, that Texas enjoys a high degree of self-sufficiency, but Texans have a way of taking off from there to talk and act as if they believed Sam Houston's pronouncement, reprinted from time

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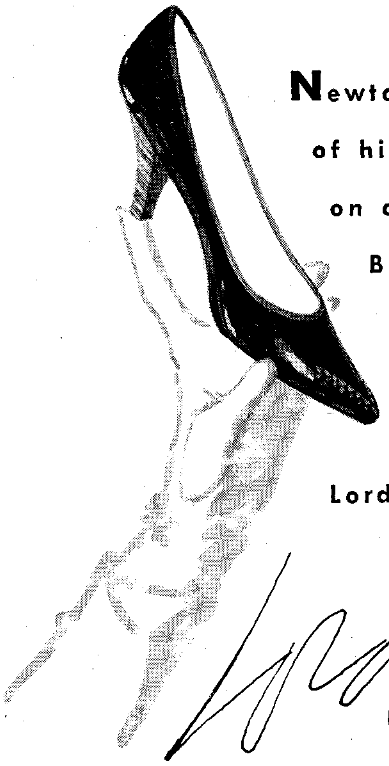

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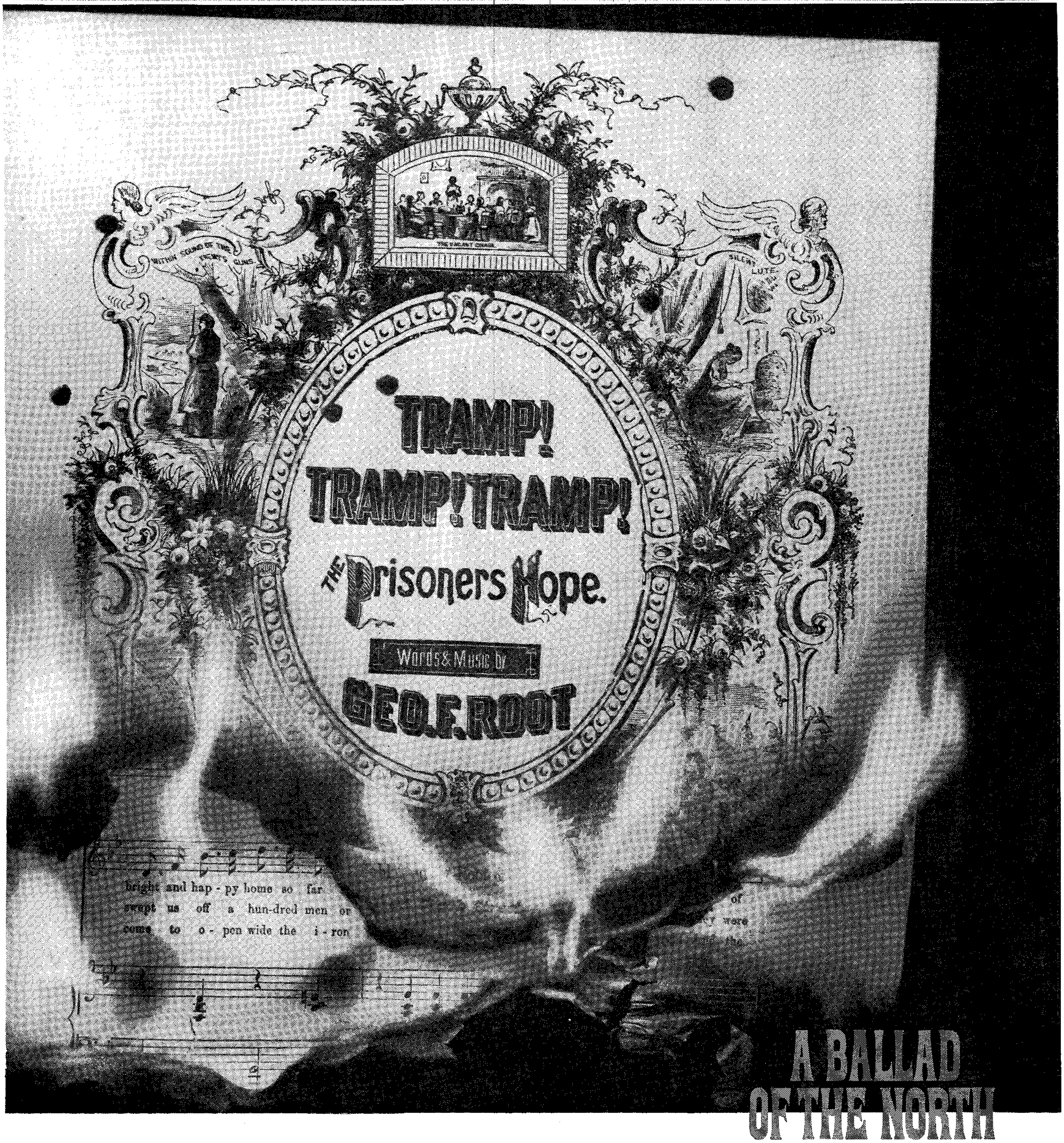
to time in their newspapers, that "Texas could exist without the United States, but the United States cannot, except at very great hazard, exist without Texas." Texans are generally, if sneakily, admired for their streak of independence, but other Americans are not uniformly charmed when Texans act not only as if they had a patent on this trait but as if it had been invented by one of their own; namely, a certain Brit Bailey, whose last request was that he be interred standing up, since he had never looked up to any man and didn't aim to in the hereafter. Bailey, a whiskey-drinking curmudgeon, is referred to in Texas in terms that in other sections of the country would be applied to a figure like Paul Revere. If Revere's name is mentioned in Texas, the natives are apt to ask, "Isn't he the fellow who ran for help?"

The teaching of history is another example of the Texan penchant for the extra-hard sell. Texas history is treated in the schools as if it were as important as United States history. Much is made of the colorful but scarcely significant circumstance that Texas has been under six flags (Spain, France, Mexico, the Texas Republic, the Confederacy, and the Stars and Stripes) and of the state's uniqueness in having been a republic before it joined the Union. Students are also reminded that upon entering the Union the Texas Republic reserved the right to split into five separate states and thus be represented by ten United States senators instead of two. In Texas schools, Thermopylae, if it is mentioned at all, comes out as a bush-league skirmish compared with the Alamo. And so it goes. Why? "All our big talk is the result of an inverted mass inferiority complex, and if anybody around here heard me say that, I'd be run out of town," a psychologically oriented member of an old Texas family has said. This explanation, bringing to mind Vernon Parrington's observation that "an inferiority complex is a common mark of the frontier mind," contains more high-toned terminology than the one offered by Dr. Perry Talkington, a Dallas psychiatrist who is a native and widely travelled Texan. "It's natural that people here should take pride in their achievements," Dr. Talkington remarked a while ago. "They have been made in the face of real hardships. It's like raising children. They give you a lot of trouble, and that's one reason you love them." Perhaps the Texan who has produced the most thoughtful analysis of what outsiders consider his countrymen's excessive pride is Walter Prescott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A BALLAD OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH

ring songs of battle, sorrow and victory... xie," "John Brown's Body," "Yellow Rose of as"; these and other melodies recalled the ion and sweep of the Civil War on "A Ballad ne North and South." Produced by WBBM cago, one of the CBS Owned Radio Stations, presented over the CBS Radio Network, this gram of authentic Civil War music had the on's critics cheering. Among their comments: ie melodies were happily blended with a commentary that fit the mood..." "The WBBM Orchestra, the Northwestern University Men's Glee Club and various soloists performed with style and humor."

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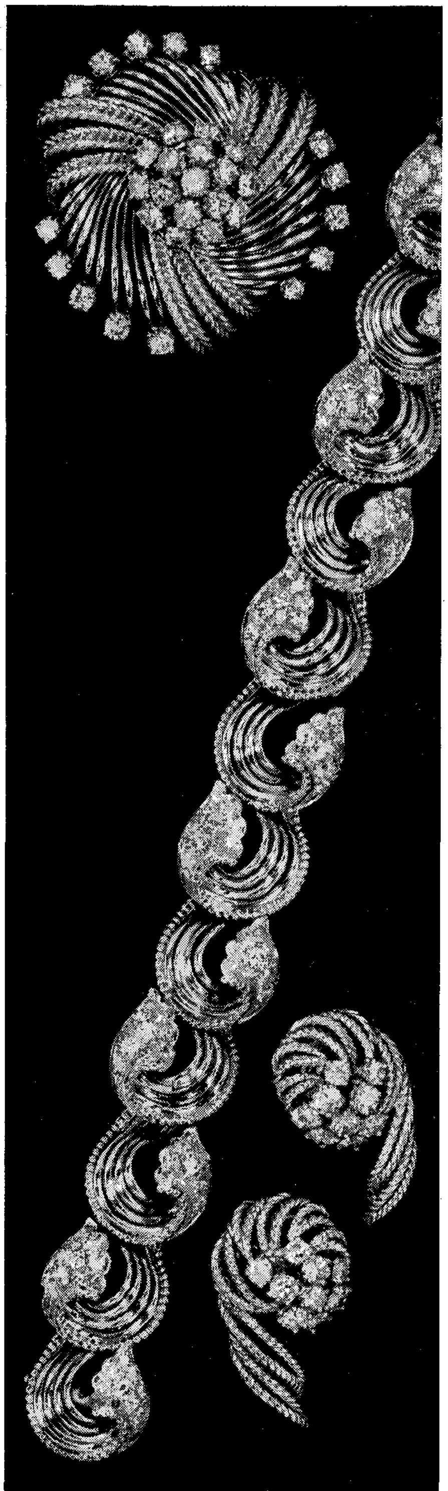

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Webb. “Westerners have developed a talent for taking something small and blowing it up to giant size, as a photographer blows up a photograph,” Dr. Webb wrote in a *Harper's* article on the American West, a region in which he includes Texas. “They are like a musician performing on a giant stringed instrument with many of the strings missing,” he went on to observe. “The missing strings put extravagant demands on the performer. He must make the best of what he has; he must compensate by ingenuity, agility, and improvisations for the missing strings. His range is limited, his repertoire reduced. He cannot follow the musical conventions, will try anything, and we should not be surprised that the effects are sometimes odd.” Showing no interest in winning a popularity contest, he also noted, “Historically, the West has no depth, no long background of slow development. Its story is told in current events. It came on the scene too late to participate in the founding of the nation or to prevent its dissolution in the Civil War. The result is that it has not yet produced a great statesman. Only two Presidents, Herbert Hoover and Dwight Eisenhower, have come from the region; only one was born there. . . . Aside from the Battle of San Jacinto, there has never been a military conflict on Western soil that had the slightest influence on national affairs. . . . What is the biographer going to do for a region that has so few men of distinction? What is the historian going to do with a country almost without chronology or important battles or great victories or places where armies have surrendered or dead soldiers were buried? How can he make a thick history out of such thin material?” Without answering the harder questions, the Dallas *News* dismissed Dr. Webb in a chiding editorial that was gentle in tone compared to other entries in the furor his article inspired. “Dr. Webb should look up that old song, ‘Home on the Range,’ ” the editorial concluded. “He should note the lines ‘For seldom is heard a discouraging word, and the skies are not cloudy all day.’ Then he should learn to sing them. He would not be so depressed over the picture of the Great West.”

The incessant repetition of the tribal chant singing out their uniqueness and superiority produces in the natives the expected result: they begin to believe their own publicity, or at least they give the impression of doing so. This often leads them to actions that have a limited appeal to others. For example, when gasoline rationing was decreed during the Second World War, Texans took the position that since they had plenty of gas in their own back yard, they should be excused from submitting to this inconvenience. The Governor at the time, Coke Stevenson, refused to set up rationing machinery until Leon Henderson, head of the Office of Price Administration, made a special trip to Texas and persuaded him to enforce the law. Another wartime conservation measure required that the length of coffins be reduced from six feet six inches to six feet three inches. This order was attacked by Texas undertakers, who were apparently influenced by the tribal myth that Texans are taller than other Americans. Recently, in connection with the legal skirmishing between Texas and the federal government over ownership of the oil-rich Texas tidelands, Governor Price Daniel solemnly announced that as one measure for combatting the United States he had “reactivated the Texas Navy as a patriotic organization to preserve the rights and boundaries of this state.” Though all Texans were aware that the Texas Navy, a force in being a century earlier, had become a mythical body whose best-known Admiral was Miss Ginger Rogers, they gave Daniel's pronouncement a second thought when he went on to request the owners of the two hundred and eighty-six thousand pleasure boats in Texas to “register their craft as ready for emergency service at any time.” This development led the Dallas *News* to remark that “Daniel was quite serious about the whole thing,” despite “just a touch of humor.” Even as a jest, the proposal is in the tradition, for it implies that Texans will fight to prove that they are not subject to the same laws as other Americans, and it conjures up the agreeably fanciful picture of two hundred and eighty-six thousand craft filled with Texans sailing out, Dunkirk-style, to strike a blow for self-interest.

The Texans' “unintelligible passion of race pride,” to use a term that the British historian D. W. Brogan applies to Americans generally, is demonstrated with equal vigor in their loftier pursuits, such as literature. In the spring of 1958,

MR. BONNIE HEATH, CO-OWNER OF 1956 KENTUCKY DERBY WINNER, NEEDLES, TRIES OUT A PASOFINO RANCH HORSE. PHOTO BY TOM HOLLYMAN.

"My husband could beat Paul Revere to a Derby Daiquiri"

—says Opal Heath, who learned how to put zip in rum drinks in Puerto Rico.

WOULD YOU believe it? Two days before this photograph was taken, my husband wouldn't go *near* a rum cocktail.

Just look at him now! He could beat *Paul Revere* to a Derby Daiquiri.

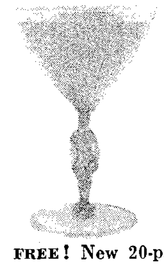
It all started in Puerto Rico, where we'd gone to inspect the famous *pasofino* horses.

One day, our host welcomed us home with a Derby Daiquiri. My husband took a taste, and zing—he was a changed man.

"Amazing," he said. "I always thought rum cocktails were sweet little drinks for women. How do you give them such zip?"

"Our *rum* does it," said our Puerto Rican friend. "We distill it at high proof —for *extra dryness*. Then we *age every drop*. That's the *law* in Puerto Rico."

My husband just sipped and smiled. But I took note of the secret of superb rum drinks: Make sure the label says *Puerto Rican Rum.*



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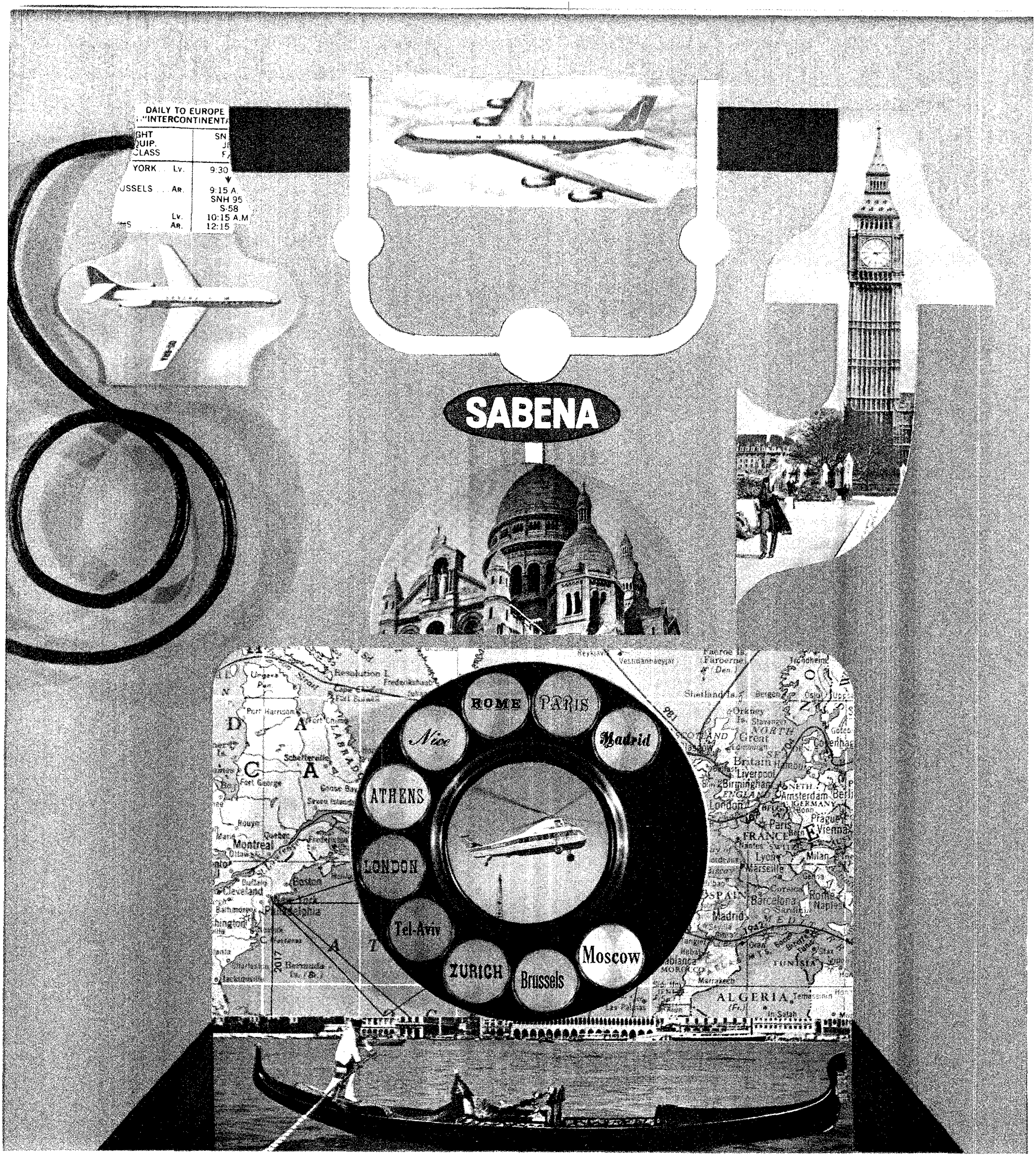
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a group of Texas literary men got together in Austin to discuss their native belles-lettres, which they agreed, to the surprise of nobody, are in a glowing state of "renaissance." The conclave ascended to a peak when one participant compared the development of Texas literature with that of Greek literature, to the straight-faced enjoyment of his confreres. Other home-grown arts, like opera, are treated with equal respect. In the fall of 1957, when the Dallas Civic Opera made its début with a production of Rossini's seldom performed "L'Italiana in Algeri," the amusements editor of the Dallas *News*, John Rosenfield, began his endorsement of the performance by describing it as "sensational and horizon-lifting," and went on from there. By the end of his notice, he was declaring, "For Dallas has, above all, the Neiman-Marcus complex or what has been called the Dallas *News* complex. This is that Dallas' best must be the most unique in the world. Good enough is not at all good enough." This mixture proved a trifle rich even for a few Texans, among them Rosenfield's counterpart on the Houston *Post*, Hubert Roussel. "Whom are such absurdities meant to impress?" he asked in his column. "Certainly not the sophisticated citizens of Dallas, for that would make them 'the most unique' sophisticates in the world not alone in the grammatical sense of the double superlative." Later, Rosenfield responded by quoting a few excerpts from Roussel's review of a performance by the three-year-old Houston Grand Opera Association—"most astonishing prodigy on the nation's musical scene . . . triumphant declaration of maturity . . . completely glorious victory . . . most brilliant and original achievement"—which seemed to indicate that the Houston critic was capable of handling at least the single superlative. The Dallas newspapers' treatment of their Civic Opera's first season, though not lacking warmth, was about as lively as an obituary notice compared to the attention they accorded the second, which was given a fillip by the fact that Maria Callas was appearing with the company when she received word from Rudolf Bing that the Metropolitan had decided it could manage without her. This event, announced by the Dallas *News* in a page-one, five-column headline and reams of copy, was wildly welcomed, because, as the *News* put it, "no amount of money could have brought us the worldwide publicity." For days afterward, the story grew, giving the increasingly strong impression that Bing had become so jealous of

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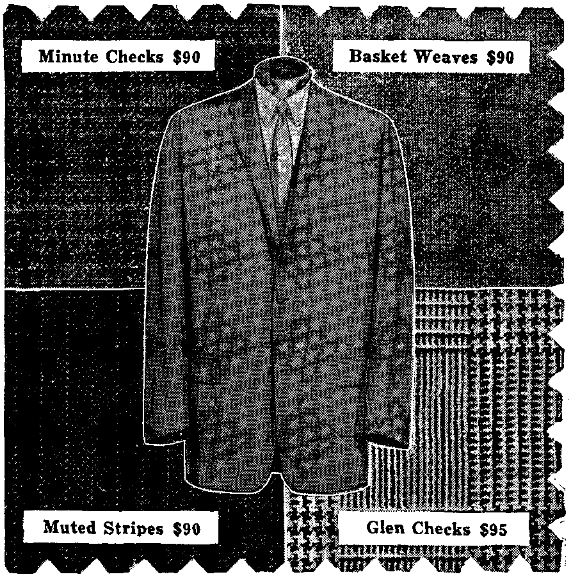

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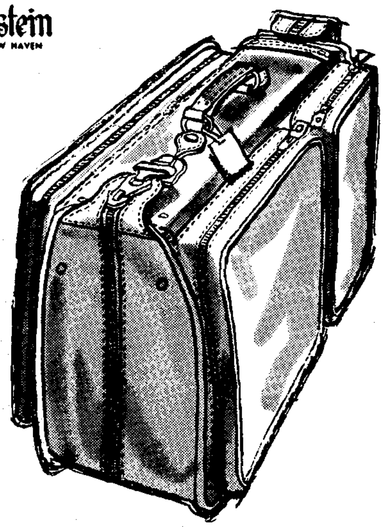

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the Dallas Civic Opera, whose season consisted of three performances, that he fired Miss Callas in order to vent his spleen. "We extend our deep sympathy to the City of New York," an advertisement of Neiman-Marcus remarked, "whose Metropolitan Opera Company apparently finds itself incapable of coping with a power and genius of this dimension." So noble and protective was the attitude displayed on all sides toward Miss Callas that one might have been led to believe that the Manhattan-born diva was a native Texan. Indeed, one excited journalist did refer to her as "Dallas' singing tigress." Long after the tigress had departed, the newspapers continued to boast about the splendid publicity that her misfortune had brought their fledgling musical organization. As one of the more colorful accounts put it, "Dallas Civic Opera's red-hot blast off the pad of civic culture and into orbit all can see is now history."

The boasting that Texans do on their home ground, though not unimpressive, is inferior in both quantity and quality to what they are capable of when on foreign soil. This is to be expected. "If the Americans are more sensitive at home than they are abroad, they are more boastful abroad than they are at home," the Scottish journalist Alexander Mackay remarked a long time ago. The observation still applies, and especially to Texans. One reason for their notably expansive behavior abroad has been suggested by James Mathis, a prize-winning reporter for the Houston *Post.* "We carry the seeds of exaggeration wherever we go," he wrote, "because a great many Texans simply can't resist acting out the expected role." Mathis made this reflection in a series of newspaper articles he prepared in 1957 with the aim of searching out the reasons for the generally hostile attitude toward Texas. The Texas reputation for boasting, he found, was one important factor. "No Texan anywhere can escape the general tendency to tag all Texans upstart liars and boring braggarts," he said, and added that, as a result, whereas "once the greeting abroad was one of warmth, friendliness, and curiosity, we are quite likely now to be confronted with suspicion, amusement, scorn, and ridicule." While acknowledging that "many Texans have been big braggarts almost from the time Texas was colonized," Mathis expressed the opinion that the professional boasters, those responsible for the cross that all Texans must bear, are but "a tiny speck—estimates go as low as one-tenth of one per cent." This statement was

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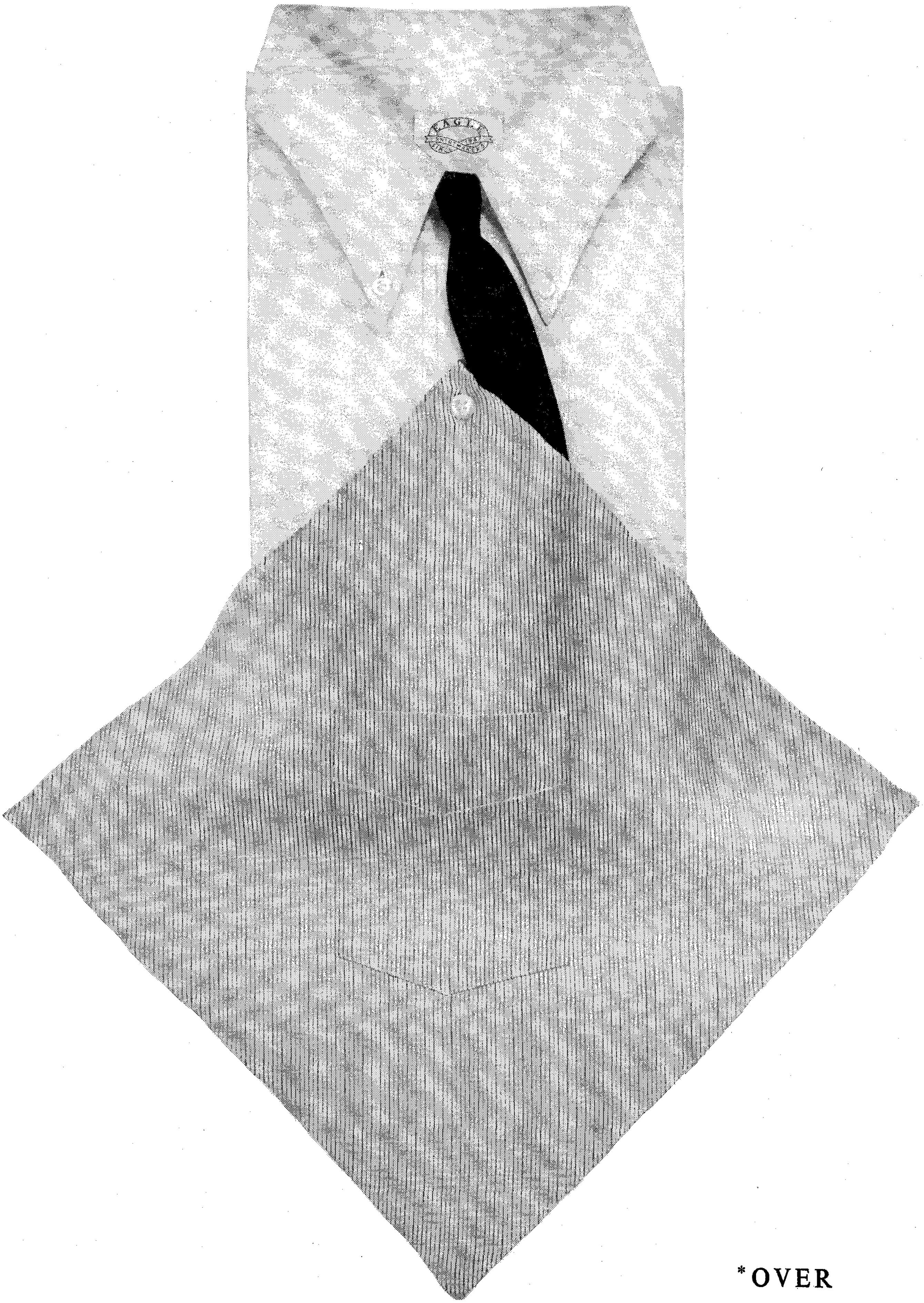

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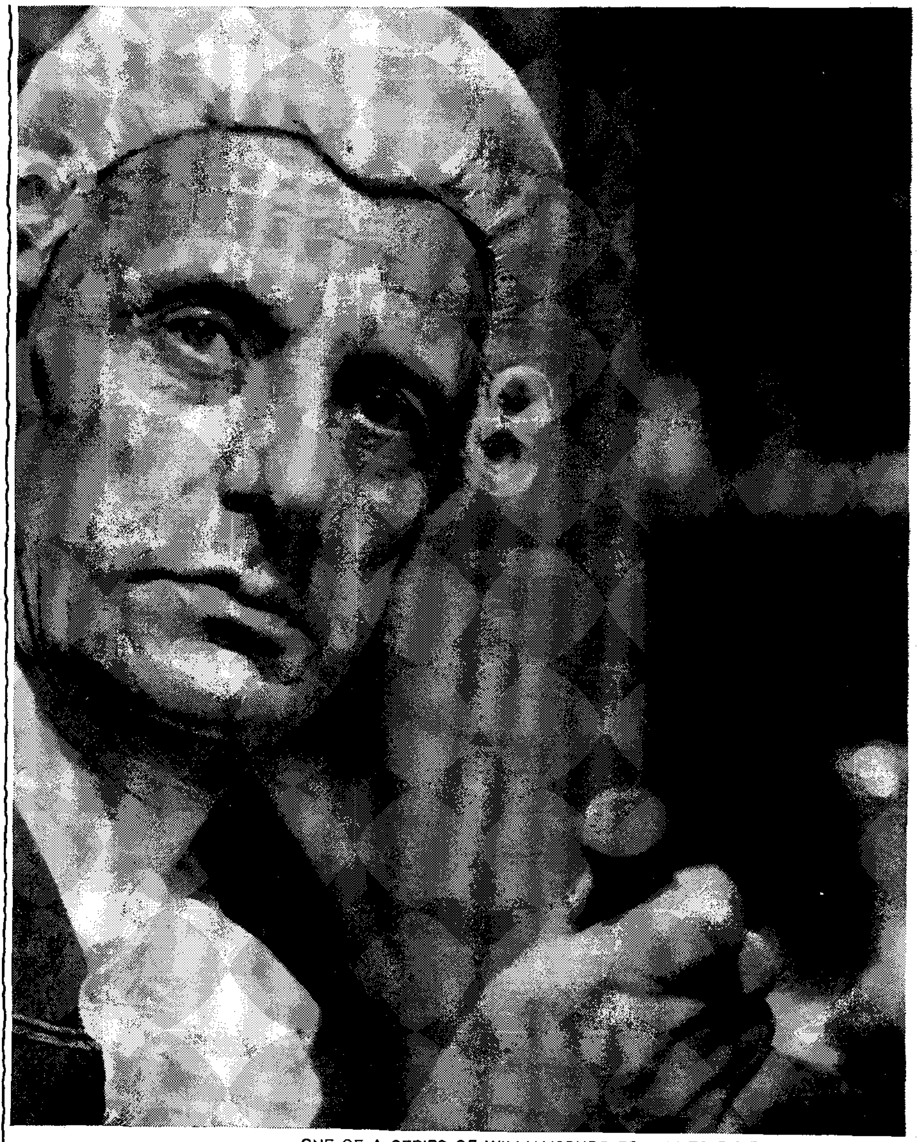
Please send me whatever it is. (Signed)______________________________

Address______________________City______________________State______________ printed on page 1 of the *Post.* An inside page of the same edition carried a photograph of the state's Governor, at a conference in Virginia, standing next to an unusually tall soldier. " 'I've got a bigger one down in Texas,' Governor Price Daniel seems to be telling Third Infantry soldier," the caption said. The missionary work that Mathis undertook has not yet borne bountiful fruit—even in his own paper. A few weeks after his series concluded, the *Post* publicly backslid when, in a full-page institutional advertisement, it discreetly boasted, among other things, "Texans do things a little bigger, perhaps a little better than most."

Like most Texas boasts, this one is not without some basis in fact. Texans are dedicated to the bigger things in life. Indeed, the zeal with which they worship bigness is impressive even to other Americans, whose "singular preoccupation with quantity," in Santayana's phrase, has for long been a source of wonderment to travellers from abroad. "To say that something is large, massive, gigantic," a nineteenth-century German visitor reported, "is in America not a mere statement of fact but the highest commendation." Tyrone Guthrie recently noted our easy assumption "that a big country, a big building, or a big potato is not just bigger than a small one; that there is inherent virtue in jumbo size." And Edward Weeks, of the *Atlantic*, has recalled how his friend Raoul de Roussy de Sales, the French writer who lived for many years in this country, used to be amused by the American infatuation with bigness. "When I listen to Americans talking on shipboard," he told Weeks, "or in a Paris restaurant, or here in New York, it is only a question of time before someone will come out with that favorite boast of yours—'the biggest in the world!' The New York skyline, or the Washington Monument, or the Chicago Merchandise Mart—the biggest in the world. You say it without thinking what it means." The passion for bigness—the confusion of size with greatness—is, like nearly everything else, carried to extremes in Texas. Visitors encounter it the moment they set foot in any Texas airline, railroad, or bus terminal and glance at the souvenirs on display—an oversized teacup on which is printed "Texas Demitasse;" a map of the United States showing what purports to be Texas occupying nine-tenths of the area; a silver serving spoon bearing the words "Texas Teaspoon;" and other native artifacts indicating the preoccupation with magni-



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tude. In everything, size is the measure of excellence. Nothing is thought worth much attention unless it is the biggest, the highest, the most. It really means something to Texans that their San Jacinto Monument, just outside Houston, is a little higher than the Washington Monument and that their Capitol, in Austin, has a similar edge on the Capitol in Washington. They also take satisfaction in knowing that of all the states Texas has the most farms, the most churches per capita, the biggest state fair, the most airports, the most insurance companies, the most species of birds, the most banks, the most football teams, and the most holidays, among other things. The board chairman of a Texas bank, consulting with an architect who had been engaged to plan a new building, summed up his ideas by saying that he wanted the new structure to be the tallest in town, so he could "spit on the First National." Another architect, who had designed a residence in the city of Midland for a millionaire named Fred Turner, was soon afterward hired by a fellow millionaire Midlander, who was not without the competitive instinct. "I don't give a damn what kind of a house you build," the competitor said. "Just be sure it's a hell of a lot bigger than Fred Turner's." Perhaps the purest, most succinct statement of the philosophy that superiority is inherent in size has been made by an amiable Dallas millionaire named D. H. (Dry Hole) Byrd, whose nickname is derived jointly from his initials and from the fact that after he had brought in his first producing oil well he drilled fifty-six dry holes in succession. Byrd has made many gifts to his alma mater, the University of Texas, not the least important of which, he feels, is the biggest drum in the world. Known as Big Bertha, the instrument measures eight feet in diameter and three feet eight inches in width; on its head is the printed intelligence "The World's Biggest Drum." As a spectator in the Cotton Bowl not long ago, Byrd watched with apparent pride and satisfaction as Big Bertha, mounted on a hand-drawn truck, was hauled onto the field. "You know," he said reflectively, as a few booms from the drum reverberated richly around the stadium, "to have the biggest of anything—that's something."

THE fact that for over a hundred years Texas was the biggest state in the Union has no doubt been the single most important influence in fostering in its citizens the cult of size. Though

From "EXODUS FROM NEW ORLEANS," in the March 14, 1961, LOOK

Her age is six. Her skin is white.
Yet Yolanda Gabrielle has felt
the fury of a race mob—
a mob that jeered and jostled
and threw rocks because
her mother took her to school
...in New Orleans.
Sustained by her principles,
Mrs. Gabrielle gave up
her home, her friends, her city...
but *not* those principles.
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in the story of a frightened child
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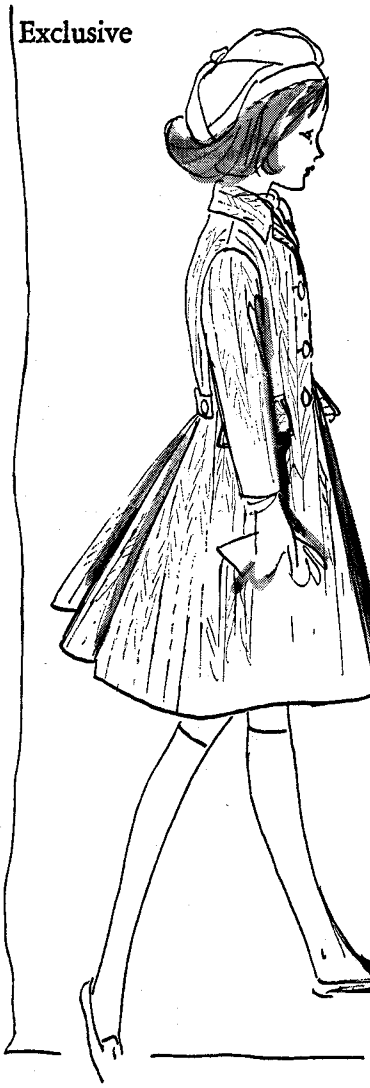

Whipped Cream topping for all her prettiest dresses is this delicious treat of a coat in white chevron knitted cotton with a backward fling at pleats. Unlined, it's lightweight enough to go places all summer, too. By Countess Nemes in toddler sizes 2, 3, 4, $18; 3 to 6x, $18; 7 to 14, $20. Matching beret, $6.

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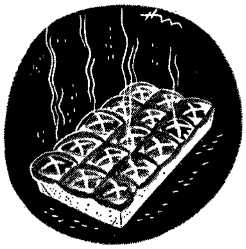
Texas is now outranked by Alaska, which is roughly two and a half times as big, the century-long conditioning will not be quickly undone. Governor Daniel, who as a United States Senator had naturally opposed statehood for Alaska, greeted the accomplished fact with a show of good sportsmanship tinged with indigenous pride. "Texas will extend the hand of welcome to a state large enough for us to talk with on equal terms," he said. Many other Texans took a middle-ground attitude, of the sort reflected in a Houston *Post* headline that read, "Texans to Submit Meekly on Size but Not Quality." Those who adopted this semi-defeatist point of view were scored by the Dallas *News* columnist Lynn Landrum for "being afflicted with the limber-tail." He exhorted all his countrymen to hold fast "to the proposition that in the matter of size, Texas has the greatest amount of real estate above water in the Union," and went on to explain, "Nobody can prove how much there is to Alaska because seven-eighths of it is covered by water—frozen water, that is. . . . Alaska is nothing but an Arctic hypothesis in deep freeze. That's all." Even though Texas is no longer the biggest state, it covers an area so vast that it offers to Americans something of the same challenge in spatial comprehension that the United States offers Europeans. To cross Texas by automobile from north to south or east to west—a trip of approximately eight hundred miles—takes about an hour longer than to drive from New York to Chicago or from Paris to Rome. People who traverse Texas by car are quite ready to believe that Texas is more than five times the size of New York State and that it is bigger than any country in Europe except Russia.



After vastness, diversity is the most striking component of the geographical personality of Texas. Newcomers usually expect to find nothing much except an enormous, dusty, treeless plain, like the main setting of the movie "Giant," and in most of the state that is what they do find, as anyone who has made the sensationally dull six-hundred-mile trip from Dallas to El Paso is wearily aware. Taken as a whole, however, Texas is surprisingly varied. In East Texas, one travels through piney woods and over rich, waxy black soil; on the Gulf Coast, over picturesque, bayou-dotted flatlands; in the irrigated Lower Rio Grande Valley, through a subtropical land bursting with green plants and fruit blossoms; and, in the Big Bend country beyond, through a jagged, virtually uncharted wasteland forbidding to some and enticing to others. Practically anything geographical that exists anywhere in the United States, mountains included, can be found in Texas. Its eight-thousand-foot Guadalupe Peak is the highest mountain east of the Rockies. Along with lakes and rivers, Texas has three hundred and seventy miles of coastline and twelve deep-water ports; the largest, Houston, ranks second to New York in tonnage handled. Despite its mixture of geographical characteristics, Texas produces in few travellers the *coup de foudre*, or love at first sight, that Jacques Maritain says strikes so many Americans upon first looking into France. In Texas, the response is more likely to be love at long last. A major reason for the lack of immediate appeal is the fact that Texas, on balance, may be the least scenically rewarding state in the nation, with the possible exception of North Dakota or Nebraska. The niggardliness of Nature in her scenic endowment of most of Texas was pointed up by recent findings of the Texas Highway Department, whose operatives asked eight and a half million visitors what aspect of the state most impressed them; six per cent said the scenery. The fact that during the past three years the tourist trade has fallen off one-fifth in Texas while increasing one-fifth in the rest of the country has no connection, as Texans see it, with their state's natural attractions. "The truth of the matter is that one could spend a lifetime of vacations in Texas and not completely exhaust what it has to offer," the Houston *Post* said last year. More tourists would spend at least one vacation in Texas, the residents have taken to telling one another, if word about its offerings got around. "Tourist states are not born—they are made," Tom H. Taylor, director of the Travel and Information Division of the Texas Highway Department, told the Houston Advertising Club a few weeks ago. And the way to begin making a tourist state of Texas, he went on, is to spend three hundred thousand dollars advertising it. Such spending, some non-advertising men feel, may stimulate tourism but never appreciation, an emotion that is reserved largely for native Texans, a few of whom—the writers John Graves, Stan-

Style 87000.

he Prince nd the alatial Floor

Once on a time, there was a comely young nce who married a beautiful maiden. t an evil old witch turned him into a g. Just like that.

"Frog you are, and frog you shall nain," she cried, "until your Princess s Palatial Vinyl Corlon floors in-lled throughout the Royal Palace."

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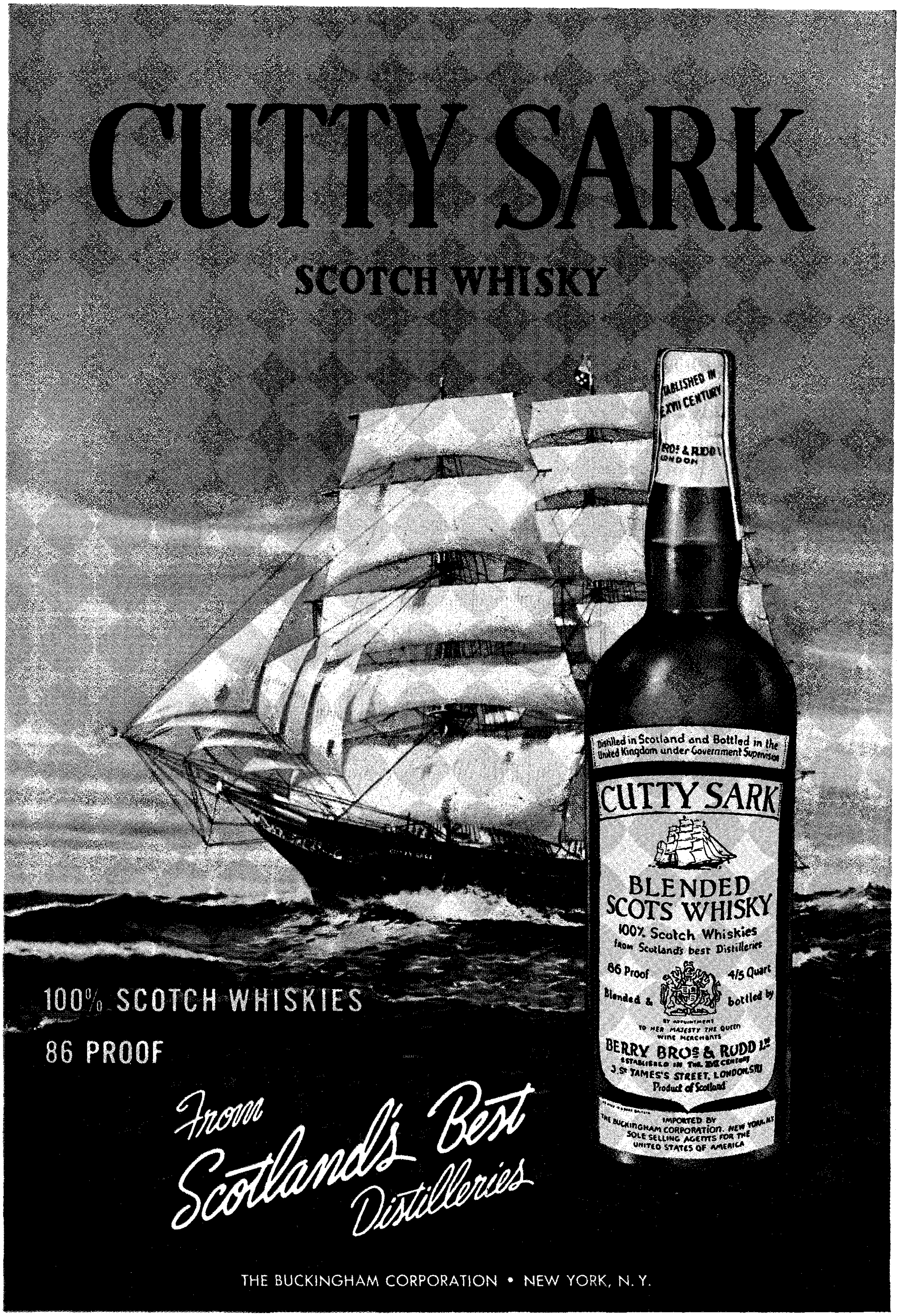
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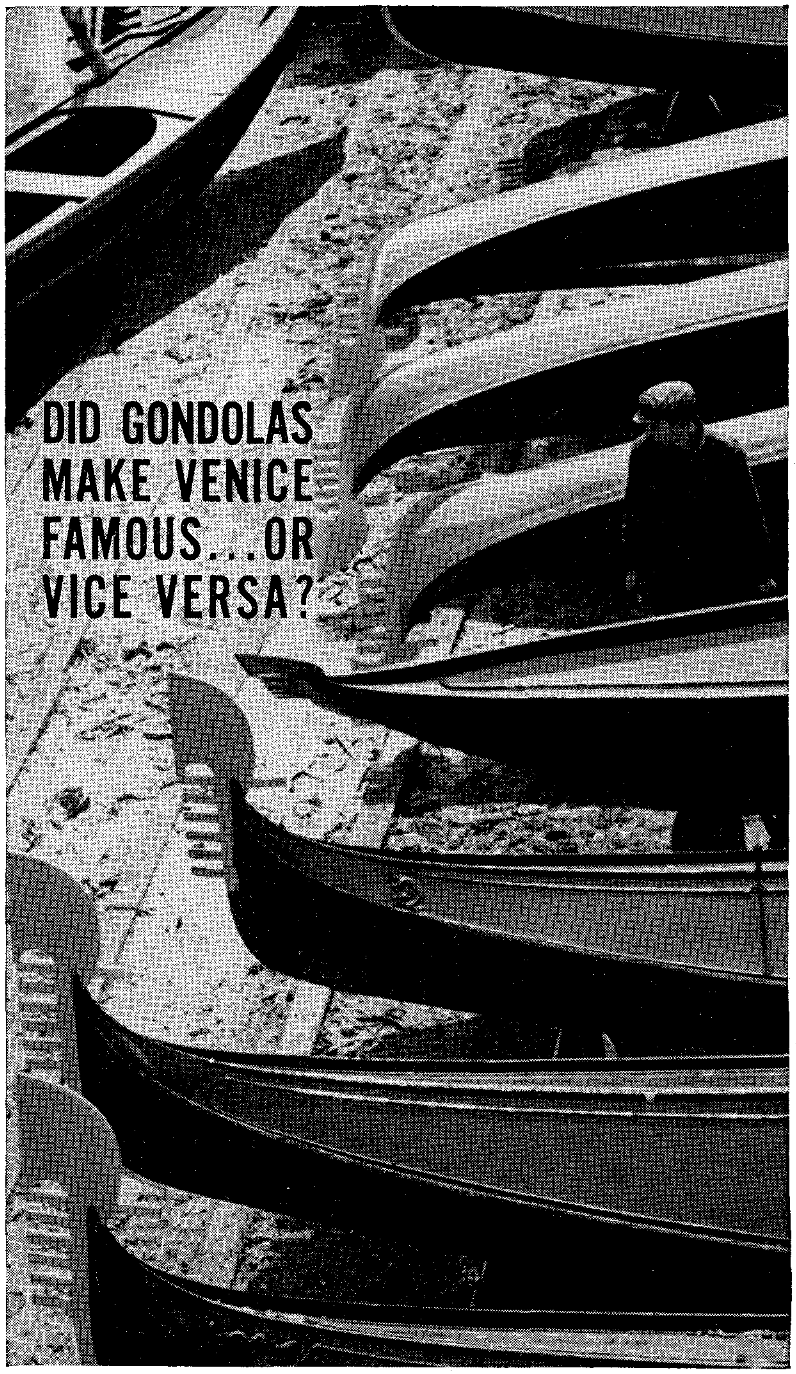
ley Walker, and Lon Tinkle, among them—are able to communicate a sense of what it is about Texas that can produce affection deep enough to bring tears to the eyes of otherwise undemonstrative people. For them, the landscape of Texas is not only endlessly fascinating but as important as the sun. In many visitors, however, prolonged exposure to the high degree of uniformity of Texas town and country induces a consuming boredom. However varied the landscape they have seen, their prevailing impression of the state is apt to be that of a smooth, limitless expanse of unrelieved beige. The natural difficulties that Texas puts in the way of a newcomer's quick attachment have been evident for some time, according to a group of early settlers' letters presented a couple of years ago to the University of St. Thomas, in Houston. "I am not charmed by this country and I don't meet anybody that is," one new resident reported in 1835 to a friend in his native Georgia. "If I had a family, I would not bring them here to live for ten of the best leagues of land in Texas." Even then, however, there were differences of opinion. David Crockett, for example, at about the same time described Texas to his kin as "the garden spot of the world."

Writing of the British climate in his "Notes on England," Taine said, "I always come back to this, for there is no more powerful influence." The observation applies with equal felicity to the Texas climate. "One Texas claim is that it does not have a climate, just weather," J. Frank Dobie, the eminent Texan, writer, and savant, remarked in a recent issue of *America Illustrated*, the United States Information Agency magazine circulated in Russia. "The weather was here before Columbus sailed, and it has had a more powerful effect on the lives of the inhabitants than all the Spanish expeditions, flag flying, and gubernatorial administrations recorded in history books. Also, it has done more than any other factor to make braggarts out of Texans. You can tell a Texan who is out of the old rock from the other kind by how and what he brags on. . . . He brags on the weather, and for his purpose the worst is the best. He brags in reverse." Texans are seldom without adequate material for reverse bragging. Regardless of the season, Texas weather easily lives up to its reputation for being changeable (if you don't like the weather, according to the old saying, wait a minute), disagreeable, and bizarre. The



Americans returning from Europe tell what they *saw*—from Venice, what they *felt*.

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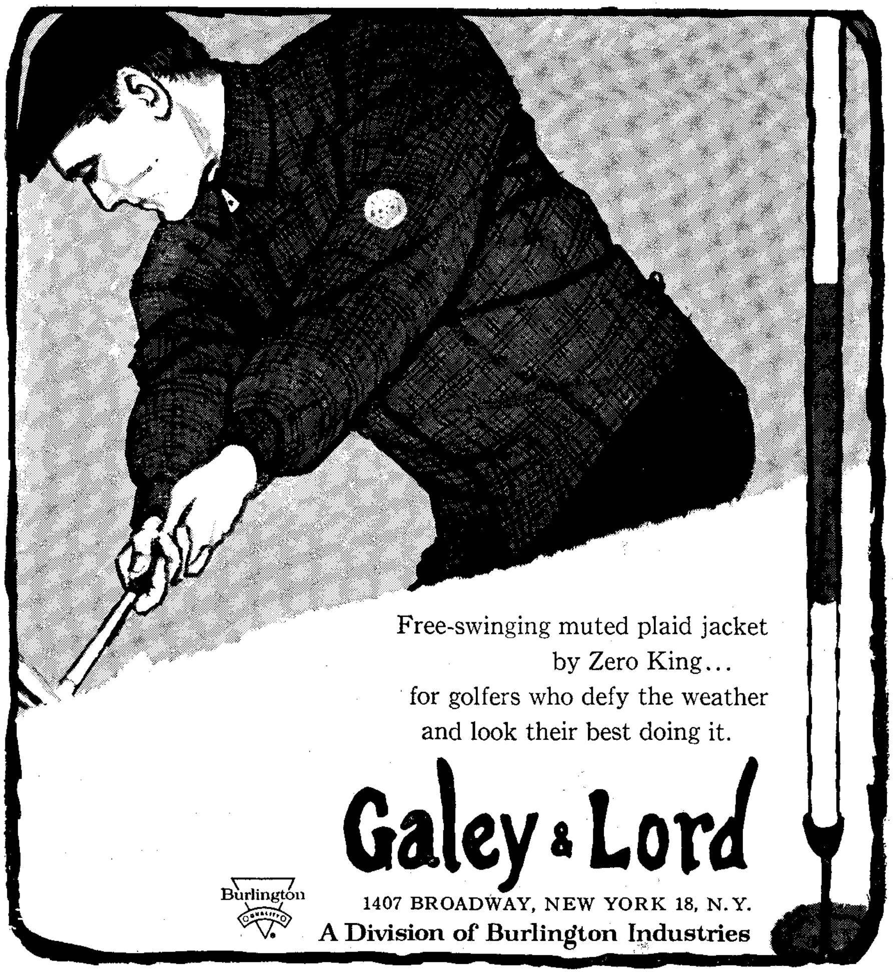
VENICE

climate of Texas varies from humid, on the Louisiana border, to arid, on the far western plains, and from subtropical, in the Lower Rio Grande Valley, to temperate, in the Panhandle. Because of the climatic range, a vacationer can be sunbathing in Corpus Christi while a rancher is shivering in Amarillo. However, there is in the Texas climate one constant—wind. It may be a waft or it may be a gale, but it never lets up. Texans seldom use the word "wind" in referring to the ever-present phenomenon. "We always have a nice breeze," they are likely to say, frequently holding on to their hats. The unceasing wind makes it hard to play a decent game of badminton out-of-doors, but it does make Texas a kite-flier's paradise; a kite can be put into the air almost any time and soon be carried nearly out of sight with no more effort on the flier's part than paying out the string. The winds are mostly from the south, except in winter, a season not without variety. Outside the Panhandle plains, Texas as a rule has very little snow, although in the past five years there have been heavy, highway-clogging snowfalls in the northern and western sections of the state—twice since 1955 El Paso has had the unusual experience of being covered with eight inches or more—and in other sections snow has ceased to be a breathtaking novelty. Dallas has had enough of it to measure in three of the past five winters, and in February, 1960, when a snow blanket spreading seven hundred miles from east to west and four hundred and fifty from north to south settled over the state, even Houston received three inches of "the strange, white stuff," as the *Post* referred to the element that had been seen locally only a half-dozen times before. Still, the average snowfall in Dallas amounts to only one and seven-tenths inches a year and in Houston to only three-tenths of an inch. In winter, the normal pattern consists of a succession of generally moderate, frequently sunny days temporarily terminated by the sudden arrival of a norther—a cold front that sweeps down from the Arctic and often reduces the temperature forty degrees or more while one is attending a movie. An especially bitter storm of this kind is called a blue norther, because it makes its entrance amid a dark-blue haze created by the clash of the Arctic blasts with the prevailing southerly winds. On the afternoon of January 9, 1957, the temperature in Dallas was a balmy eighty-three degrees. Shortly after dark, a typical blue norther arrived, on a thirty-seven-mile-



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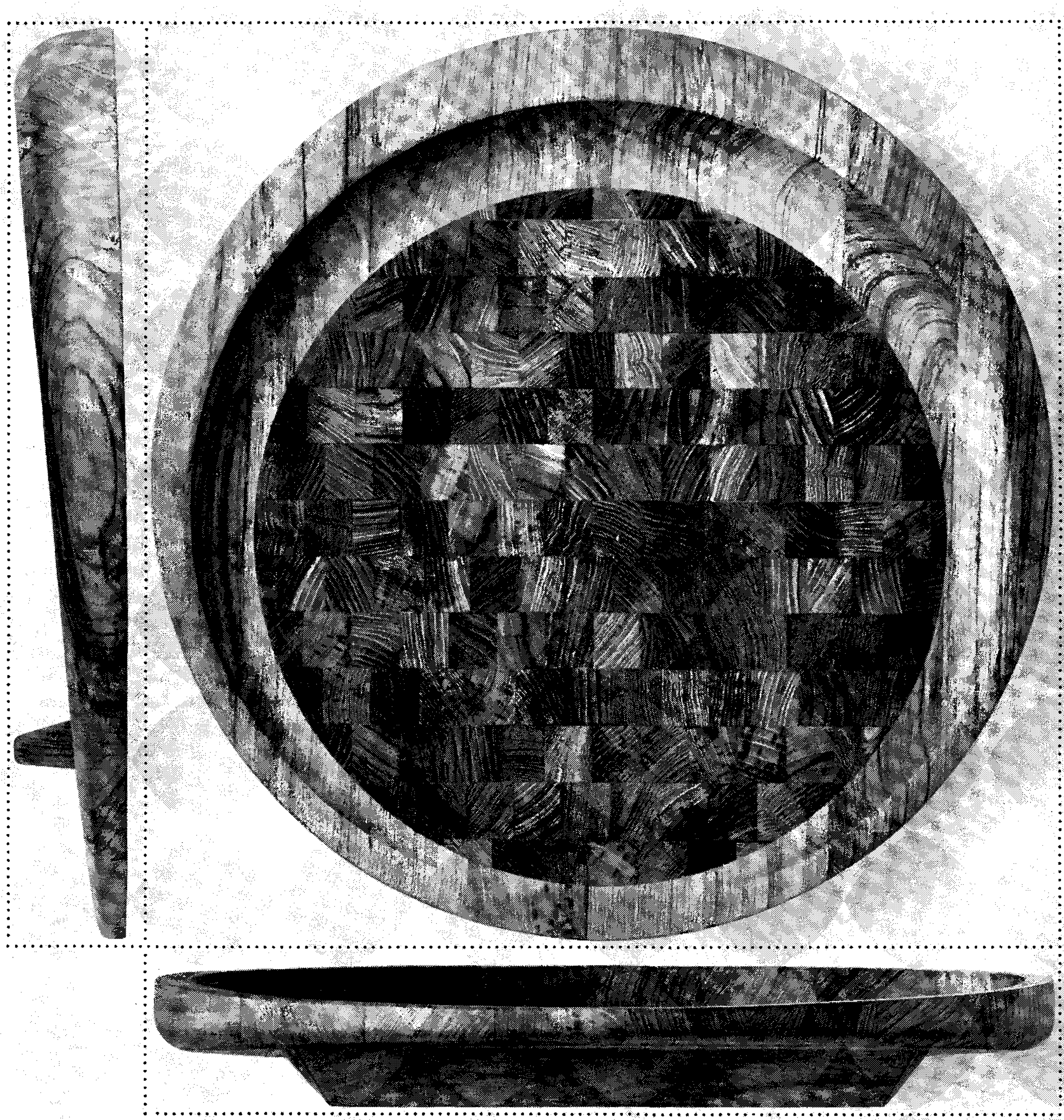

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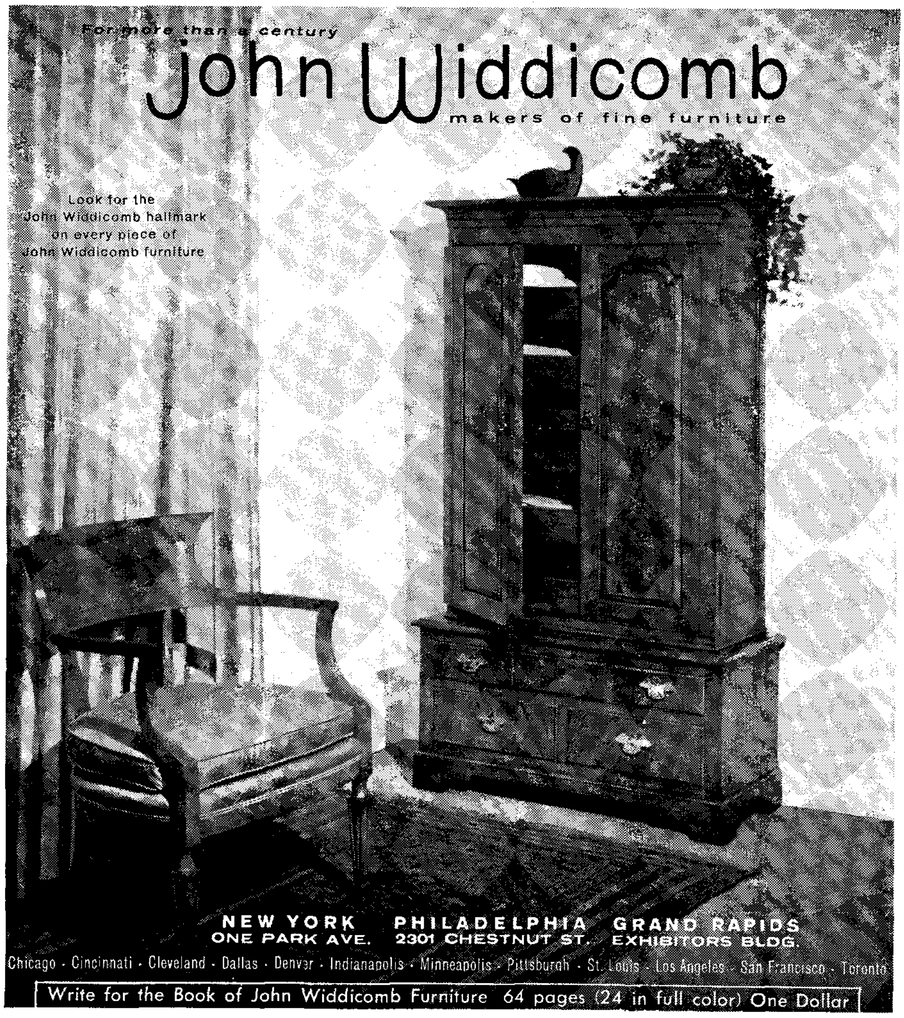
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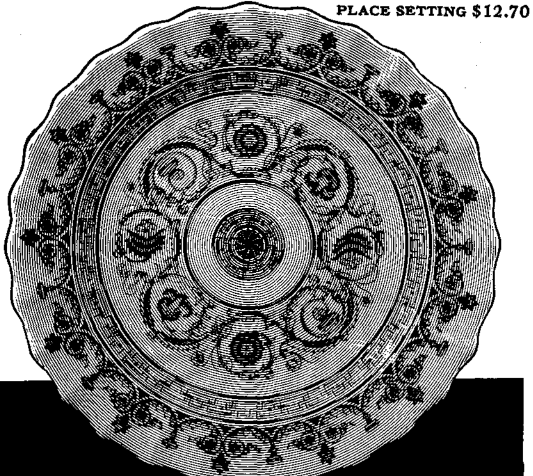

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an-hour wind that for the first thirty minutes forced the temperature down a degree a minute. By morning, the thermometer registered twenty-five degrees. A norther that blew into Weatherford on November 16, 1959, dropped the temperature from sixty-three to thirty-eight in an hour and a quarter. On November 28, 1960, the thermometer in Houston read eighty-one; the next day, forty-three. Texans take an admirably relaxed attitude toward northers and the inconveniences they cause, such as the need to organize an impromptu expedition on a freezing afternoon to rescue children and husbands who had started out in the morning dressed for summer. Northers usually last for only a few days; with the return of the southerly winds another spell of mild weather begins. The season for northers, extending from late autumn into early spring, is also the season for sand and dust storms, which generally whistle in from the west at speeds up to eighty miles an hour, tingeing the atmosphere with a reddish glow, irritating the eyes, and on occasion cutting visibility within an hour from fifteen miles to practically zero.

Spring in Texas is distinguished not only by the magnificent blanketing of the countryside with vast seas of bluebonnets but also by the onset of the tornado season. Texas has more tornadoes than any other state except Kansas. If tornado statistics took into account area as well as frequency, Texas would be outranked by two or three more states. Even so, it would have no reason to take a back seat, for in the past fifty years roughly one of every eight tornadoes recorded in the United States occurred in Texas. Twisters have become an accepted fact of Texas life; storm cellars are in the nature of standard household equipment in the rural areas, and during the tornado season, which continues into early summer, prudent motorists travelling through areas alerted by severe weather warnings keep their car radios turned on in order to learn of the formation and expected movement of tornadoes. Generally, however, tornado warnings are regarded about as casually in Texas as forecasts of heavy rains are elsewhere. Late one afternoon in April, 1957, a woman who had recently taken up residence in Dallas was called to the phone by a neighbor, who said, in a voice as excited as if she were asking to borrow a cup of sugar, "If you've never seen a tornado, take a look out the window." A funnel-shaped cloud approaching the city was by then clearly visible to thousands of Dallas

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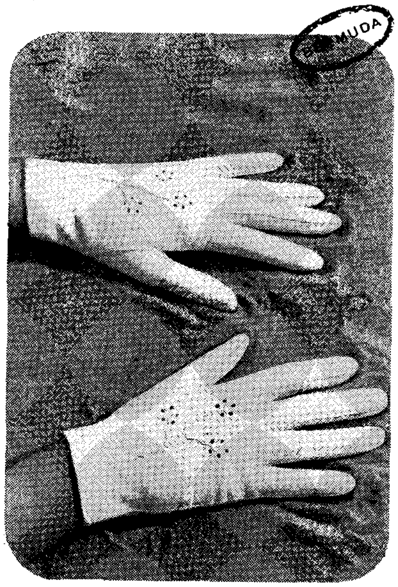
residents, many with cameras in hand, who had taken to the streets and rooftops to get a good look at the twister; it killed nine persons, injured a hundred and seventy others, and destroyed or damaged eight hundred homes and other buildings. Two years later, almost to the day, ten tornadoes ripped through the center of the state and killed six persons. Texas now averages about six dozen twisters a year. Since 1957, spring in Texas has also been marked by violent hailstorms, torrential rains, overflowing streams, and rampaging rivers. The devastating floods have time and again turned streets in Fort Worth, Dallas, San Antonio, and other cities and towns into rivers, drowned scores of persons (ten during one weekend in 1960), and made hundreds homeless, and, all told, have caused well over two hundred million dollars' worth of damage. Before 1957, Texas had gone through seven years of uninterrupted drought, which dried up the rivers and streams, parched the plains, and produced even more disastrous consequences than the floods that followed.

When tornadoes and floods can be forgotten for another year, summer comes in with heat that is, typically, immoderate. The so-called normal July temperature ranges from eighty in the northern part of the state to eighty-four in the southern. Many summer days are very abnormal. On June 15, 1960, the temperature reached a hundred and two in Dallas, a hundred and four in Waco, a hundred and five in Abilene, a hundred and six in Midland, and a hundred and nine in San Angelo. These readings, being Weather Bureau figures, were, of course, taken in the shade. Just for the fun of it, a native of Boston who lived for a few years in Houston kept a record one August, during his vacation, of the temperature in the sun at noon in his yard. The average for the thirty-one days, according to his findings, was a hundred and thirty-one degrees. Some parents consider such warmth to be of limited benefit to young children, and make a practice of keeping them indoors from about ten in the morning until around four in the afternoon. This precaution tends to prevent accidents like one that happened in Waco a few summers ago to a thirteen-month-old infant named Clara Elizabeth Cook, who toddled out of her house onto the sidewalk on a hundred-degree day and, when found by her mother a few minutes later, had to be taken to the hospital for second-degree burns of both feet. Once a heat wave begins, it tends to be prolonged; it is not unusual for nearly



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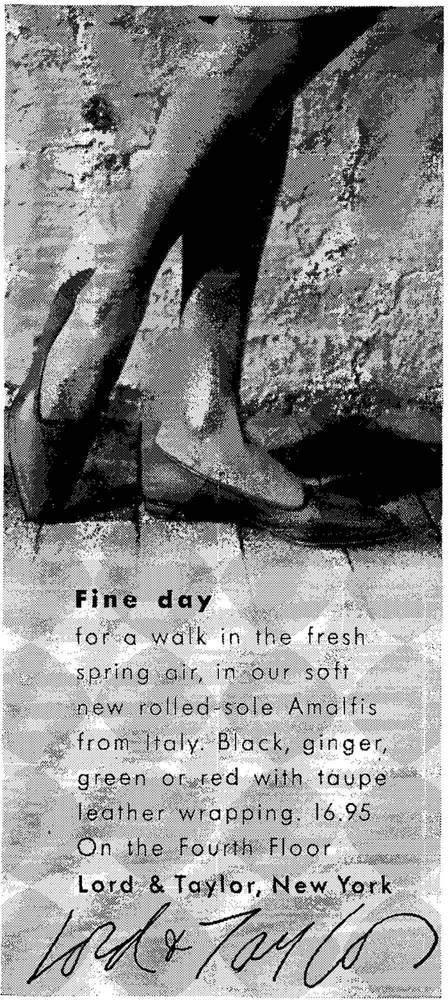

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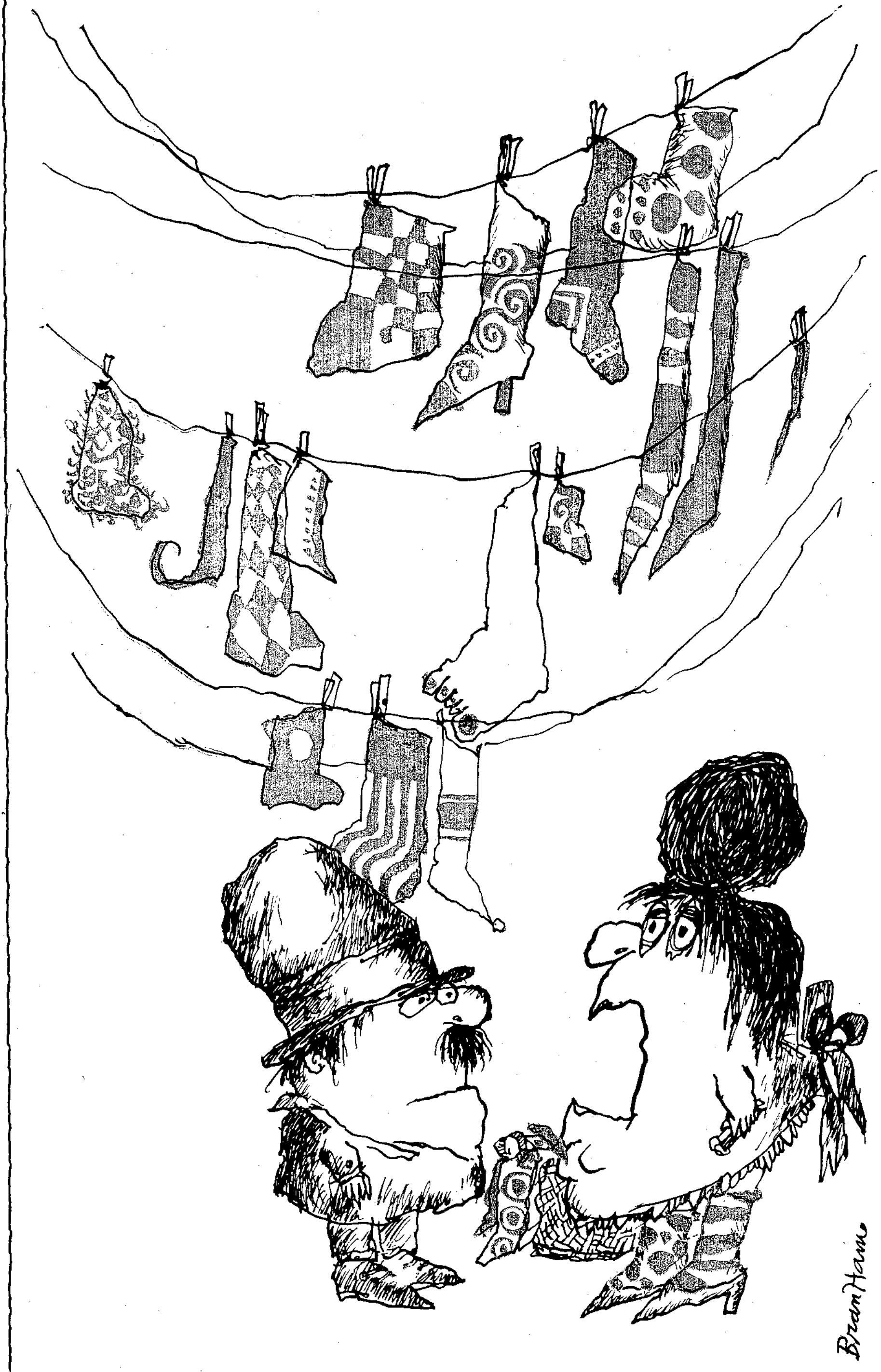
any Texas city to have a dozen consecutive days when the temperature is in the nineties or half a dozen when it is above a hundred. The chief weapon for contending with the heat, which in some sections—notably Houston—is combined with memorable humidity, is air-conditioning. "Hell, since we've had air-conditioning, I've gotten over being apologetic about Texas weather," Angus Wynne, Jr., a Dallas real-estate operator and civic leader, said recently. "You go to Chicago or New York in the summertime and it's intolerable. You can't breathe. You can't find one comfortable spot. They're just not prepared for the heat. Down here we are. Everything is air-conditioned, so it's no trick to be comfortable." Along with air-conditioning (deplored by a few of the extra patriotic, because, they say, it enables Yankees to exist in Texas), the natives use a number of old-fashioned stratagems in the annual summer battle. For one thing, they dress for comfort. In summer, men's jackets are de rigueur during the daytime only for some such occasion as a city wedding or funeral. Slacks and a sports shirt make an accepted costume for office workers and many professional men. On the street, shirtsleeves are the rule. Any summer day, a stranger can be spotted instantly among a group waiting at a corner for a traffic light to change. The stranger stands at the curb; the natives step back into the entryway or shadow of the nearest building—bracing themselves against it, if necessary—to enjoy a few seconds of shade. When nothing else is at hand, the experienced stand in the pencil-thin shadow cast by a telephone pole.

Along toward the end of September, the heat begins to subside, and in October and November Texans can reasonably expect good weather. However, they are kept on the qui vive by the knowledge that the hurricane season in Texas extends from the end of July through November. Though hurricanes have not bothered Texas much in recent years, they have figured so redoubtably in the state's meteorological history that the possibility of their occurrence is not shrugged off by the natives. By the time the hurricane period has passed, winter has arrived, with its northers, and a new round of climatic excitement has got under way.

THE great distances and the wayward climate of Texas combine to discourage the habit of walking. Texas children, to judge by the morning and afternoon traffic jams around the schools, are taught early to shun the



"What do you mean,
I seem to have a fetish for stockings!"

Beast, you never understand me anyway, why should you understand that hosiery is just as important as shoes. Or gloves. Or jewelry. I can't go running around in plain legs, when everybody else is wearing those fabulous tints in Du Pont Nylon. Why did I marry you anyway, Mervyn? You'll never, never understand—every fashion needs a stocking all its own!

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Indianapolis	H. P. Wasson & Co.
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New Orleans	D. H. Holmes
New Orleans	Marks Isaacs
New Orleans	Rubenstein Bros.
MARYLAND	
Baltimore	Isaac Hamburger & Son
Baltimore	The Hecht Co.
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Omaha	Nebraska Clothing Co.
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Albuquerque	Fedway
NEW YORK	
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Buffalo	Hens & Kelly Inc.
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Buffalo	The Kleinhans Co.
New York City	Arnold Constable
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New York City	John David
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New York City	Sterns
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Rochester	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
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Syracuse	Wells & Coverly
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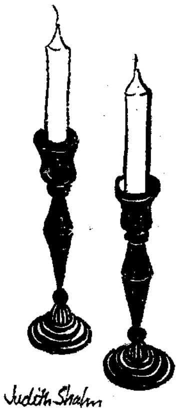
*T. M. APPD.

habit. Anybody strolling in a residential section of a Texas city is an object of considerable interest to passing motorists and police prowl cars. About the longest distance a Texan regularly covers on foot is from his house to his garage. “Most Texans walk slowly, as if it went against the grain,” Stanley Walker has remarked, “and they regard the automobile as the only way to get from here to there.” Folklore has it that all Texas millionaires get around in one of their several Cadillacs, which they trade in for new ones as soon as the ashtrays need emptying. “The deal isn’t quite that good,” W. D. DeSanders, president of the Lone Star Cadillac Company, of Dallas, which sells a couple of thousand new Cadillacs a year, said a while ago. “Only about twenty per cent of your millionaires trade after one year. Most of them keep a car for two. And I’m here to tell you, these people that got money, they’re pretty smart. They try to buy them as good as they can.” A conspicuous minority of Texas millionaires have never bought even one Cadillac. For example, H. L. Hunt, one of the wealthiest men in the state, drives medium-priced cars, which he usually keeps longer than two years. Some other Texas millionaires buy Chrysler Imperials, the choice of Jake Hamon, or Lincolns, the choice of R. E. (Bob) Smith, who has four. In spite of a sizable promotion campaign, the Rolls-Royce has not become a fad among Texas millionaires. “Texans don’t like to be unique,” William McGhee, who handles the Rolls-Royce distributorship in Fort Worth, has explained. Last year, however, one Rolls-Royce was sold in Dallas and seven in Houston. Being diffident in respect to cars, D. D. (Tex) Feldman drives a Bentley. Foreign sports cars are becoming increasingly popular in Texas. One of the first Texas millionaires to become interested in them was Clint Murchison’s son John, who was urged by a friend who owns an agency to buy a Mercedes-Benz 300 SL. “Why, that was going to run to something like ten, twelve thousand dollars,” Murchison recalls, looking almost as dismayed as if his friend had tried to sell him the Brooklyn Bridge. Murchison decided to start out with a Porsche, which he bought wholesale. A few months ago, John Mecom, a Houston oilman who likes to start at the top, began tooling around town in a new Ferrari. Many Texas millionaires who eschew the genuine article have invested in what they consider the American equivalent, the Thunderbird, which offers them all the comfort and excitement of an easy chair. Notwithstanding all such vagaries, the Cadillac, of course, is no stranger in Texas. Though five other states—California, New York, Illinois, Michigan, and Ohio, in that order—buy more new Cadillacs per capita than Texas, appearances indicate that, in the words of Art Buchwald, “Texas is the most Cadillac-conscious state in the Union.” So much so, he added, that he had no trouble understanding this laconic conversation overheard in Houston:

“Did you hear Zeke got a new car?”

“What kind?”

“Dark blue.”



A number of Texas millionaires, like Leo Corrigan and Michel Halbouty, have a Cadillac for themselves and one for their wives; Halbouty also has a Chevrolet, used primarily by his domestic help. Though servants often drive when taking the children to school and performing other chores, nearly all Texas millionaires and their wives prefer to take the wheel themselves. Only about two per cent of the Cadillacs sold in Texas are models designed to be chauffeur-driven. Almost without exception, Texas millionaires buy air-conditioned automobiles. (In Texas, even hearses are air-conditioned.) “Once in a great while, we sell a car that isn’t air-conditioned,” DeSanders says. “We consider those special orders. I remember one we sold to a man that hated any kind of air-conditioning, but his wife made him trade it in for a regular model. She had a French poodle that was used to living in an air-conditioned house. The dog refused to get into an un-air-conditioned car.” Because nearly all Texas millionaires own two or more cars, it is not unusual to hear one of them say, upon offering to drive somebody somewhere, “Excuse me, I’ll go get a car.” The use of the indefinite instead of the definite article is common enough to go unnoticed.

Fast, heavy cars, like the Cadillac and the Chrysler, are well suited to Texas driving. Speed is desirable because of the absence of much to attract the eye en route, and weight because of the possible added protection it provides. The second factor is of considerable importance, because more people are killed every year in traffic accidents in Texas than in any other state except Cali-

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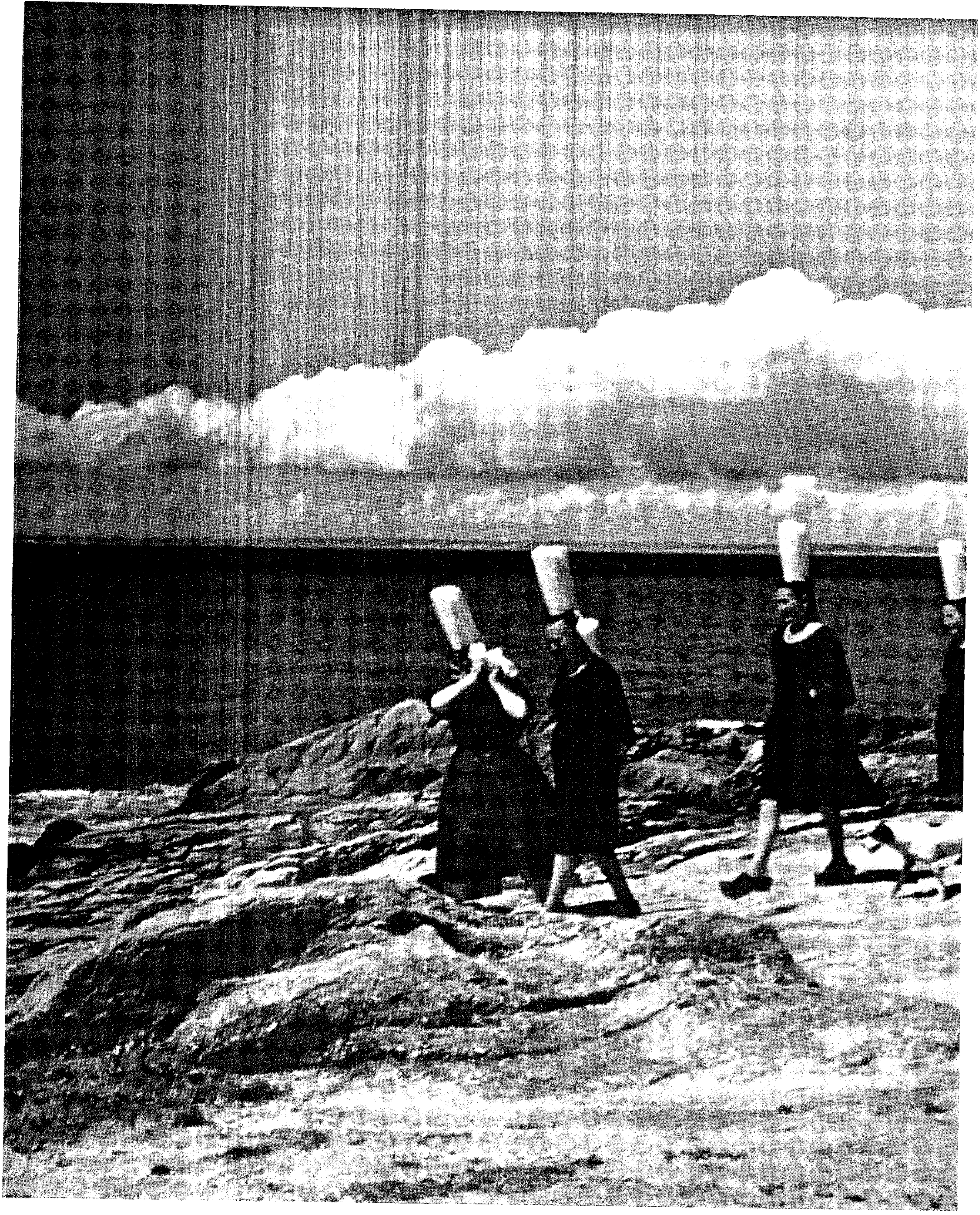

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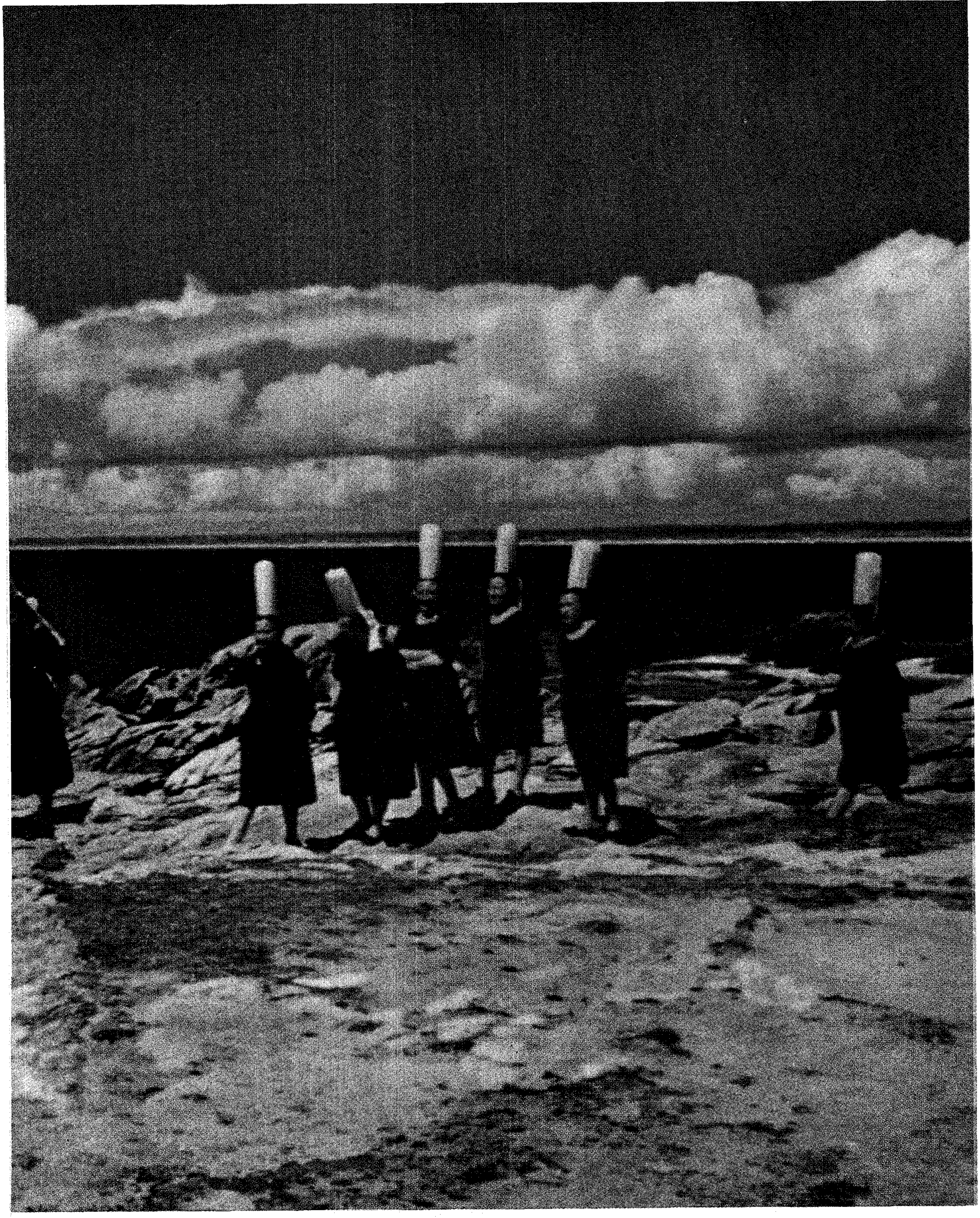

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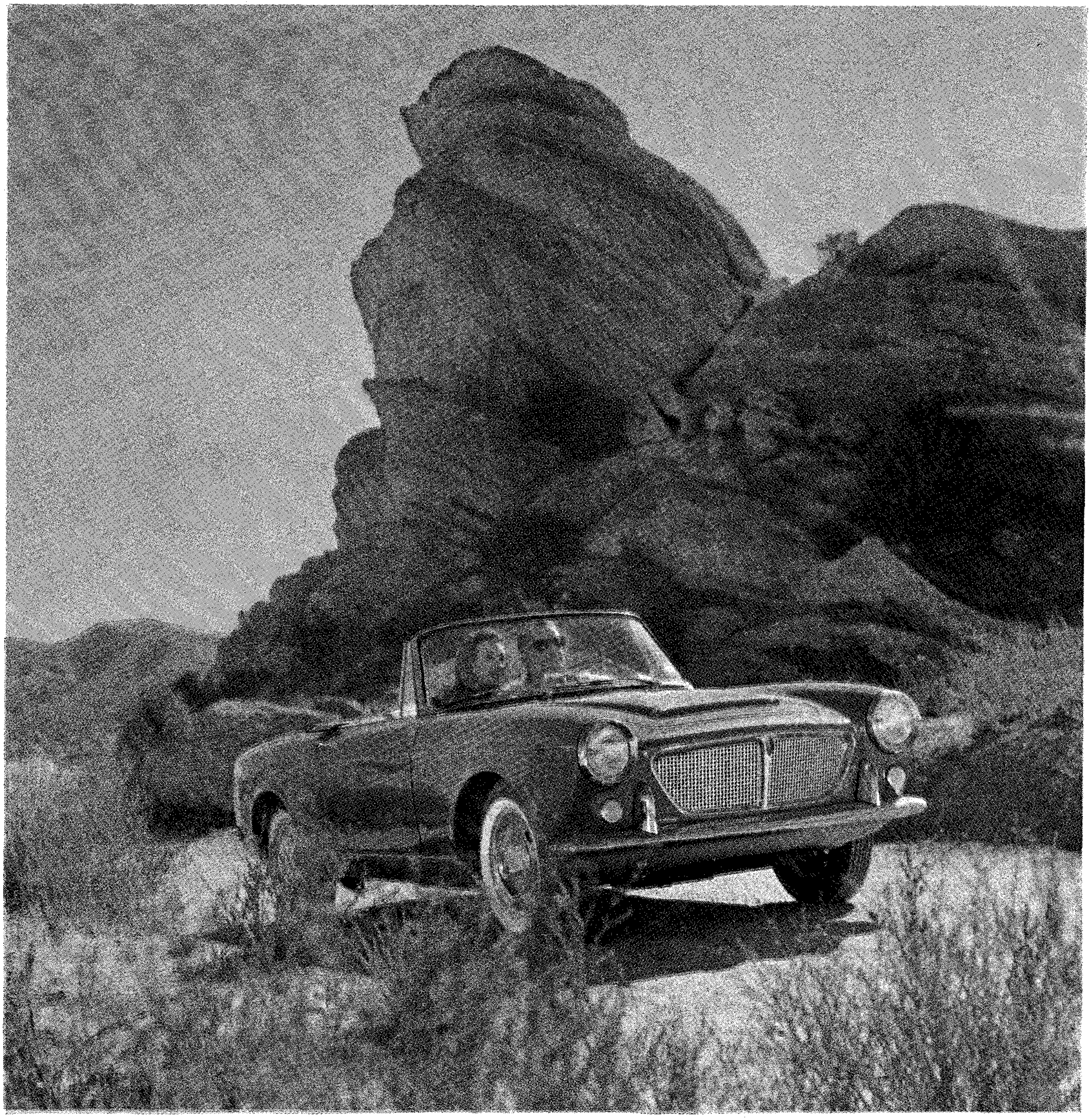

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fornia—and Texas has a population about three-fifths that of California. In traffic deaths during the 1960 Christmas holidays, Texas even beat California, twenty-seven to twenty-five. Since 1939, when Texans started keeping accident records, more than forty-three thousand persons have been killed and one and three-quarters million injured on the state's streets and highways. A Texan born today has but one chance in ten of escaping injury in a traffic accident before he reaches sixty. On the average, traffic accidents in Texas kill twenty-four hundred persons and injure a hundred and ten thousand every year. This is a substantial contribution to the position that the United States holds in the rate of deaths from motor-vehicle accidents—first in the world. In Texas, as everywhere, a great many accidents are caused by speeding and by drunken driving, but an even more important cause, some experts believe, is the fact that Texans behind the wheel tend to excel by far all other Americans in aggressiveness, perhaps in this respect outclassing even the Germans. As Assistant Chief of Police Charles Batchelor, of Dallas, has put it, "The worst fault of drivers is their violation of the rights of others." The frontier spirit dominates the driving habits of Texans, each of whom seems to take the position that every other motorist is a poacher. In the circumstances, courtesy can be expected on the splendid Texas highway system only from the lily-livered. It follows that the auto-rebuilding industry in Texas long ago achieved a plateau of prosperity. To rank next to the top in traffic deaths is nothing to brag about, the Dallas *News* once remarked in an editorial, but at the same time it is an indication of real Americanism, for the killings result from "the same human qualities that made America great—willingness to risk, driving energy, rugged individualism." Dallas, which works hard to promote traffic safety and on whose streets only sixty-nine people were killed in auto accidents in 1960, has an enviable record compared to other Texas cities, and frequently wins prizes. Even in a bad year, when traffic accidents soar, the Dallas police department will proudly announce that it has won an award for "outstanding achievement in the maintenance of accident records." Houston perennially holds the distinction of leading the state in traffic deaths. Its record for one year, set in 1959, stands at a hundred and five. The total dipped to eighty-six in 1960; however, traffic in-

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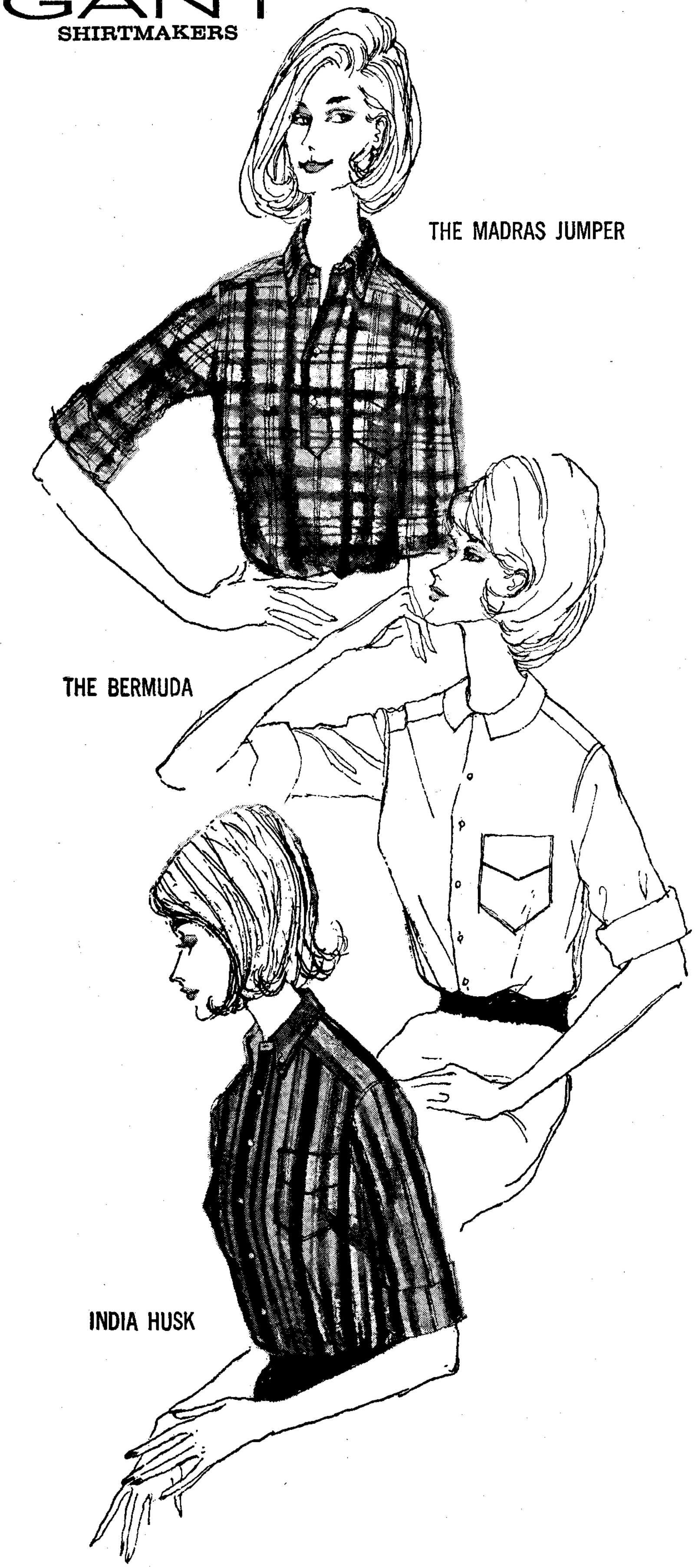

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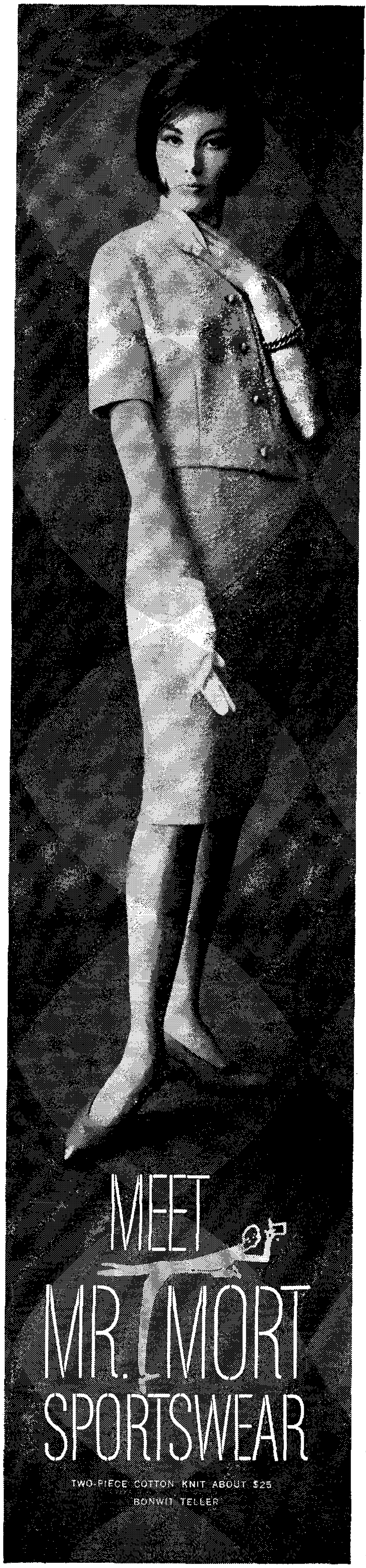

juries that year exceeded those in 1959 by about a thousand. As it happened, none of them was caused by a blind resident, who was arrested in June for driving an automobile while intoxicated. That made the seventh time he had been charged with the same offense. If driving in Texas when the weather is fair can be a memorable experience, driving when there has been any precipitation can be as exciting as Russian roulette. Rain, snow, sleet, or ice makes it extremely difficult for Texas motorists to complete their appointed rounds without mishap. The minute any moisture appears on the streets, Texans begin driving as if they had all been taken suddenly drunk. Cars skitter around the streets, banging and scraping and smashing into each other and into telephone poles and people. For instance, on February 19, 1959, Dallas had three-tenths of an inch of snow; it also had seventy-five automobile collisions. One day the following September, half an inch of rain fell on the city; police recorded sixty-six minor and thirteen major traffic accidents. "Everybody out there seems to be running into everybody else," a radio newscaster said in announcing the early-evening returns on one such day. "Fender-bending episodes and bumper-to-bumper pile-ups were the favorite forms of wreck-creation," one of the newspapers noted next morning, in a passage that reflects the bonhomie with which Texans treat the subject. When the precipitation is heavier, as it was on February 24, 1960, the "slam-bang crescendo of crashes," in a newspaper phrase, naturally grows louder: between three in the afternoon and ten that night Dallas was the scene of two hundred and twenty-six collisions. Houston motorists have done better. They made February 12, 1960, the day the city had three inches of snow, a banner day by chalking up two hundred and seventy-five accidents—the record so far. In recent years, some measures have been taken to make Texas highways less stimulating. For one thing, the Governor set up a Highway Safety Commission, consisting of two hundred and fifty members, who were summoned to Austin for their first conference in the fall of 1958. On their way into the city, quite a few members were caught in a radar check on its outskirts and given tickets for speeding. Governor Daniel has also supported the Texas Traffic Safety Council, which is carrying on a crusade aimed at persuading Texans to do things a little smaller on the highways. "On a cold cash basis," the Council has announced, "safety

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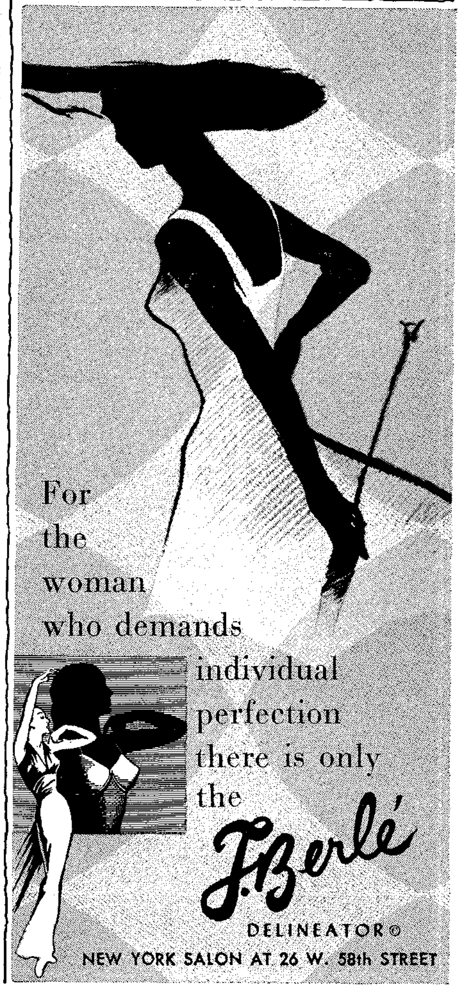
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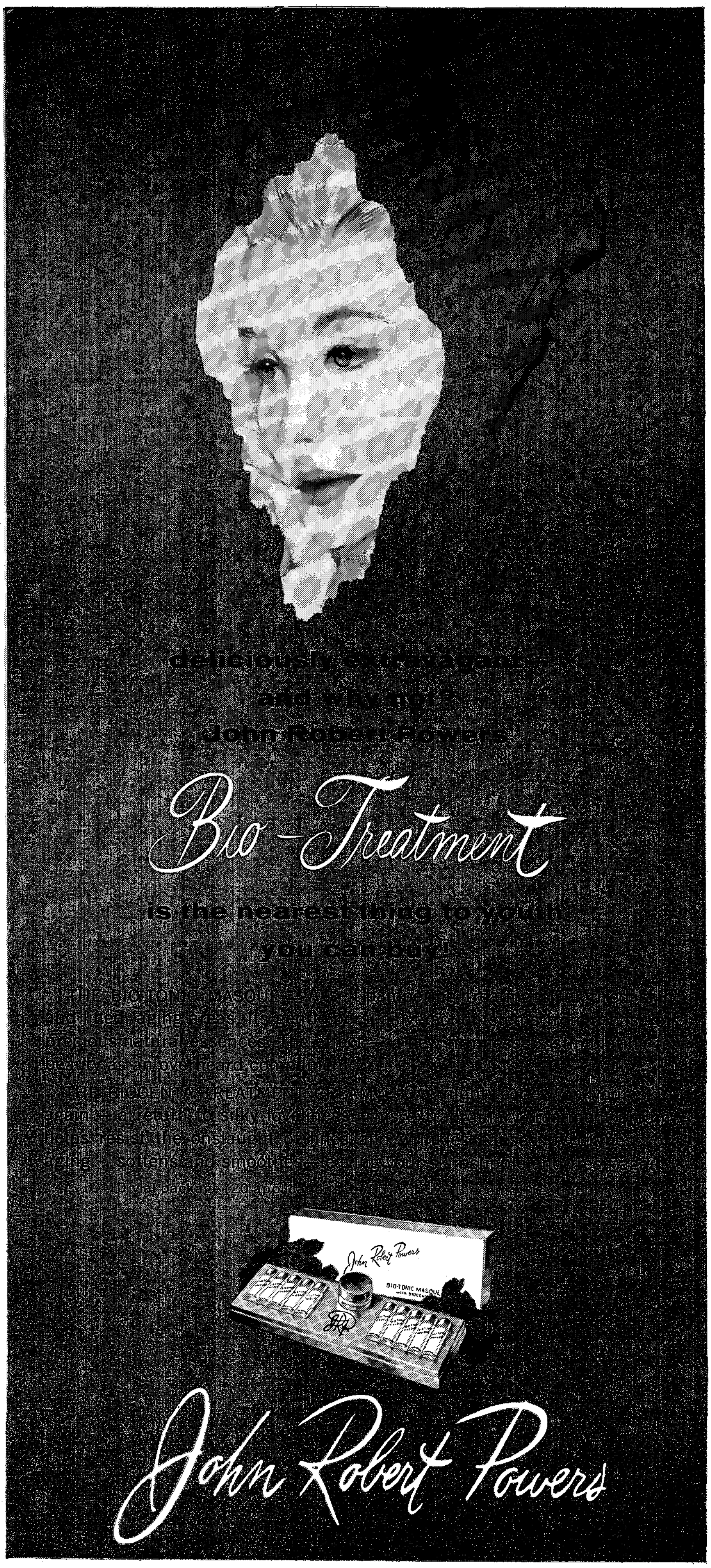
experts say a traffic death costs the state's economy $40,000. In other words, an average Texan killed by an auto would contribute about $40,000 to the economy of the state." Many people feel that this approach, appealing to what might be called patriotic materialism, will get results.

For long-distance travel, Texas millionaires prefer airplanes. Railroad passenger service in Texas tends to be sketchy—for example, none is available between Houston and Austin—but the state is served by seven major domestic and two foreign airlines, as well as by a number of small ones operating within the region. In addition, Texans own some six thousand private airplanes. Only Californians own more, and per capita Texas has the most. One fine October weekend in 1959, the Houston oilman Pat Rutherford and his wife gave a party at their ranch, southwest of Austin, for the Lyndon Johnsons; fifty-three private planes brought some of the eight hundred guests. The 1960 Christmas catalogue of Neiman-Marcus offered "His" and "Her" airplanes for "a husband or wife who's utterly impossible to buy for." "Hers" was priced at twenty-seven thousand, "His" at a hundred and forty-nine thousand. The private-aircraft business in Texas is sufficiently big and brisk to cause the large dailies to include in their classified advertising a section headed "Airplanes, Accessories." The cities that have the largest number of private planes are Dallas, Houston, Fort Worth, and San Antonio, in that order, and their airports (Dallas has eight) start humming every decent weekday morning at around seven, when dozens of private planes carrying oil operators and other businessmen begin taking off at three-minute intervals. This activity moves into high gear again in the late afternoon, when the flying executives start coming home for dinner. On fall weekends, the airports in cities with major football games scheduled are taxed to the limit. Novels and movies about Texas sometimes give the impression that the native millionaires travel in nothing but four-engine airplanes, complete with bar, galley, and a uniformed crew that includes a ravishing hostess. As a matter of fact, some years ago Glenn McCarthy did own a Boeing Stratocruiser, which cost him two million dollars. He also owned a few other planes at the time; and on occasion filled his air armada with family and friends and took off for a few days of fun in some such place as Mexico or Canada. Now only one Texas millionaire seems



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to be in the four-engine class—John Mecom, who recently bought a Lockheed JetStar for a million three hundred thousand dollars. In the manner of most Texas millionaires, Mecom uses the JetStar, as well as nine smaller planes that he also owns, mainly for business purposes. Though not a jet owner, D. D. Feldman has a Lockheed Learstar, which can fly non-stop from coast to coast and costs in the neighborhood of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. As for the Texas millionaires who shy away from being thought unique, many of them choose either a DC-3, which seats fifteen, or a Lockheed Lodestar, which seats eleven; these range in price from a hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars to two hundred and twenty-five thousand, depending on their equipment. Smaller two-engine planes popular among Texas millionaires include the Cessna 310, the Beechcraft Twin Bonanza, and the Aero Commander, which range in list price from sixty thousand dollars to eighty-nine thousand and are normally outfitted with radio, radar, and other equipment costing from twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand more. Quite a few Texas millionaires who are licensed pilots own one or more single-engine planes seating two or four persons and selling for upward of ten thousand dollars. In addition to the purchase price, which can as a rule be depreciated over a five-year period, the fixed expenses normally include hangar rental, hull and liability insurance, taxes, gas, oil, maintenance, and the salary of the crew, which on larger planes usually consists of a pilot and a co-pilot. Altogether, the annual cost of owning a substantial but not gaudy plane in the class of the Aero Commander (the kind President Eisenhower used on trips to Gettysburg) and flying it two hundred and fifty hours a year—par for Texas millionaires—is approximately forty-five thousand dollars. To maintain a larger plane, like a Beechcraft D-18, calls for an annual expenditure of about sixty-five thousand dollars, and a plane in the Lockheed Lodestar class uses up about ninety-two thousand dollars. The actual outlay is considerably less, since Texas millionaires generally charge off as a business expense something like sixty or seventy per cent of the total cost of operating a private plane. Along with many advantages, the possession of a private plane offers an occasional, peculiar difficulty, such as the establishment of just the right relationship between the owner and the pilot, a man who is at once an employee and sometimes master

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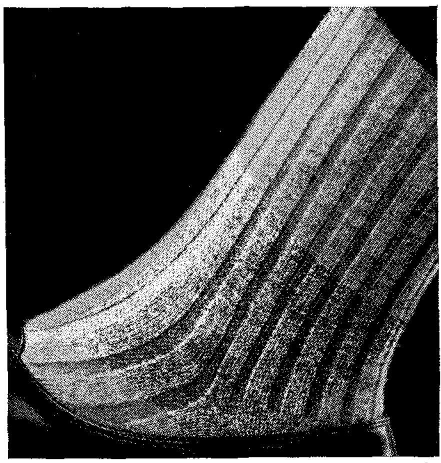

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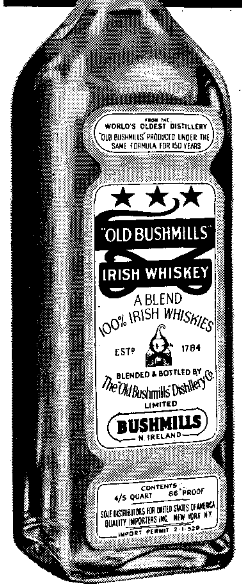
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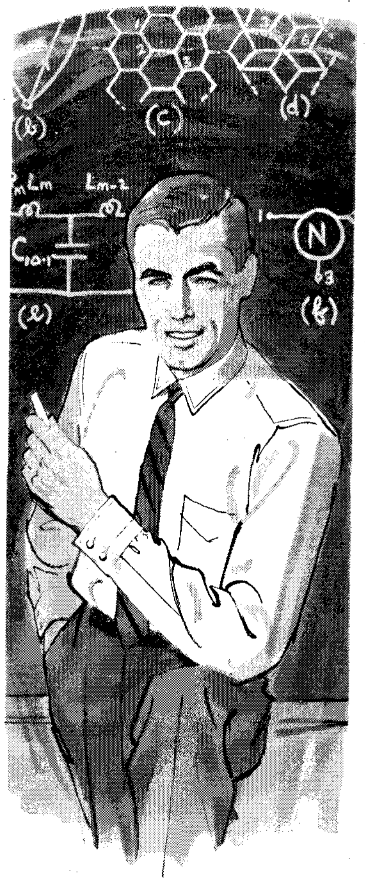

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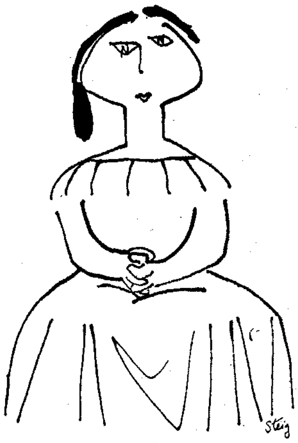
of his employer's life. Experience is often required to achieve the proper balance between formality and familiarity. "When we got our first plane, we had this perfectly divine pilot," the wife of a Texas millionaire told an acquaintance not long ago. "Duncan was his name. He'd been in the R.A.F. He was real cute. A very superior-type person. Cultured. We enjoyed having him around—he was fun, you know—and we just got in the habit of taking him along with us wherever we went. When we'd go down to Austin for a football game, we always got a seat for Duncan, too. We'd go to parties afterward, and he'd go along with us. He had this cute British accent, and lots of people just thought he was an English friend of ours. Which he was. It was fun. We had a ball. We were down in San Antonio during Fiesta, and Duncan went with us to a lot of parties—he always took his dinner jacket on trips. We were having a divine time. Then, at one of these parties, this stuffy old hostess—her granddaddy built the Alamo, or got killed there, or did something very historical—she came over to me and said, 'Well, my dear, I didn't know I was going to have the pleasure of entertaining your chauffeur, too.' Well, I mean. How cotton-pickin' snooty can you get? We'd never thought of Duncan that way, of course, but, I don't know, after that it wasn't quite the same. We got to feeling funny about taking him places. It got so we were really between a rock and a hard place trying to think up excuses for not inviting him along. He looked so hurt when we'd leave him at the airport. You know, like a pet dog that's been whupped. Finally, we couldn't stand it any longer. We decided the only thing was to get rid of him altogether. Just fire him. So we told him we were going to sell the plane. Now we have an older pilot. He's good, but he's not cute. He just stays with the plane." Another problem faced by the owners of most private planes is the occasional delays in taking off and landing and the other inconveniences that are inevitable around busy public airports. A. S. Crutcher, president of a pipeline-equipment company in Houston, and the owner of four planes, became so piqued a few years ago at what he considered the inadequate facilities of the municipal airport that he bought eighty-eight acres of land on the outskirts of the city and turned it into a private airport, complete with a thirty-four-hundred-foot runway and a hangar, at a cost of about sixty thousand dollars. So many Texas millionaires own private planes that their novelty has long since worn off. A few months ago, during a dinner party in Tyler that was attended mainly by millionaires, a guest mentioned that she and her husband were taking off later in the evening for New York so they could see one of their horses run at Belmont the following day. They had plenty of room in their DC-3, she said, and would be delighted to take along anyone who cared to spend a day at the races. The invitation stirred up about as much enthusiasm as the offer of a lift home would in other circles. When Texas millionaires are discussing plans for an out-of-town trip, one is likely to ask another, "Are you going commercial?" It is not considered déclassé to travel on commercial airlines; it is just the difference between taking a taxi and being driven in one's own limousine.



With swift transportation readily at hand day and night, Texas millionaires are able to indulge a frequent whim to get away from Texas. "Ah, the Texans," Leo Rosten remarked in a recent article on Hollywood. "They flock into Beverly Hills and Bel Air with increasing gusto and alarming bankrolls. As one philosophical producer put it, 'Deep in their hearts, Texans must *hate* Texas. They certainly don't waste any time, once they strike oil, in moving to Beverly Hills.' " Though California is a favorite migrating ground for Texas millionaires, very few have taken up permanent residence there. They may hate Texas, but they hate the California income tax more. Texas millionaires commonly maintain one or more out-of-state residences, which they visit periodically to escape the vagaries of the weather at home. Scarcely any, however, have become expatriates. To sojourn long and often in more congenial climes is socially acceptable; to give in and move away for good is regarded as desertion. Nevertheless, a disinclination to violate that taboo is almost incidental in keeping Texas millionaires from fleeing permanently. The important reason

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they are quite willing to stay in Texas and put up with things as they are is that Texas is the place where they can most easily realize their basic aspiration, which is, of course, to make money.

THE movement is not of millionaires away from Texas. On the contrary, the movement is of people into Texas in the hope of becoming millionaires. A dramatic and almost ultra-typical illustration of this phenomenon is Midland: in 1930, a sleepy village of some five thousand persons, including a handful of millionaires; today, a bustling city of more than sixty-seven thousand, including scores of millionaires. However it is approached, Midland, which looms up improbably on the desolate prairie halfway between Fort Worth and El Paso, looks like a mirage. Suddenly on the horizon one catches sight of what seems to be a collection of skyscrapers surrounded by hundreds of miles of wasteland. The sight, no more convincing from a distance than a theatrical backdrop, turns on a closer look into real stone and steel office buildings (one of them rising to twenty-two stories), newly paved streets, new residential subdivisions, new schools, new churches, and new people. Seventy per cent of the population are under thirty-five. The sprouting of Midland resulted from the discovery, in the nineteen-thirties, of the Permian Basin, a vast reservoir of oil, underlying much of West Texas, which at present accounts for more than half of the state's petroleum production. Because more than six hundred oil and oil-service companies have offices in Midland's skyscrapers, the city is known as The Brains of the Permian Basin. (Odessa, which is twenty miles to the southwest and furnishes supplies and labor for the twelve hundred-odd oil fields, is naturally called The Brawn.) The builder of many of the new skyscrapers is a local millionaire, a banker's son and rather colorful dresser named Jack B. Wilkinson, who has memorialized himself in the Wilkinson Building, the Wilkinson-Foster Building, the Wilco Building, and the V & J Tower, "V" standing for his wife, Virginia, and "J" for everybody in Midland knows whom. Another builder, however, had a larger hand in shaping Midland's history. This was a visionary speculator named William Hogan, who, on the strength of the discovery of oil in West Texas, put up a twelve-story structure called the Petroleum Building in 1929. He was ahead of his time. The real oil boom came several years later, and meanwhile

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Burlingame, Cal.	Brock's
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Canton, Ohio	Polsky's
Charlotte, N. C.	Belk Bros. Co.
Charlottesville, Va.	Miller & Rhoads, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.	The Fair (all stores)
Chicago, Ill.	Goldblatt's (all stores)
Chicago, Ill.	Wieboldt's (all stores)
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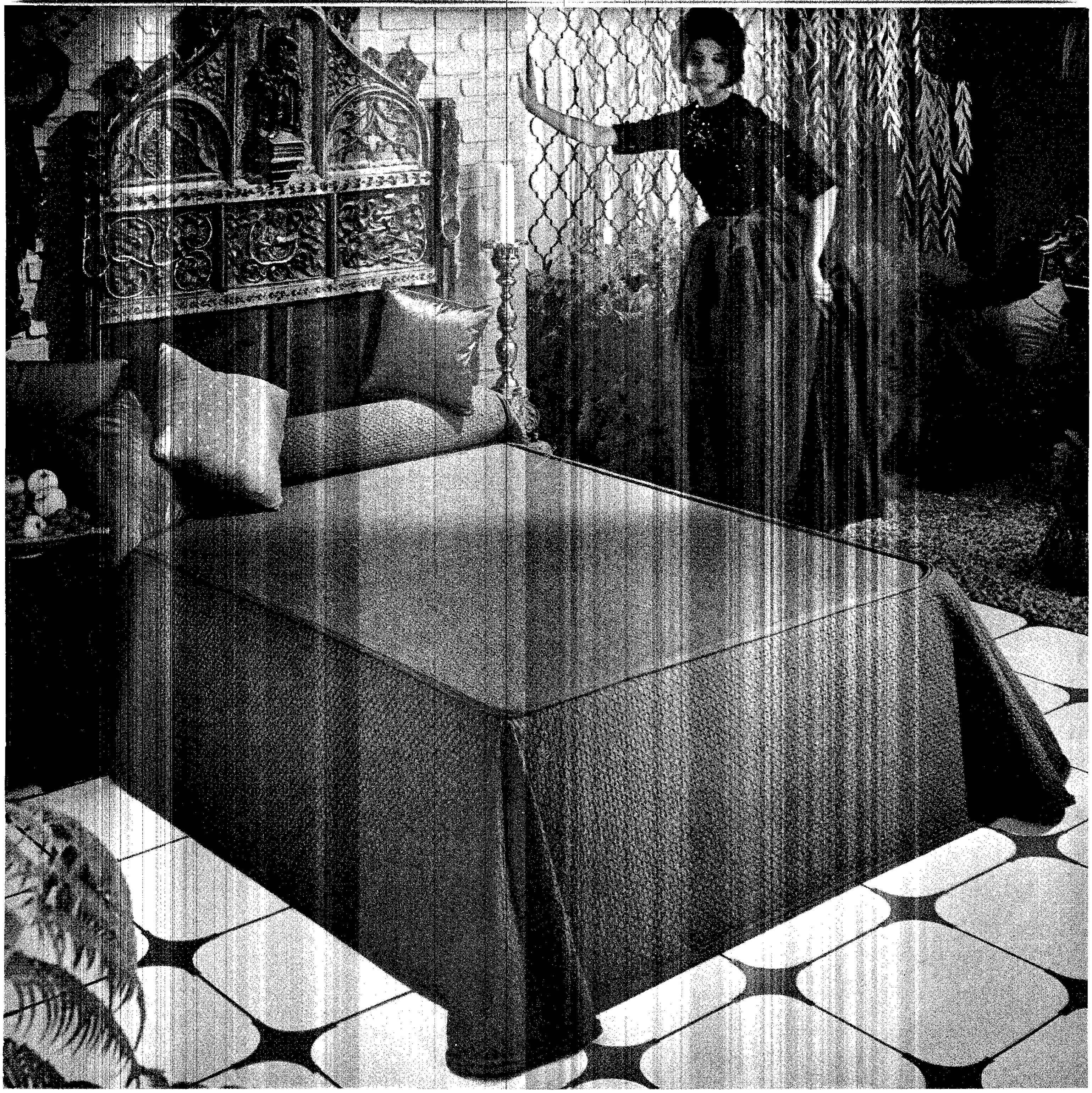

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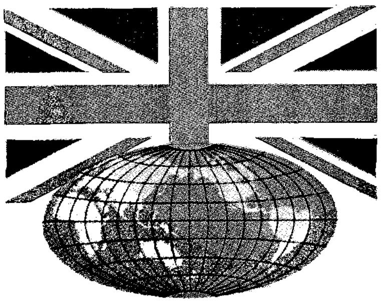

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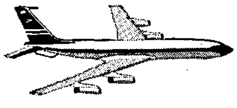

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his building, which was practically without tenants, inevitably became known as Hogan's Folly. When oil operators did start streaming into the region, Midland offered ample, ready-made office space, and this was one major reason they made it their headquarters. Another reason is that Midland was also able to provide adequate hotel accommodations. In the mid-twenties, the late Clarence Scharbauer, a pioneer cattleman and one of the town's wealthiest and most public-spirited citizens, had come to the conclusion that what Midland needed was a good hotel. He accordingly had one built, and when it was completed, in 1927, he paid for it by writing a check for a million dollars. As the city grew, he enlarged the hotel—it is now a six-story, block-long, air-conditioned structure containing three hundred and fifty rooms—and financed the expansion in the same uncomplicated manner.

Ever since the Hotel Scharbauer was opened, its lobby has served as Midland's informal stock exchange. There ranchers and oilmen gather every weekday to trade and deal, their transactions amounting to some fifty million dollars a year. "It used to be if you got to the hotel at seven in the morning and stayed until nine, you'd see anybody you wanted to see, whether it was about oil or cattle," a long-time resident of Midland recalls. "In those days it was decorated in what you might call Western Victorian. Big, heavy furniture. Mounted steer heads on the walls. Plenty of brass spittoons. The Coffee Shop had a tile floor, and men waiters in aprons. It's all been what they call modernized. No more steer heads. No more spittoons. Waitresses in the Coffee Shop. Even TV in the lobby. That's what's happening to Midland and everything else out this way." Since the establishment of the Petroleum Club and the Country Club, the lobby of the Scharbauer has ceased to monopolize Midland's financial life, but it is still the favorite headquarters of the old-timers. For the most part, these are elderly ranchers who, through no particular fault of their own, became immensely rich after oil had been discovered on their land. "They were standing there blowing the bass tuba the day it rained gold," an irreverent Texan has said of innocent bystanders such as these. The millionaires who spend their days in the Scharbauer lobby, sitting on chairs and couches reserved for them by custom, could not justly be accused of putting their money on their backs. In winter, they customarily wear a nondescript, wrinkled suit or a pair of trou-

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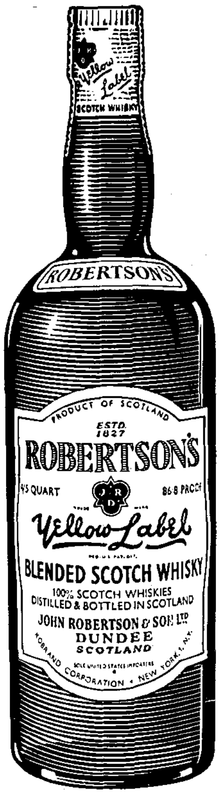

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sers and a scuffed leather jacket; in summer, trousers and a wildly figured sports shirt; in all seasons, pointed Western boots and a light-colored Western hat, which a native apparently never removes except when sleeping. The men around the Scharbauer share a lean, hard, acquisitive look, and they are not garrulous. They seem to take as much pride in their taciturnity as in their shabby appearance. What talking they do is generally about business, and even when it isn't, it is chiefly related to money.

One evening a while ago, a wizened, tight-lipped habitué in his sixties walked out of the Coffee Shop, made his way across the lobby, and sat down in a chair next to another weather-beaten codger, who was looking straight ahead at a blank wall. After the new arrival had sat down, pulled up his trousers, crossed his legs, taken out his watch, looked at it, wound it, and put it back in his pocket, he opened the conversation. "Evenin', Cap," he said.

Cap went on staring. He pulled his hat down a trifle lower to shade his eyes. After several seconds had passed, he said, "Evenin', Sam."

Several minutes passed before either spoke again. "How yuh doin'?" Sam said.

Cap took a kitchen match from one pocket and a jackknife from another. He sharpened the end of the match. "Nothin' to brag on," he said.

After another long silence, Sam said, "How was the trip to San Antone?"

Cap picked his teeth with the matchstick for a few minutes. "Easy," he said.

Both Sam and Cap scrutinized the blank wall. "See they got another floor on the new bank building," Sam, the talkative one, said at last.

Cap continued to pick his teeth. "I seen it," he said.

Sam took a pack of cigarettes from the pocket of his shirt, opened the package with deliberation, took out a cigarette, and lighted it. "Hope I live to see it finished," he said.

After apparently giving the matter considerable thought, Cap said, "You will."

Sam took a few more puffs of his cigarette, pinched off the burning end with his thumb and forefinger, and carefully put the butt in the cigarette pack. "I doubt it," he said.

Nothing was said for several minutes. Cap completed his dental ritual and put the match behind his ear. Sam removed his hat, scratched the back of his head, and put his hat back on again,

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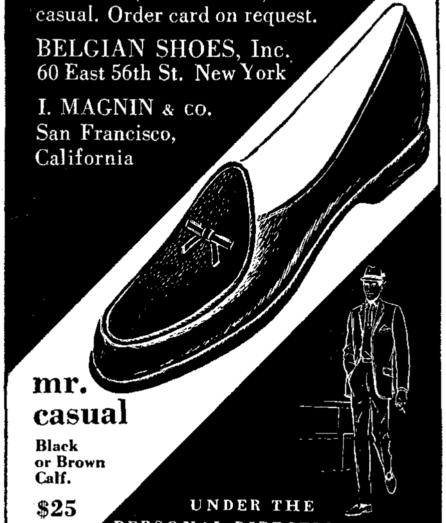

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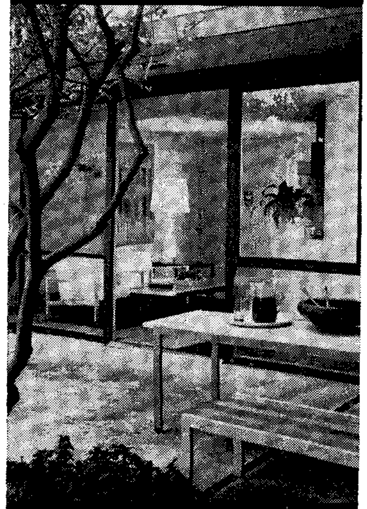

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spending a good deal of time adjusting the tilt of the brim. After a while, Cap, who had turned his head slightly, said, "Here comes your partner."

A man perhaps ten years younger than Cap and Sam had walked into the lobby. He was wearing a crumpled, dust-covered brown suit, orange-colored boots, and an electric-blue tie. He walked over and stood in front of Sam and Cap. They looked up.

"They finish your well today?" Cap asked.

"Nope," the partner said. "Down to fourteen thousand feet. Couple more days."

"Then what'll you have—forty-eight million?" Cap said.

"You kiddin'?" the partner said. "Anyway, I ain't goin' back out there for a spell. They told me there's some man out there around the well lookin' for me. One of Uncle Sam's men, they think."

"Revenue man, eh?" Sam said. "Fifty-eight tax?"

"I reckon," the partner said. "I already give 'em twelve thousand and some dollars. I don't mean to be givin' 'em any more. And I'm not about to go lookin' up Uncle Sam's man. He can try and find me."

Sam and Cap nodded approvingly.

"That a new tie you got on there?" Sam asked.

"Yessir," the partner said. "Cost me two and a half dollars. I didn't mean to pay all that. I was goin' to get another one, cheaper, but the clerk, she talked me into this here one for two and a half dollars."

The older man gave the tie a long, critical look. "Ain't that a little rip there down at the bottom?" Sam said.

"I seen that," the partner said, examining an end of the tie. "I can sew it up with a needle and thread. That shouldn't oughta happen with a tie that costs two and a half dollars."

"Specially shouldn't happen to a feller with forty-eight million dollars," Cap said.

"You kiddin'?" the partner said. "I'm goin' to find me some thread and a needle." He left.

"If he ain't got forty-eight million now, he will before he dies," Cap said.

Sam said nothing.

They resumed their scrutiny of the wall.

IN considerable contrast to the natives who frequent the Scharbauer lobby are the scores of eager, hard-driving young men, many of them graduates of Yale, Princeton, or other East-

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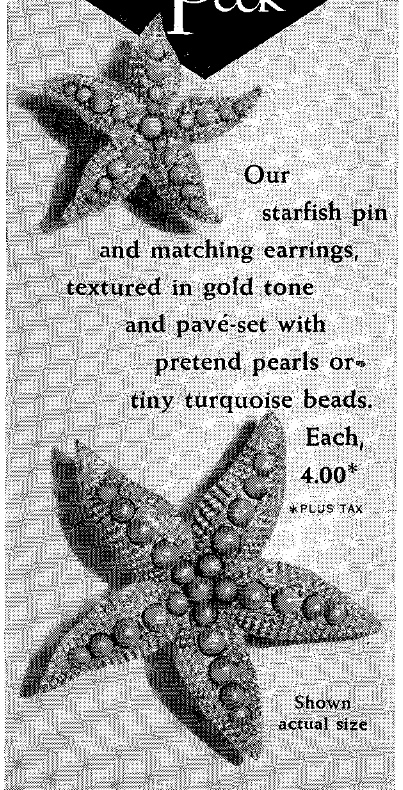

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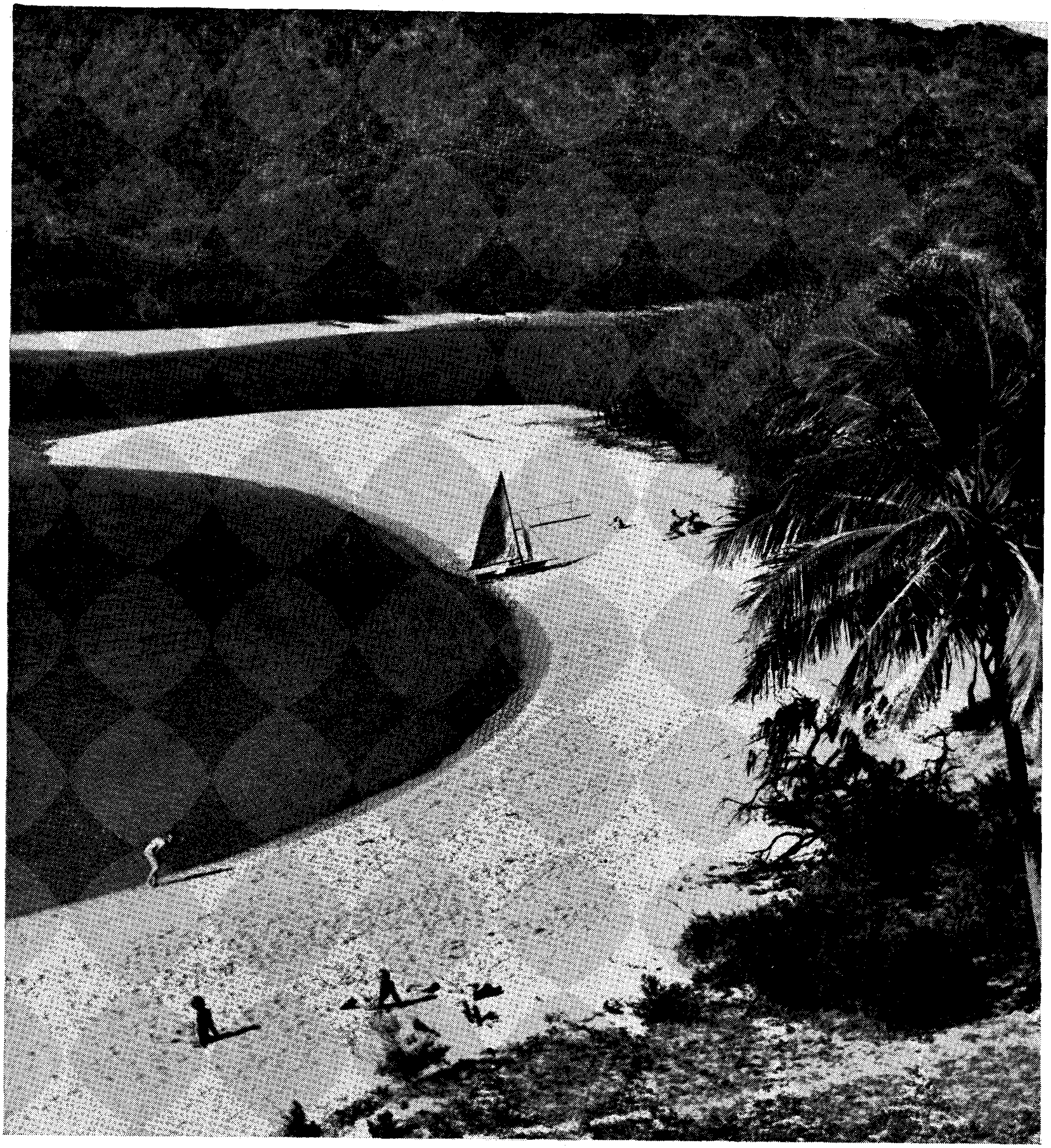

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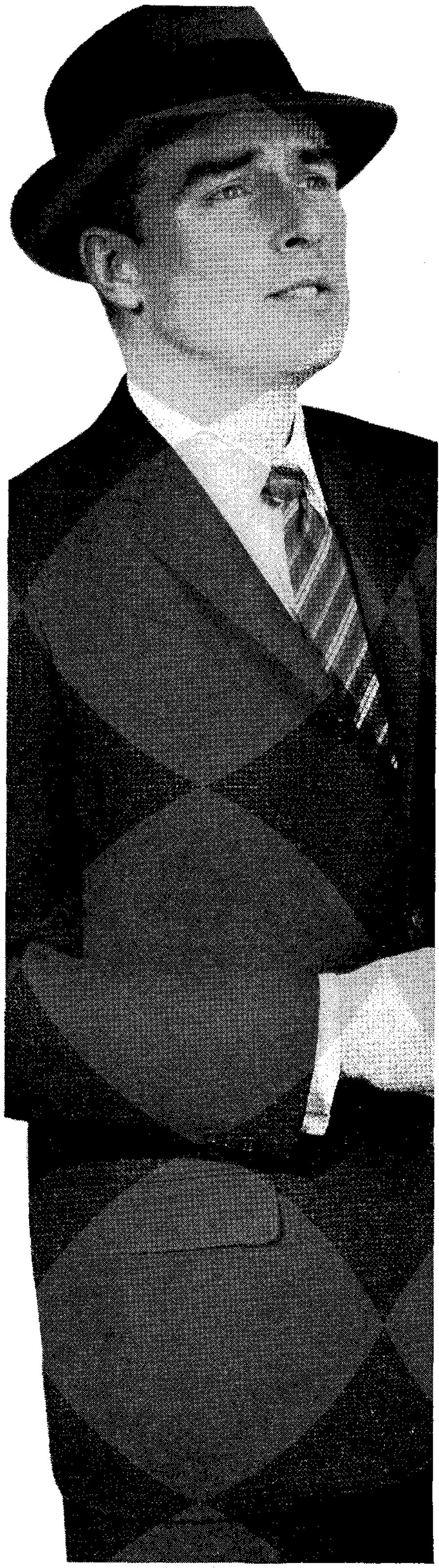

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ern universities, who have flocked to Midland since the end of the Second World War. Because of this immigration, Midland claims to have more college graduates per capita than any other city. Regardless of where they come from, the young men are known generically in Midland as the Ivy Leaguers or the Yalees. Some have arrived with a stake, others with nothing but the desire to get rich. Quite a number have done so. After migrating to Midland, George Bush, son of a Connecticut senator, co-organized an oil company that now has among its assets four offshore drilling rigs worth around nine million dollars. Murphy Baxter, son of a successful Dallas insurance executive, not long ago drilled a discovery well in a rich field, which he is developing in partnership with the Phillips Petroleum Company, and from which, his friends figure, he should make around five million. One of the new men is a former Notre Dame football player named Joseph O'Neill, whose preparation for a career in the oil business consisted of a stint as an F.B.I. man. He arrived in Texas in 1948, borrowed some money to get started, and has learned enough about his new career to have accumulated about twenty million. Robert E. Stripling, who served as chief investigator of the House committee that investigated Alger Hiss, later moved to Midland to practice law and is now doing nicely in the oil business.

These and some fifty thousand other immigrants have discovered that Midland is a mixed blessing. The financial prospects it offers are bedazzling, but they must be pursued in a place that few people without an ardent financial attachment to it would look upon as Eden. A Midland civic group once invited O'Neil Ford, an articulate San Antonio architect who is not noted for his mild opinions, to address them on the subject "Midland and the Future." Ford's prognosis was not sanguine. At the conclusion of his remarks, which contained a number of unflattering references to Midland's climate, a member of the audience rose and said, "Well, if Midland is all as bad as you say it is, what do you suggest we do about it?" "Abandon it," Ford replied. Like Ford, most visitors are inclined to take notice of the Midland weather, especially if they arrive during the first three months of the year, when sandstorms in the city can become so intense that for two days and nights in succession it is impossible to see across the street. At times in other months, the sand-bearing wind sweeping in from the surrounding desertlike

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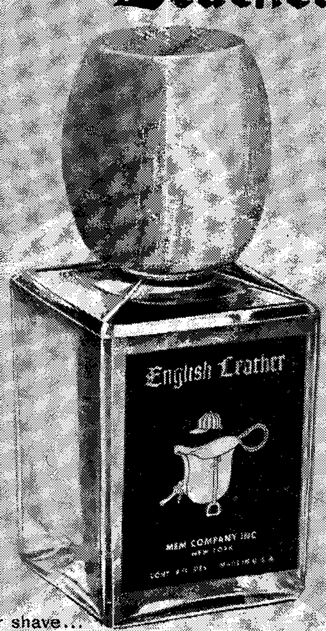

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prairie makes it necessary to use headlights when driving through the city in midday. "Climatic conditions are almost ideal," a publication of the Midland Chamber of Commerce says, "being uniform, temperate, and healthful"—a statement that is likely to be recalled with vividness by visitors getting used to the novelty of grinding sand between their teeth as they talk on the street. The attitude of Midlanders toward their weather ranges from stoic to laudatory; they deal with it as best they can. Without noticeable exception, every householder encloses his property within a brick or cement-block wall six or eight feet high. Lacking this protection, he could not, for example, barbecue a steak in his back yard unless he was willing to have it garnished with a fine coating of sand. Without walls around them, Midlanders' houses would be permanently banked on all sides with drifting sand, and their children's outdoor recreation would tend to lack variety, being limited to playing in a sand pile. On Country Club Drive and on streets like Bedford, Harvard, and Princeton, where Midland's millionaires live, the houses are clustered together like a colony of ant hills, and, owing to their general bleakness, the neighborhood has the aspect of an improbable, high-cost housing project. However, some have a distinctive touch, such as the mansion of R. B. (Bum) Cowden, who belongs to one of Midland's old ranching families and is an enthusiastic big-game hunter. Mounted in concrete on either side of the entrance to his house are the tusks of an elephant he once shot. Midlanders also contend with their weather by using ingenuity to stay out of it. At five in the afternoon, when the business offices close, Wall Street and the other main downtown thoroughfares are full of people; by five-thirty they are practically empty. The object in Midland is to spend the least possible time getting from one air-conditioned place to another. On weekends, Midlanders in droves climb into their cars and planes and take off for Dallas, Santa Fe, La Jolla, or some more distant spot that offers another nearly ideal climate. "I think I've got the travellingest congregation in the world," a Midland minister has said. "When a weekend comes along, they just seem to break up and scatter in every direction. The weather here isn't too good for my business."

Once the visitor gets over his preoccupation with the weather, he gradually becomes aware of the spirit that pervades Midland—a kind of bristling, chip-on-

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the-shoulder vigor. "It's the same thing you find in the French Foreign Legion," O'Neil Ford has said, bestowing another compliment. Stanley Weiner, who has been in the oil business in Midland most of his life, says, "People here aren't any prouder. It's just that they take larger satisfactions from what they can accomplish because everything out here is so goddam hard to do. Making a garden, for example, is a major accomplishment. After you've lived here a couple of years, though, you're sold on it. Sure, we all like to get away once in a while. I like to go to Vegas and other places, but I like getting back even better. When I come driving across the prairie and I see those skyscrapers, I get a great charge. Of course, Midland is a good place to make money, too." Quite a few Midland millionaires have, like Weiner, a natural inclination to talk about Midland's financial attractiveness as if it were of secondary importance. "A lot of things bring a man out here," H. E. Chiles, an early migrant to Midland, told a visitor a while ago. "The West is something that gets into your blood. It's an intangible, but once you feel it, it's as real as daybreak. There's a spaciousness out here. This is a place that's good for the masculine ego. It's a place where a man can come and carve a niche for himself if he's willing to put out the effort." Chiles, a lean, alert, carefully groomed man in his early fifties, is among those who did carve a niche. A graduate of the University of Oklahoma, he moved to West Texas with his wife in 1939 and set up an oil-well-servicing company. He started with two trucks and three employees; his wife constituted the office force. His company now has some six hundred employees, and if he were to sell it, he could put from six to ten million or so in the bank. "I wouldn't want to do it again," he once remarked at the Petroleum Club, sipping a Coke in deference to an ulcer, "but I love this business, and I love this place. There aren't more than thirty days in a year when we can't play golf here. Of course, that means we're sometimes playing in a twenty-mile-an-hour wind, but we're out there. Golf is the big sport. You can't go anywhere. So we live a semi-outdoor life in our back yards. When the sun goes down, it's very pleasant. Of course, you have your hot winds in the daytime, as everywhere on the desert. We're on the desert. We might as well face it, and we do. All our windows are weather-stripped. We build walls to keep the sand out. And when the sand is blowing, we stay in-

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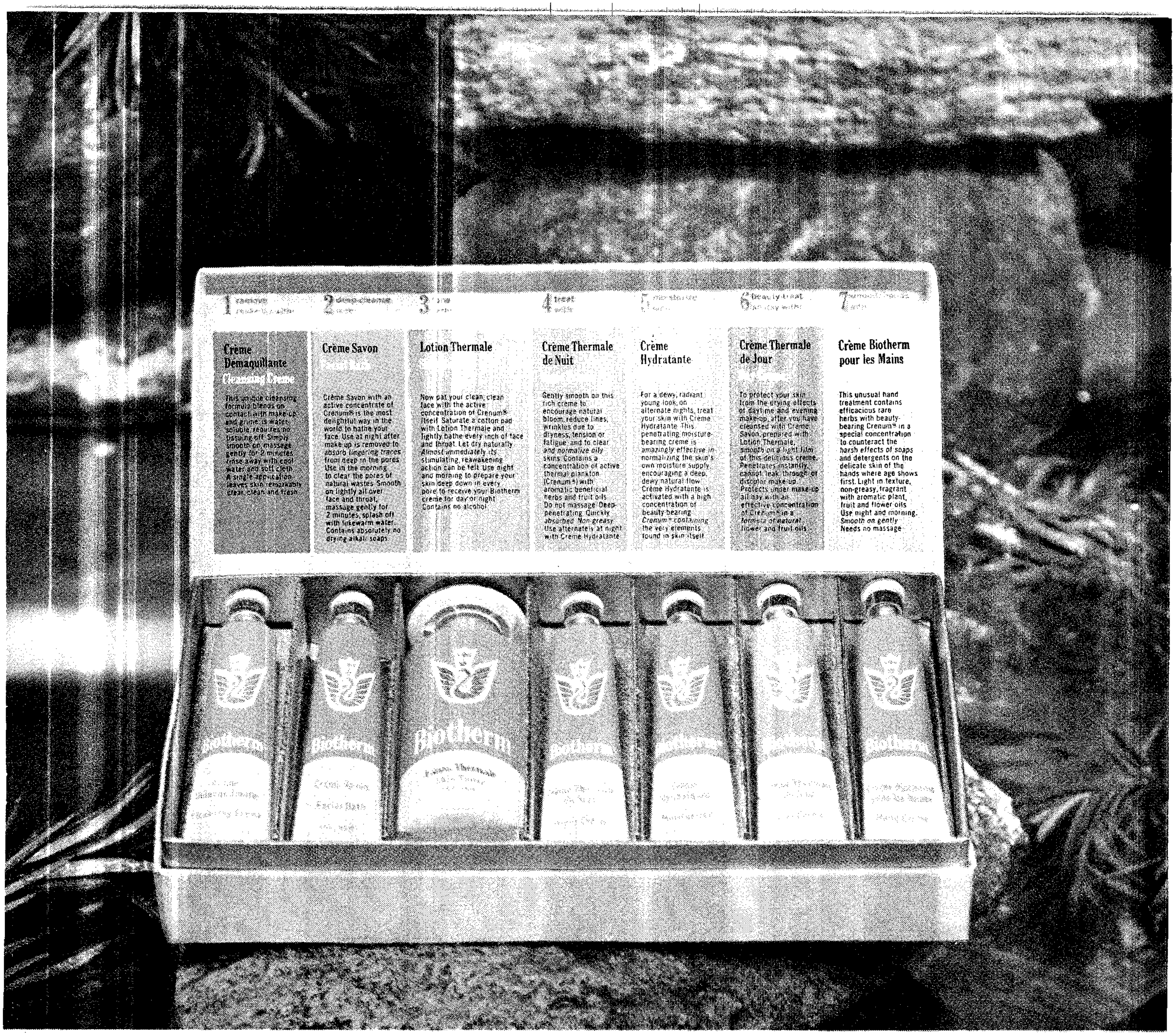

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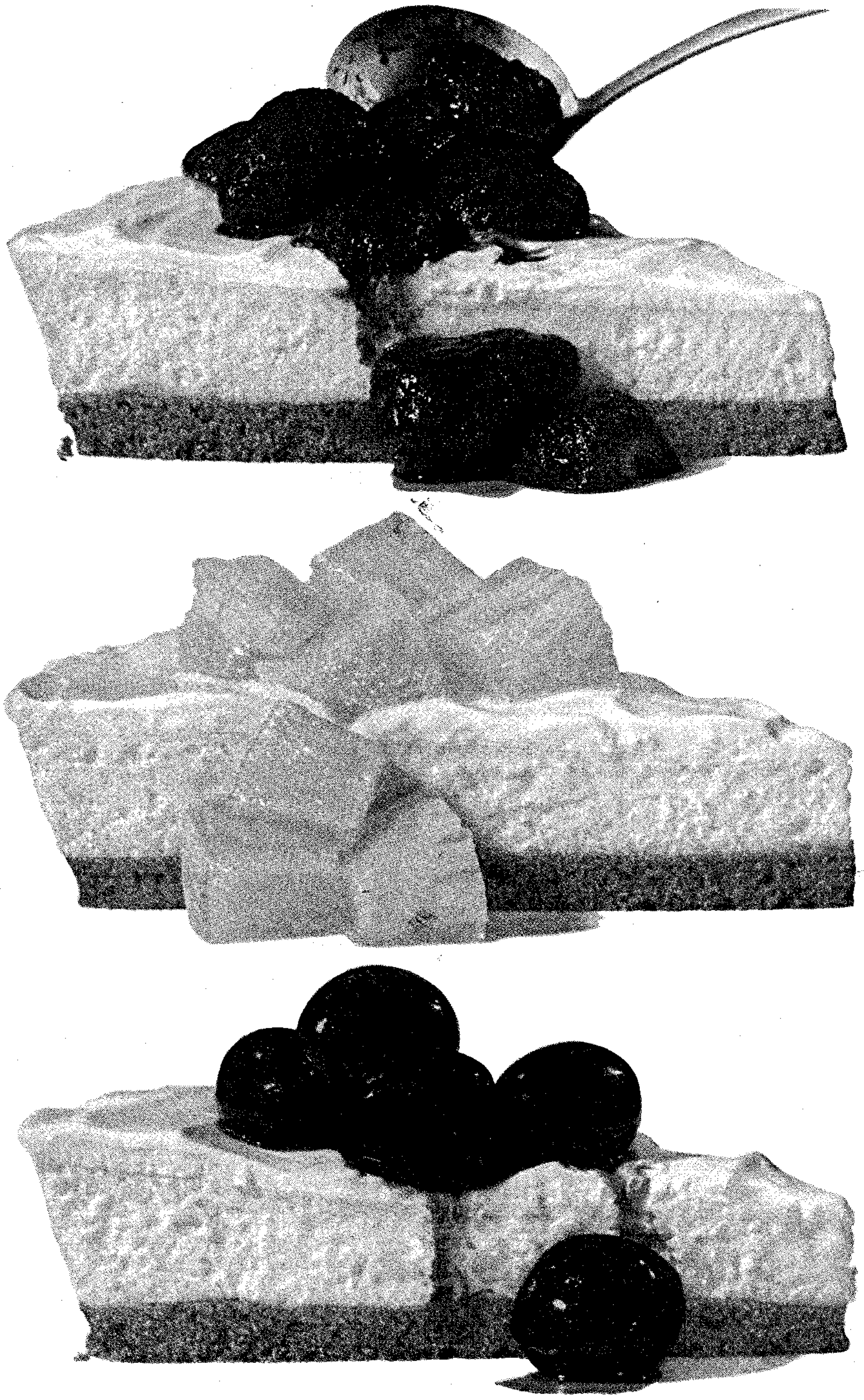

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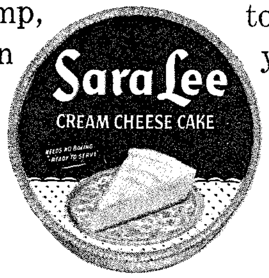

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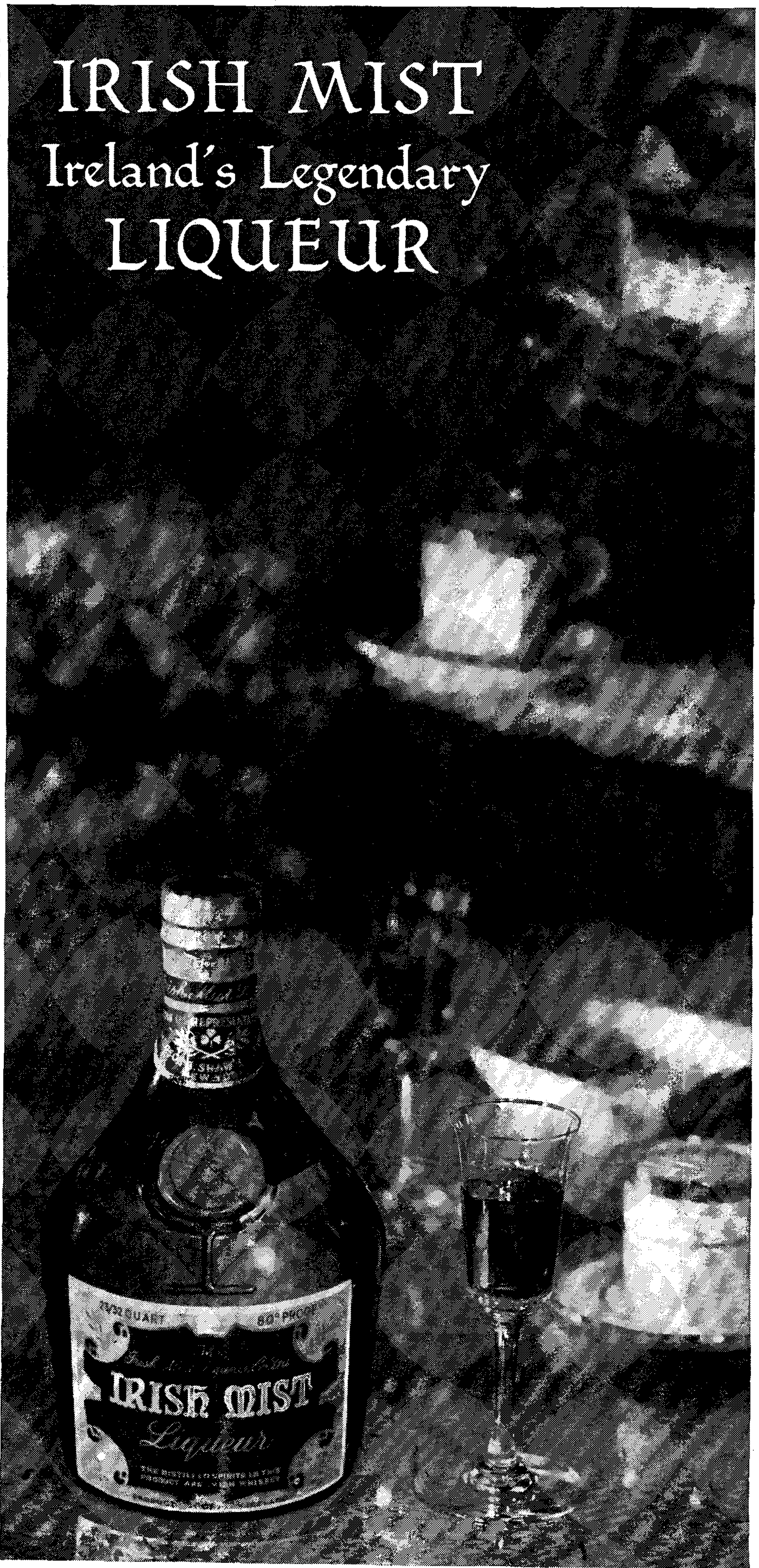
doors, just like the goddam Arabs. But in spite of the sandstorms, we have a very desirable climate here. It won't let a man get soft."

Being self-made, Chiles is typical of the great majority of Midland millionaires. "The only people here with second-generation money are the ranching families," a Midland historian has remarked. "Just about all of them hit oil, and practically all their descendants have stayed here. Like Junior Scharbauer. He's probably the leading one. Junior is a hell of a good citizen and a damned good businessman. He's worth a hundred million, but he works real hard. The last thing he wants is for anybody to call him one of the idle rich."

Though old ranching families like the Scharbauers are in the minority, Clarence Scharbauer, Jr., believes they are more representative of Midland than the newcomers are. "I know these new people," he said a while ago. "They're real nice men. I've played golf with a lot of them. But you can't know Midland if you don't know the people who've been here a real long time. These people are the real, honest-to-goodness people. With these people their word is as good as their bond. They're the real people. We're different out here. We never wanted any publicity. Absolutely not. We just want to go along livin' like everybody else." In his dress and speech, at least, Scharbauer succeeds in resembling nearly everybody in the lobby of his hotel, off which he has his offices. When he received a visitor there one afternoon, he was attired in worn, pale-blue cowboy trousers, a wide leather belt with a large silver buckle, Western boots, and a shirt with no tie. At thirty-five, he is tall, husky, blue-eyed, and rosy-cheeked, and he talks so slowly and sparingly that he gives the impression of taking off Gary Cooper. With his mother, he owns, among other things, nine ranches, scattered from the Panhandle to New Mexico and totalling half a million acres. Though his cattle business ranks as one of the largest in the country, it accounts for a relatively small part of his holdings. "Hell, we're in the oil business ten to one what we are in the cattle business," he says. "We never got in on the drilling part. Just the royalties. I'm a cowman, like my father. I'm happier at the ranch talkin' to thirty-dollar-a-month cowboys than over at the Petroleum Club talkin' to somebody that's tryin' to promote somethin'. Spring and fall—six, eight, ten weeks—you won't find me here more than one day a week. That's



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roundup time. I'm out there workin'. I'm up at three in the mornin', just like everybody else, and I put in the whole day workin', just like everybody else. That's how I learned to run this business. In the school of knocks, like my father. He wasn't anything but a cowman, but if Midland needed something, like a hotel or a radio station, he saw they got it. And everything he did just turned to money. Hell, I've been wealthy all my life. I grew up with this thing. I was born with it. There's nothin' new about it to me. It never made any difference. I just grew up in the country, and I just like that regular, plain life. I'm not crazy enough to start drinkin' or be a playboy. I'm just a little country boy. That's the way I like it."

While the Scharbauers, the Cowdens, and members of the other old ranching families entertain each other a great deal at home, the social life of most of the Midland millionaires centers on the Midland Country Club, which has eight hundred and twenty-five members. One of them invited a couple visiting the city to dinner at the club on a recent evening following a day that had been marked by a moderate sandstorm. The wind had subsided, and there was only a fine powder in the air as the visitors walked out of the hotel and stepped into a Cadillac driven by their host. "Beautiful night, isn't it?" he said, heading toward the club. "This is the kind we have from May until late in the winter—temperature between sixty and sixty-five. And very dry. That's because the elevation here is about twenty-seven hundred feet. That's also the reason we don't have any mosquitoes. There's always a nice breeze at night, and that has a cooling effect. All in all, we're pretty lucky. We're especially lucky to have a nice country club, since there's very little out here in the way of bright lights. About the only entertainment we have is what we create. And we really have only two nice places to go—the Country Club and the Petroleum Club. That may seem strange when you consider that Midland is supposed to be the richest city per capita in the country. Of course, we're very young. We haven't had much time to spend on frivolous things. The oil business is pretty demanding. Ninety per cent of the people you will meet at the Country Club are in the oil business. So ninety per cent of the talk you'll hear will be about oil."

The prognostication turned out to be quite accurate. Over cocktails, the visitors were introduced to O. C. Harper, C. V. Lyman, J. P. (Bum) Gibbins,

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and a number of other prominent old hands in the oil business, and during dinner they made the acquaintance of one of the younger hands, a so-called Yalee, and his wife, who have been in Midland for eight years. It came out one way and another at dinner that the Yalee, a native of Boston, had graduated from medical school and, fulfilling a plan he made in his youth, started a career in medical research. He was on the staff of a New York foundation and was married and the father of two children when he was visited by a college classmate who had made a sizable fortune in Midland. The Yalee was bitten by the bug, and determined to cut himself in on the bonanza. Practically overnight, he resigned from his foundation post and set out for Midland with his family. The move was temporary, he told his wife; as soon as he had made a pile, they would return to New York and he would resume his career. As things have fallen out, he has done well enough in the oil business to be able to live very well—far better than on the usual research-foundation salary. Compared to his lucky contemporaries, however, he is scarcely even a run-of-the-mill success. He has put up with the same things they have—the sandstorms, the frustrations implicit in the search for oil, the generally meagre existence—but reaped next to none of the rewards. It became evident at dinner, when he was seated next to the visitor's wife, that as a result he has developed into a rather bitter, angry young man. By the end of the meal, he had drunk as much as was good for him and had become taunting and argumentative, taking issue loudly with whatever his dinner companion said. His gift for friendly conversation did not improve over brandy. At length, driven by what demons it is impossible to guess, he uttered what in his world is apparently the ultimate insult. Point-blank, he accused the visitor's wife of not being rich. "How much have you got in the bank?" he snarled. "I'll bet you haven't got enough to bait a mousetrap!" And so the party ended.

—John Bainbridge

(*This is the first of a series of articles. The second will appear in an early issue.*)

•

There is no doubt that programmed learning is effective. It breaks open the bottleneck of the student-teacher ratio which is of such critical dimensions in education today.—*Newsletter of the graduate faculties of Columbia University.*

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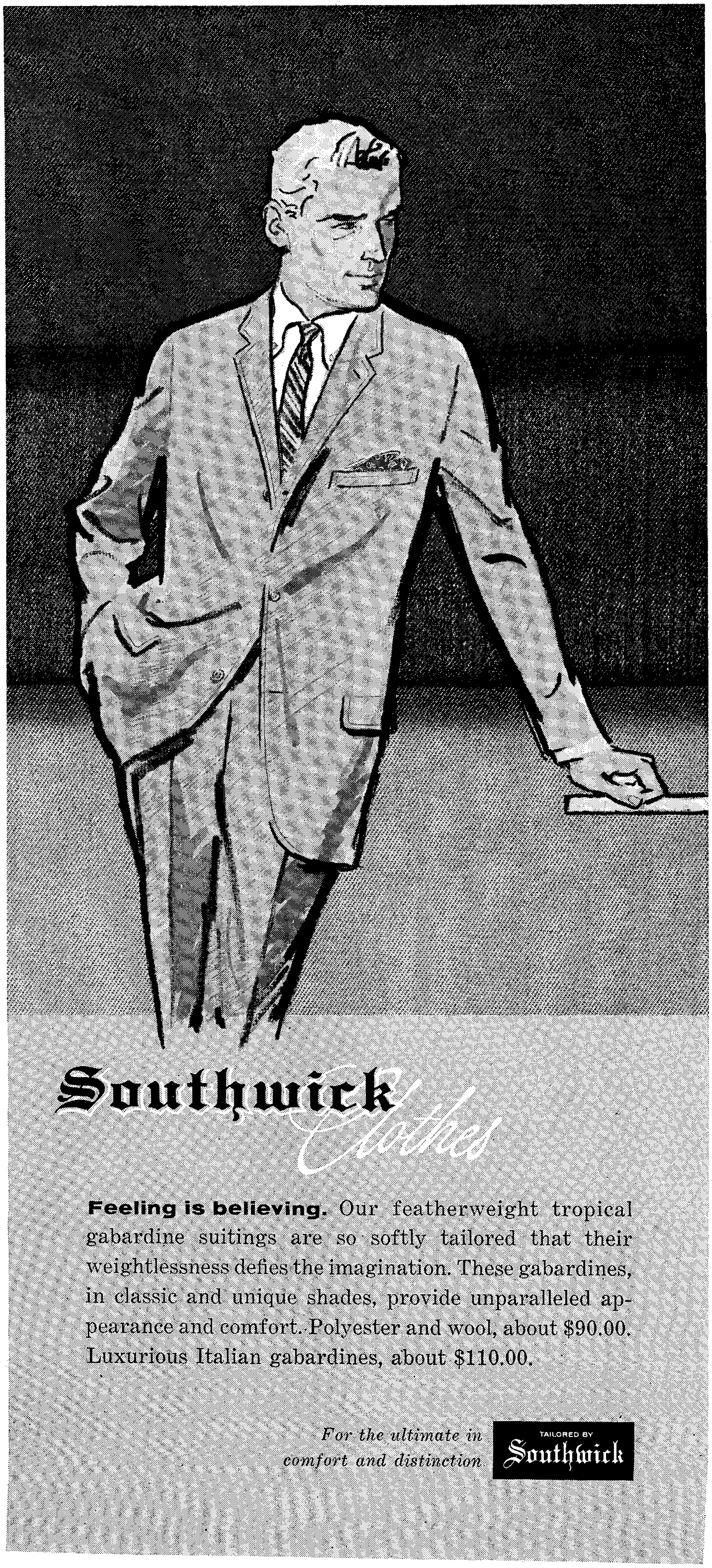

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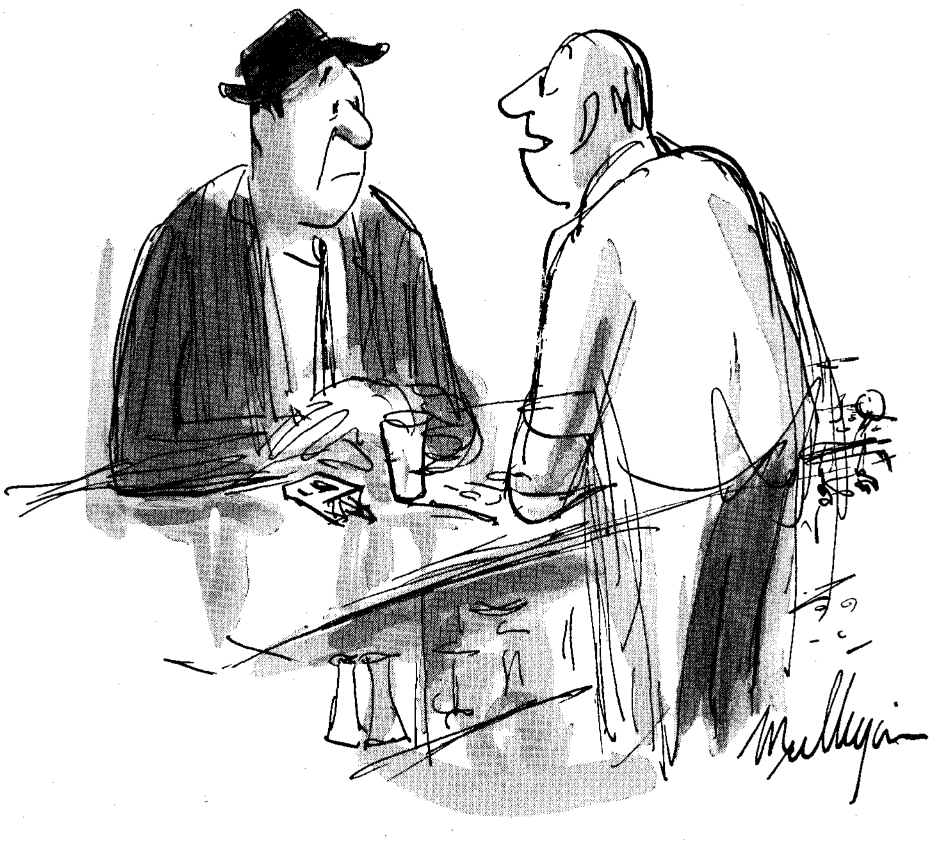
THE THEATRE

SUBGUM AMECHE

NEXT to listening to a Zen disciple discussing how you clap, or don't clap, with one hand, I can't imagine anything more unrewarding than compulsory service as an audience for a Confucian sage obviously one step from a fortune-cookie factory and given to broken-English aphorisms of the sort that preoccupy Broadway columnists and their ghostwriters. In "13 Daughters," Don Ameche is just such a sage, but I have a notion that Mr. Ameche is well aware of the foolishness of the lines provided for him by Eaton Magoon, Jr., who is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics of the enterprise, and Leon Tokatyan, who has supplied some extra dialogue. This puts Mr. Ameche one up on the authors of "13 Daughters" but a long way from the top of the comedic ladder. What we have here is one of those interpretations of Hawaii in the good old days of the last century, when the missionaries were coaxing all the cuties into Mother Hubbards, and statehood and Kaiser real-estate developments were somewhere over the rainbow. Because Mr. Ameche is allegedly Chinese and yet lays a seductive hand on a Sandwich Island beauty (Monica Boyar), a high priest, who shall be nameless, puts a curse upon the amorous pair, on the ground that Hawaii should be reserved for Hawaiians, and thenceforward life for Mr. Ameche is simply one daughter after another. Furthermore, if Mr. Ameche doesn't marry off the eldest daughter first, he'll have to commit hara-kiri, or whatever it is that the Chinese do when they lose face. As it happens, Mr. Ameche is as tricky as Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective he often sounds like, and his plots and schemes to get his daughters wed in proper order, with the usual musical-comedy ups and downs, are highly successful.

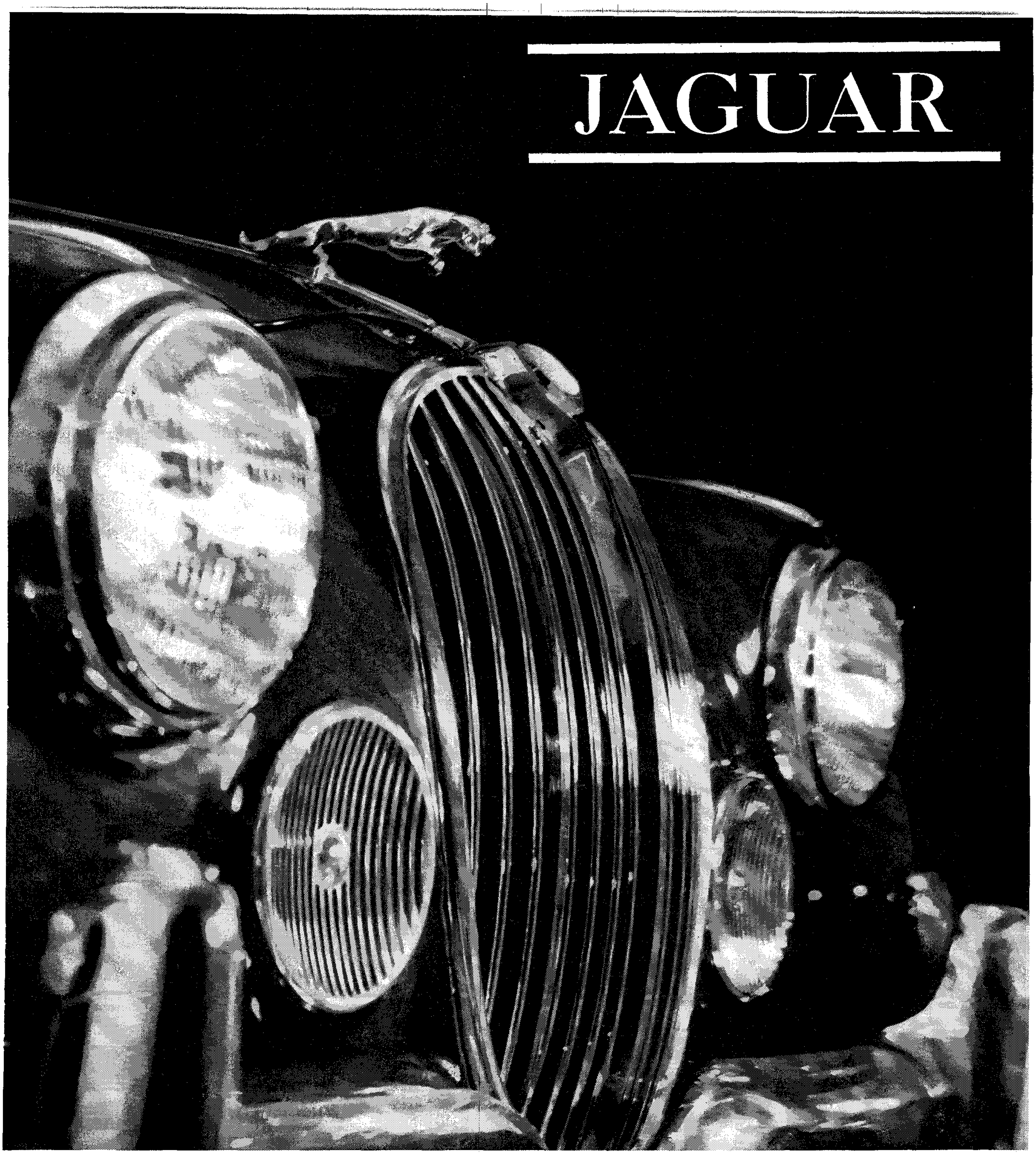
The lyrics and music that Mr. Magoon has supplied for "13 Daughters" are not memorable, but there is at least one song that has its own peculiar fascination. This is a thing called "Let-A-Go Your Heart," which is done with a great many grinds and bumps and a certain amount of old Gilda Gray shimmy work by the females in the cast. To wind up the happier aspects of "13 Daughters," it has some excellent scenery, by George Jenkins, and the sorority assembled is pretty, pert, and agile. I presume, now that we've had "The King and I," "Flower Drum Song," and this one, that the Oriental mother lode will be given a rest by the Broadway set. But who knows? As they say in Hawaii, you never can tell.



"O.K., so you're forty, you've lived half your life. Look at the bright side. If you were a horse, you'd already be dead fifteen years."

THE Comédie-Française occupied itself at the New York City Center last week with Molière's "Tartuffe" and Racine's "Britannicus," and both the comedy and the tragedy were admirably acted. Under the direction of Louis Seigner, the Molière drama was fresh, lively, and funny, and M. Seigner, obviously a man of parts, gave a most convincing performance as Tartuffe, the pious fraud who slithers into the home of a friend and proceeds to mulct him of his wealth and attempt the seduction of his wife. In passing, you will remember, he also manages to become engaged to his friend's daughter. M. Seigner develops this oily wretch with a nice appreciation of every nuance of his character, and yet he makes us smile as he rolls his eyes heavenward in the course of his darkest doings and protests the purity of his motives before God and man. His fellow-players are all most helpful, but I think that three of them—Annie Ducaux, as the wife; François Chaumette, as the husband; and Lise Delamare, as a flouncing maid who sees through Tartuffe's pretensions—merit a word of special approbation. In the most effective scene in the comedy, Mlle. Ducaux induces M. Seigner to declare his lust for her while her husband hides under a table. Although M. Chaumette is invisible most of the time, he is very much present throughout this scene, and it is his slowness to respond to the amorous carryings-on that furnishes much of the humor of the situation. The setting of the play—the drawing room of Tartuffe's gullible chum—is not without its ironic touches, since it is decorated with all sorts of religious pictures and artifacts.

While there is a great deal of action onstage in "Tartuffe," there is a minimum of it in "Britannicus," but Racine's tragedy is nonetheless interesting as it slowly draws the portrait of Nero as a youth who is not yet steeped in debauchery but in whom evil has begun to germinate. Hating his dominant mother, presently attracted to the



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sweetheart of his half brother Britannicus, and finally instrumental in bringing about Britannicus's death, Nero makes a fascinating figure, and Robert Hirsch, who only the other day was entertaining us with his Scapin, plays him to the psychological hilt. Annie Ducaux, so lately merry in "Tartuffe," is imposing and fearsome as the mother, Agrippine, and Britannicus is depicted by Michel Bernardy, his sweetheart by Danièle Ajoret, an honest adviser of Nero by Louis Seigner, and a dishonest adviser of Britannicus by François Chaumette. They are all as polished and effective as we have come to expect the members of this company to be.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

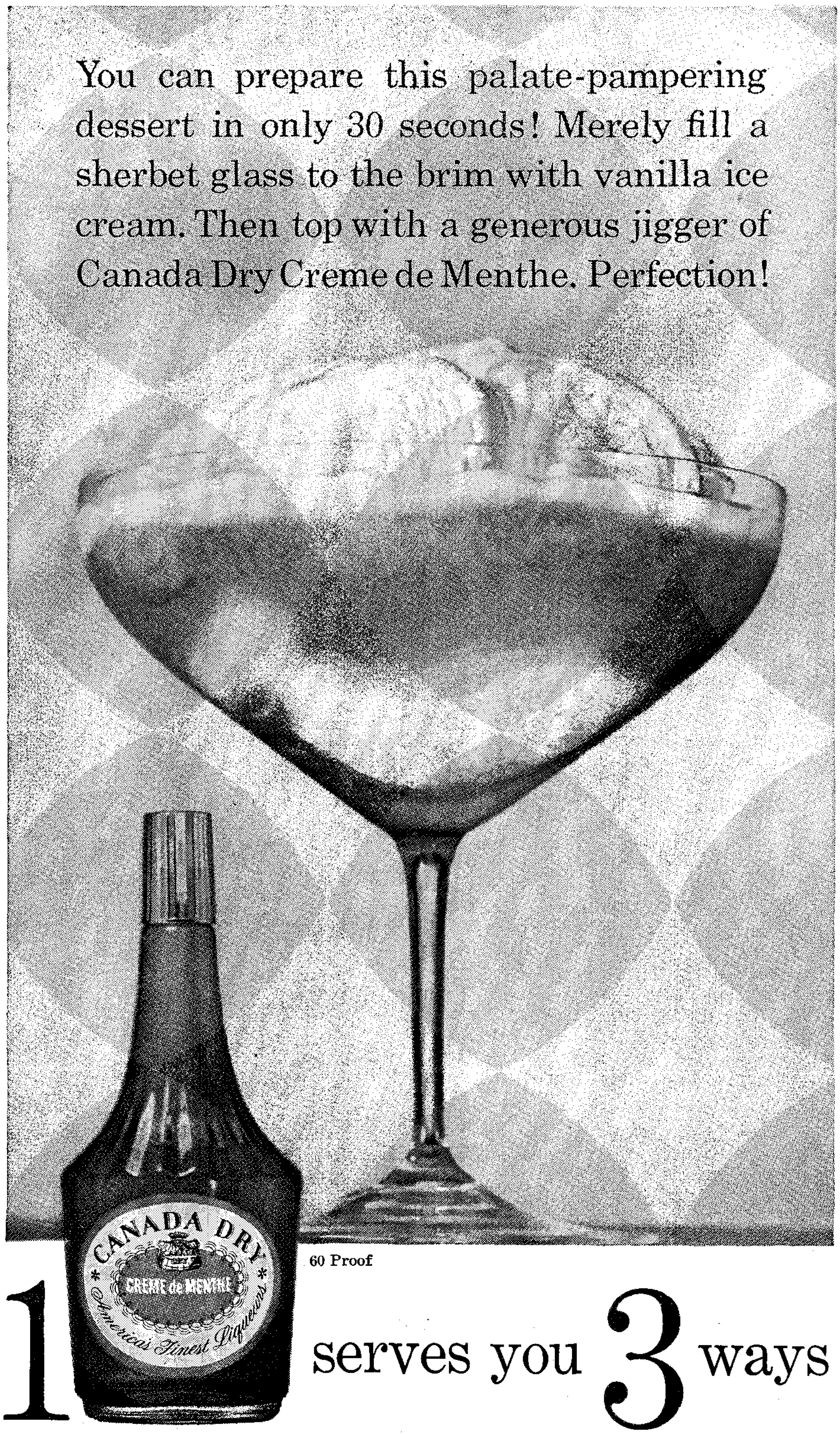
Empress of the Blues

IN Edward Albee's "The Death of Bessie Smith," a one-act play that has now joined his brilliant "The American Dream" at the York Playhouse, the author bypasses the Raymond Massey-Abe Lincoln difficulties of transplanting celebrated personages to the stage in the simplest way possible—Bessie Smith never appears. But this raises the problem of how to endow an unseen presence with the power of a seen one, and Albee, overly dependent on implication, does not solve it. All we learn about Bessie Smith from the play is that she is a fat, once famous blues singer who dies near Memphis, after a bad automobile accident, because she is refused admittance to a white hospital. (Actually, the only indisputable facts about Bessie Smith's mysterious death are the accident and the date, September 26, 1937; the popular version of it that Albee rests his play on may well be the result of what is known as perverse Northern-liberal wishful thinking.) To be sure, the characters themselves are largely ignorant about her. But what of the audience, which must be made to know, if Bessie Smith, the unseen presence, is to have any strength, that she was a majestic, often frighteningly untoward person who, before her self-destructive last years, became one of the greatest of all jazz singers? Albee's failure to establish her as a brooding, almost supernal folk hero pitted against a group of petty Southern whites, whom she supposedly bests in death, results in no contest. In fact, much of the play, which takes place largely in the admissions office of a for-whites-only hospital (the second one Bessie Smith was purportedly brought to), is given over to a bitter wrangle between a frigid, frustrated, hardboiled nurse (the South as it is?) and her would-be lover, a mildly liberal interne (the South as it might be?), and the happenings surrounding the accident seem only intrusive. However, Albee attempts to make up for this in the scene in which Jack, Bessie Smith's travelling companion and the driver of the car, staggers into the hospital, tattered and bloody, to report that he has a badly injured person (Bessie Smith) outside in his car. The nurse tells him to "*get*," but he plumps down on a bench. The interne rushes out to the car. Jack starts keening about the accident, and is surprisingly echoed in a piteous way by the nurse, who knows of Bessie Smith. The interne returns and asks Jack if he knew that Bessie Smith was dead when he got to the hospital. Jack says yes, and the play ends with an Uncle Tom orderly remarking, "I never heard of such a thing—bringing a dead woman here like that. I don't know what people can be thinking of sometimes." But the scene just doesn't work. There is too much blood (a kind of blushing pink color), the nurse is overly hysterical, and Jack just doesn't behave like a frightened, shaken-up Negro caught in a bad situation in the Deep South. The result of all this is awful: When the interne pushes the protesting nurse aside and plunges out to the car, the audience cheers. Just the same, "The Death of Bessie Smith" is an imposing failure that, in spite of itself, sends one dazedly out of the theatre. It is also a failure full of Albee's unmistakable skills—his uncanny ear, his high moral purpose, his comic sense (subdued and almost sneaky here, in contrast to "The American Dream"), and his good writing. The cast, in its way, is equally valiant. The nurse is an unmerciful part; Rae Allen, who plays it, must be alternately weary, coy, sarcastic, venomous, stupid, and hysterical, and at the same time basically sympathetic. Lee Richardson comes through far better as the less complex interne, but Harold Scott, as the orderly, is neither meaching enough nor impudent enough. John McCurry, an immense, booming man, handles Jack with ease until the final scene, in which even he sags under the burdens Albee metes out. The stiff, incidental blues music, composed by William Flanagan and played by Hal McKusick, is almost a mockery of Bessie Smith.

JEAN ANOUILH's "Rendezvous at Senlis," which is being given its first American performance at the Gramercy

Arts, is a comedy of manners whose comic aspects are merely coarse, and a play of redemption whose moral resolution is wholly implausible. Indeed, the play's length (close to two and a half hours) suggests that the author, having realized midway in its writing that he might be creating a lemon, fell into the position of a man hopelessly but stubbornly embroidering a joke that he knows is a flop before it is half told. The result, unlike most of Anouilh's work, which tends to be carefully and even handsomely shaped, is a meandering baroque structure, replete with useless fretwork and ponderous ornamentation. Georges rents a spacious house outside Paris to use just one night for a seduction. Isabelle, the girl in question and a young, steady type from the Pyrenees who likes tea, long walks, and museums, believes that her suitor grew up in this very house and that she has been invited there to meet his stable and affectionate parents. Accordingly, Georges hires a slightly threadbare actor and actress to impersonate his parents, buttressing them with a rented family-retainer-type butler. Once this bouffant situation, which is strikingly reminiscent of the opening portion of Anouilh's "Time Remembered," has been set up, Anouilh takes us to the laundry room of Georges's house in Paris, where the dismal truth is revealed. Georges is married to a wealthy girl who supports a ménage including Georges, his parents, and Georges's best friend and his best friend's wife, who is also Georges's mistress. So much for the play's comic side, which is almost immediately dissipated by the we're-a-very-funny-and-illicit-crew way in which it is handled. Isabelle discovers that Georges really is in love with her and that he plans to dump his wife, her money, his parents, his friend, and his mistress for a life of tea and museums. But by the time this unlikely finale is reached—one dismally sees it beginning to take shape halfway through the evening—an impenetrable torpor has set in, despite the strident attempts by the cast to slap and shout life into the proceedings. Only Michael Lipton, as Georges, refuses to indulge in the buffoonery, with the queer result that he suggests not a despicable cad who suddenly reforms but a well-bred prep-school lad who has accidentally fallen in with some unsavory grifters.

NOTHING much happens in "Double Entry"—a pair of light operas or heavy musicals, at the Martinique, which are called "The Bible Salesman" and "The Oldest Trick in the World"—until the appearance, a



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third of the way through the second offering, of Jane Connell. Miss Connell, who plays a loose-brained secretary on her first visit to a fortune-teller, is comedy itself rather than a mere comedian. In fact, she marshals every ounce and inch of her physical apparatus—round, wide-mouthed, straight-nosed face, quicksilver voice, short, stocky Girl Scout figure, and sturdy, sensible legs—toward this end. Her face, in the manner of all first-rate comics, seems to have no expression of its own but to ceaselessly register amazement, slyness, disappointment, pleasure, lust, gravity, and blankness with bewildering ease and rapidity. Miss Connell's singing voice is a direct extension of her face. In seconds, it may topple from a peeling, uncertain soprano—with trampoline vibrato—through a thick, jamlike alto and down into a roaring basso profundo before abruptly breaking for the celestial ranges. She dances as if she were coming apart—head ticking uncontrollably from side to side, hands fluttering at the ends of flapping, beamlike arms, legs shooting off at alarming angles. Occasionally, Miss Connell offers the unique spectacle of all these attributes working at top speed simultaneously. The sight doesn't blur easily in the mind. It is, however, hard to recall much of what goes on when Miss Connell is not around. "The Bible Salesman" is a "Porgy and Bess" view of Negro life—that is, it is one step up from "Uncle Tom"—involving the relationship between a grandmother (Rosetta LeNoire) and her Bible-selling grandson, while "The Oldest Trick in the World" narrates how a fortune-teller (Miss LeNoire again) is duped by a jewel thief, which is what Miss Connell turns out to be. Jay Thompson, who furnished the book, music, and lyrics for both works, has a gift for lyrics—"Sylvia Sidney and girls of that kidney" isn't bad—but his music has a congealed, Sunday-gravy texture. Miss LeNoire is capable, if blunt, and it is her bad luck that she happens to be the only other person onstage during Miss Connell's calisthenics.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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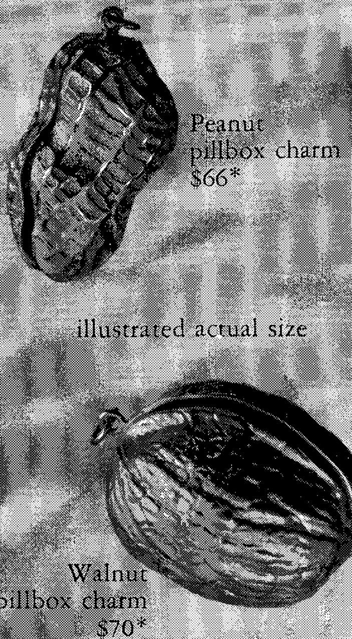
Spelled "Roquefort."



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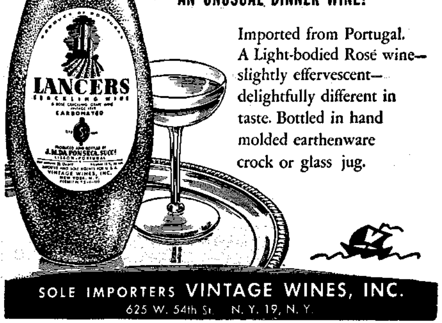

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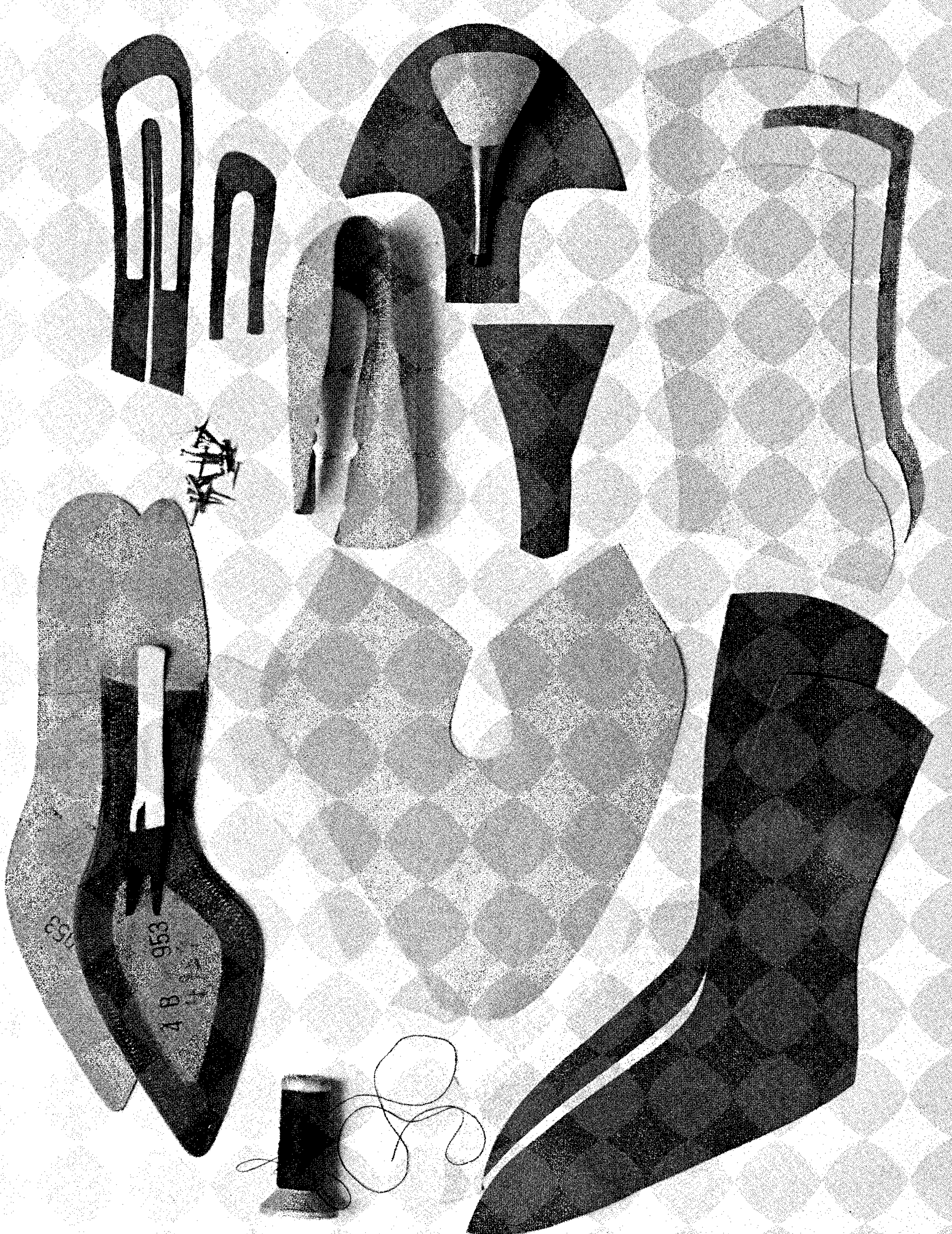

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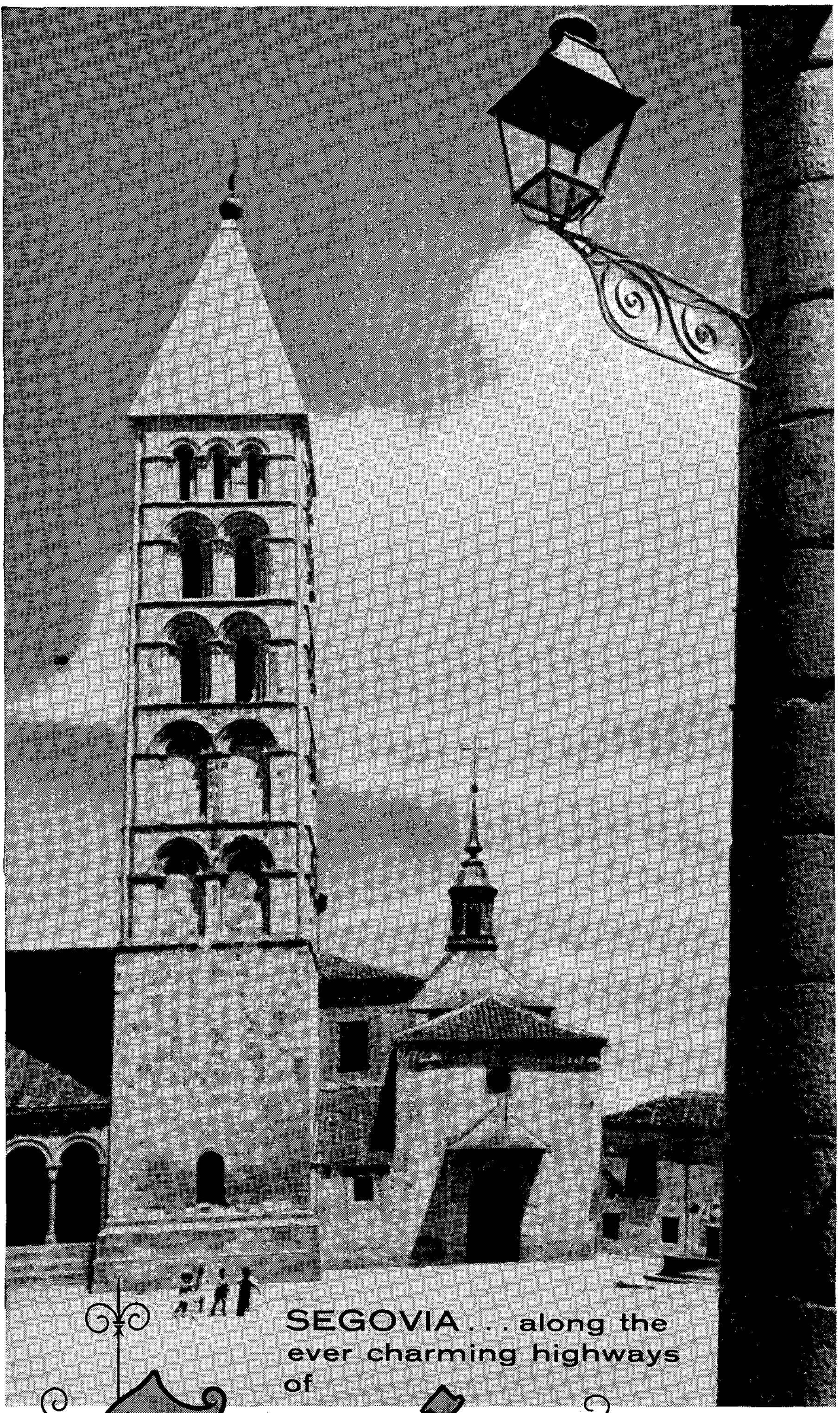
LETTER FROM LONDON

MARCH 1

IN an atmosphere of crisis, under the scrutiny of black and white faces that made the crowded public galleries look like an eccentrically constructed keyboard, the House of Commons held a short emergency debate last Wednesday on the British Government's grave problem in the present uneasy grouping officially called the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland and known as the Central African Federation. The situation that has arisen there, with the awful events in the Congo right on the doorstep to point a warning moral to all parties involved, is complicated in the extreme, and the white settlers in these territories have been pointing out with anger (and considerable justice) that ignorance of the arguments prevailing on the spot has not stopped people here at home from sounding off on the subject. It is being said that this is England's most serious crisis of threatened rebellion since the Boston Tea Party. This is certainly the first time since then that a white Prime Minister at the head of a colonial government has said roundly that he intends to "resist with all the means at my command" the proposals for its future suggested by the British Government and has forthwith called up federal troops as a hint that he means business.

The federation that is now being so ominously spotlighted came into being in 1953, when Britain tied Northern Rhodesia, Southern Rhodesia, and Nyasaland together to run, with the home government's blessing, a sort of economic-political three-legged race toward the eventual goal of multi-racial self-government. This idea got off to a bad start, owing to suspicions all round and inequality in leg power. Northern Rhodesia, with its rich copper belt, its eighty thousand white settlers, and its more than two million blacks, and Nyasaland, which has only about nine thousand Europeans to more than three million Africans and is rich in nothing except teeming, cheap labor, are both protectorates, still under the wing of the Colonial Office, in London, which administers their affairs through their Governors. Southern Rhodesia, with a population of nearly two hundred



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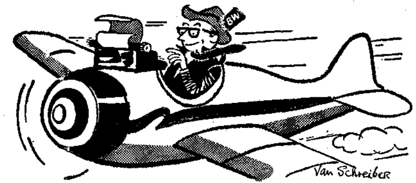
Minding our own business

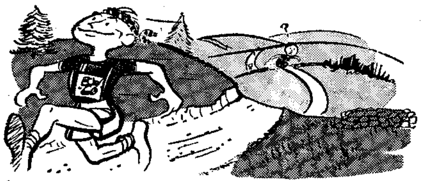
BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

Head in the clouds. Our aviation writer, Christopher Elias, is having trouble these days finding time to cover his reporting assignments. Ever since we ran his big story on airline financing last year, airline executives keep phoning him for information (a switch we find most engaging). He's also been busy collecting prizes. The most recent



—a first prize for seven of his airline stories in TWA's annual Aviation Writing and Picture Competition. This is Elias' second consecutive TWA award —and Business Week's *fourth in five years.* We're gratified no end by these several indications of our magazine's success in covering airline business news. We suspect, too, that our management subscribers (and that's almost the only kind we have) find our down-to-earth coverage of other Air and Space Age industries equally valuable.

Feet on the ground. Once again the results are posted. The Publishers Information Bureau reveals that Business Week led all general, general-business and news magazines in business and industrial advertising in 1960. Our closest competitor, in fact, was over 2,500 pages behind. This is the 23rd consecutive year we've finished far out in front.



(A literary friend informs us there's a new book called "The Loneliness of the Long-distance Runner." Wonder if it's about Business Week.)

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thousand whites, who entirely dominate the political landscape, has been self-governing since 1923, and Salisbury, its capital city, is also the seat of the federal government. Naturally, the African leaders, whether of the old tribal-chief or the modern nationalist style, feared from the outset that federation was just a sly, Machiavellian white way of insuring that everything would now be run in all three territories on Southern Rhodesian lines, or in the old-fashioned white style. Last year, however, Mr. Macmillan made his famous "wind of change" speech to the South African Parliament, and Mr. Iain Macleod, the Colonial Secretary, announced that changes would indeed be sweeping the Nyasaland legislative set-up, in which Africans would be given a big controlling majority in the Council—a rapid political boost on the road to complete independence from Whitehall, though still with safeguards retained by the British Government. This was bitterly criticized by the Federation's white population, except for the small groups of European liberals, and by many old Africa hands right here at home.

The latest and most dangerous crisis was touched off by last week's publication of Mr. Macleod's anxiously awaited proposals for changes in the constitution of Northern Rhodesia, the copper-lined money box of the Federation. These appear to have aroused a for once wonderfully unanimous reaction—of fury—from Rhodesia's whites and blacks alike, and they have also shaken the British Conservative Party with sounds of strife. The proposals outline a three-tier electoral system that would give Africans a greater representation in the legislative council and would give African voters a considerably wider franchise, with a lowering of the property, income, and education standards by which they are qualified to vote. The ingenious feature, which provoked the fury, is Mr. Macleod's proposal for electing, in addition to fifteen members from a predominantly white electoral roll and fifteen from a predominantly black roll, a decisive group of fifteen "national" members from both rolls, who will hold the balance of power, the catch being that, like a couple of wrestlers trying for a fall, neither can be certain until it is over who will come out on top. Since each side had hoped for something clearly weighted in its favor, both have attacked the proposals. The African nationalist leaders who attended the recent deadlocked Northern Rhodesian talks in London now think that

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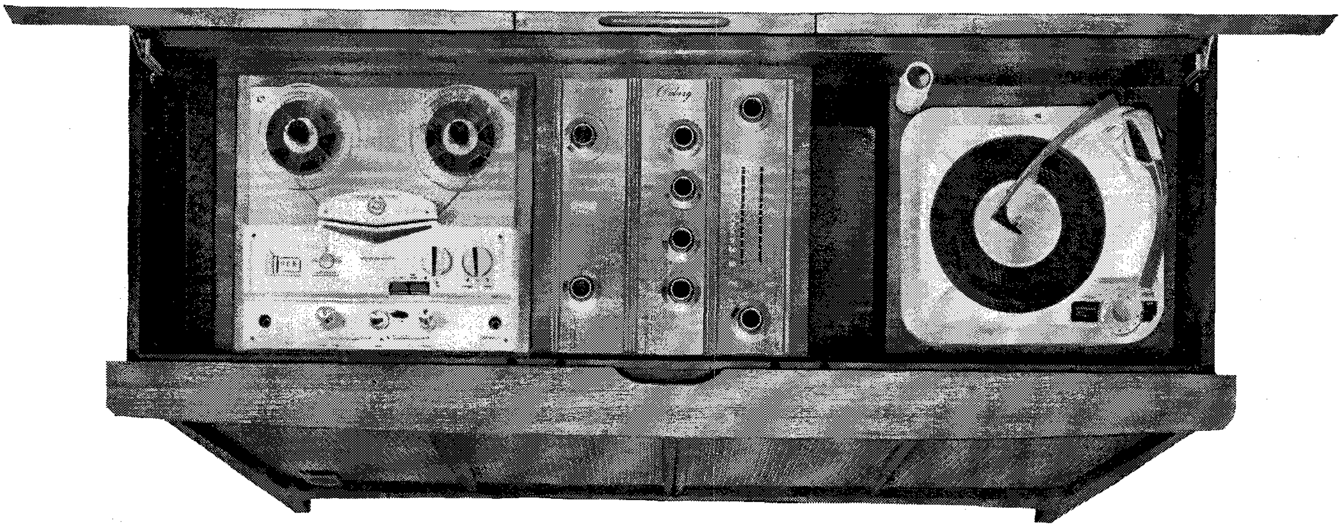

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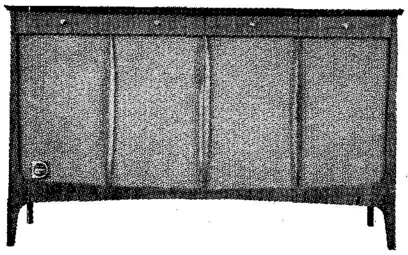

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Mr. Macleod was switched from his original intention of providing a clear African majority in the balance of the new constitution by the earlier thunderings of Sir Roy Welensky, the tough Prime Minister of the Central African Federation and leader of the dominant United Federal Party, which stayed away from the talks. Before the publication of the Macleod plan, the Colonial Secretary had already come in for criticism from ninety-odd Conservative M.P.s, who believe, in the tragic light of what happened in the Congo, that the Government is going ahead too fast in putting political power into the hands of the politically immature. Mr. Macleod has also been under heavy fire in the past few weeks from members of the House of Lords, who, unable to address him face to face in the Commons, have been shooting angrily from the correspondence columns of the *Times*.

The revolt among the peers against the Government's policy was led by Lord Salisbury, once considered to be the most influential man in the Party, who bitterly accused the Government of overlooking the claims of the white settlers in Rhodesia. (The capital of Southern Rhodesia is named after another Lord Salisbury, the present one's grandfather, and Prime Minister of England when Cecil Rhodes marched his pioneer column into this vast new land in 1890.) Another peer, Lord Selborne, a former Minister, stated in a letter to the *Times* that he had just returned from a trip to Rhodesia, where he had found, he said—in language that seemed hardly up to the usual House of Lords standards of suave invective—that "the name Macleod stinks from Ndola to Umtali" (a distance most of his readers probably found it difficult to compute). The brusque reaction of Sir Roy Welensky to the Northern Rhodesian plan certainly saved the Conservatives from the serious split in the Party that at one moment seemed likely, though the Colonial Secretary's critics, both in Parliament and in the London clubs and country drawing rooms where Englishmen retired from East Africa are loud in doleful prophecy, have by no means fallen away. But Sir Roy's explosive "No!" to the British Government, together with his gesture of calling up troops and his rumbustious speech in which he suggested that gentlemen in England now abed must have had the marrow in their bones turned to jelly by the threats of vicious African nationalism, had the effect of stiffening the backs of the

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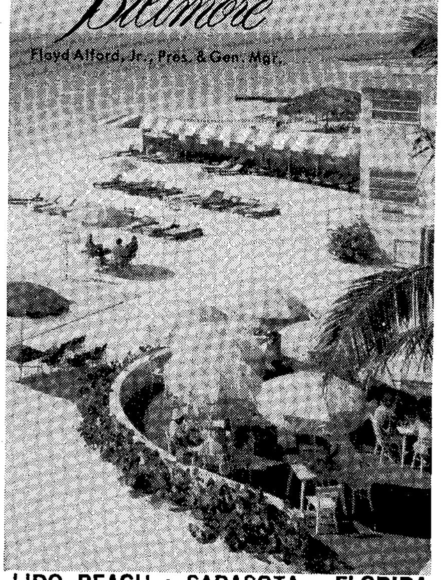

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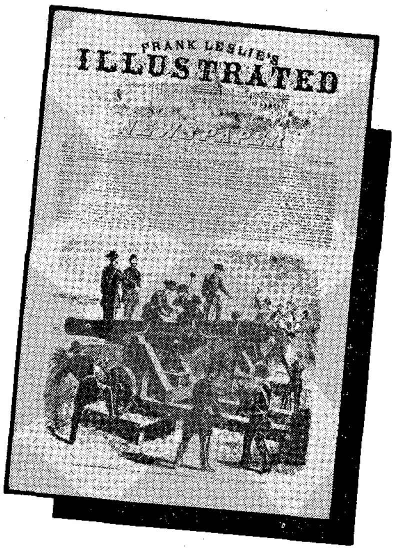

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British public, anyhow, in surprised anger.

Also because of the hardly muffled Welensky threats, the emergency debate in the Commons last week, which was expected to be stormy, was as placid as a millpond—a model of parliamentary order and restraint, on which the Northern Rhodesian African nationalist leaders Mr. Kenneth Kaunda and Mr. Harry Nkumbula, sitting in their dark lounge suits in the gallery on the eve of returning home to their own political storms, gazed thoughtfully down. The Opposition, being clearly desirous of not giving any comfort at all to Sir Roy Welensky, couched its criticisms mildly, and directed most of them at Mr. Macmillan for raising the wind of change in Africa and then, as it feels, tempering the breeze with caution and earning mistrust all round in consequence. Mr. Macleod, a Colonial Secretary who many think is a great one, obviously swung the support of the House to himself in his calm and forthright speech, in which he told the members candidly that every course that could be put forward to solve the frightful modern colonial problem of abdicating power at the right speed and in friendship to all, "including the one I am recommending to the House now," was indeed "fraught with danger." Sir Roy Welensky has not yet made his next move, which might be the constitutionally illegal one of declaring the Federation, or perhaps only Southern Rhodesia, independent of Britain, and thus risking British military intervention, not to mention the cutting off of funds at the source and inevitable bloody violence between the Rhodesian Europeans and Africans—the nightmare that has lately haunted the anxious British, who are apprehensive of finding an Algeria or a Congo suddenly in their midst. It is now being more hopefully reported that Sir Roy intends to turn up here for the forthcoming conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers, as he had planned to do before this crisis exploded.

One heard some talk, while the criticism was flying fast and furious, of Mr. Macleod's resigning, but these rumors have now died away. There was a clear and interesting indication to one and all the other day of the strength of the support that the forty-seven-year-old Colonial Secretary and his African policy have in the country from the younger generation, the important political arbiters of the future. At the Young Conservatives' conference last weekend, Mr. Macleod was

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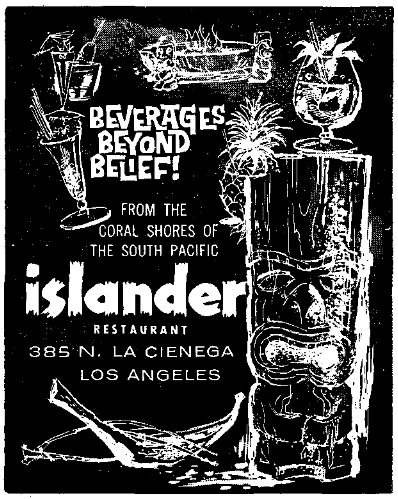

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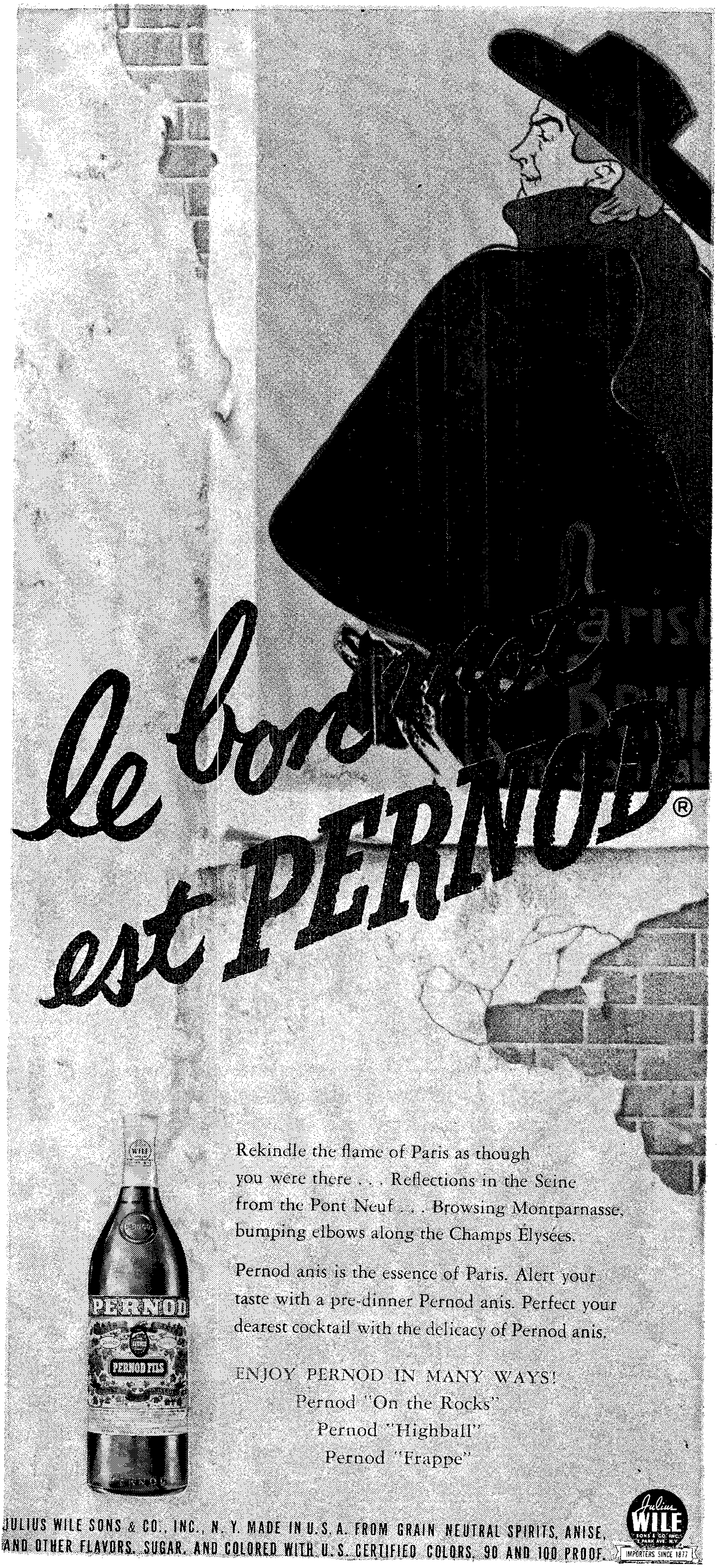
thunderously acclaimed by the delegates, who rose to their feet twice to give him an ovation—a demonstration of approval that may have carried all the way to Salisbury.

THIS being without doubt the African year of decision, there was immense advance publicity and excitement over one purely pleasurable manifestation of it—the arrival here of the all-black South African musical "King Kong" after its triumphant tour of the Union, where it played perforce, under Apartheid regulations, to audiences in which white blocks were segregated from black blocks but all were united, it seems, in astonished or proud enthusiasm for this unique home product. It has just opened at the big old Prince's Theatre, with a smart première attended by Princess Margaret and her husband. Though the cast is all black, the show is a multiracial collaboration, with its vigorous music composed by an African, Todd Matshikiza, and its book and lyrics by two white South Africans, Harry Bloom and Pat Williams. It has been received with rapture by its audiences and with some fairly qualified rapture by the critics, who compared it unfavorably with the professionalism of "West Side Story" and "Guys and Dolls"—an odd set of standards for it, one would think. Though its story is apparently founded on a real-life King Kong, a boxing champion (played by an impressive-looking giant, Nathan Mdledle) who got into bad company, began to slip as a fighter, killed his girl (Peggy Phango in the show), and then killed himself in prison, its big attraction is its amateur air of having been slung together as everyone went along, with the story developing creakily—and, indeed, not very expertly—between bouts of wild dancing and deafening singing, on a stage constantly overcrowded, as in an African shanty slum, with bodies dressed in shouting oranges and scarlets and puces. Its chief interest and excitement is as a documentary of ritual dances and songs that are part of life back home—for instance, the frankly sexual Kwela and Patha Patha dances, which are the young African townees' form of jive, and the gum-boot dance, a violent male number originally invented by Durban dockers, who turned the rubber boots issued to them for protection when they were handling chemical cargoes into fine choreographic aids for stomping and slapping. The hit of the show is a ragged urchin called Lemmy (Special) Mabaso, who wanders through it tootling on a penny whistle,



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as he did on the pavements of Johannesburg from the age of seven until he was brought into show business—a member of one of the troupes of child street minstrels who live by making haunting traditional folk music, which is what Londoners, critics or no critics, are now flocking to hear.

THE outstanding event for musical London last week was the long-awaited production at the Royal Opera House of Beethoven's opera "Fidelio," with Dr. Otto Klemperer on the rostrum for the first time ever at Covent Garden and the second time in any opera house, apparently, in twenty-eight years. All seats for every performance were sold out the moment booking opened. The charming old house, with its twisted barley-sugar columns and plushy rose-red boxes, has not heard in years such glorious, clear-cut, truly inspired playing as the Covent Garden orchestra gave to Klemperer, who also produced the opera—no mean undertaking for a man of seventy-five who has struggled up from the depths of serious illness. "Fidelio," with its noble theme of hope triumphant, seemed to belong peculiarly to his mind as well as to Beethoven's. On the second night, after the singers, headed by Sena Jurinac, as Leonore, and Jon Vickers, as Florestan, had taken numerous curtain calls, the house broke into wild emotional applause when the curtain went up again to show Klemperer, his aquiline, bird's face flushed, leaning somewhat painfully on his stick among them. It was a great, moving performance, for which Hainer Hill designed Piranesi-like architectural sets, with the final scene, when the prisoners emerge from their dungeons, symbolically consisting of the prison drawbridge sloping up toward the enormous, dazzling blue sky of freedom.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

The gambler tries to prove that fortune will favor him, laying claim thus to being destiny's darling, to being recognized and proved superior or best-loved in its eyes. If we were to go back into his history, we might find that he thus belatedly asserts a claim for the favor of his mother, ever repeating it because it now can never be quite fulfilled.—*From "The Fabric of Society," by Ralph Ross and Ernest van den Haag.*

Mother's out at the track, probably.

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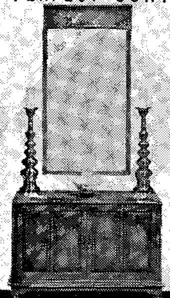

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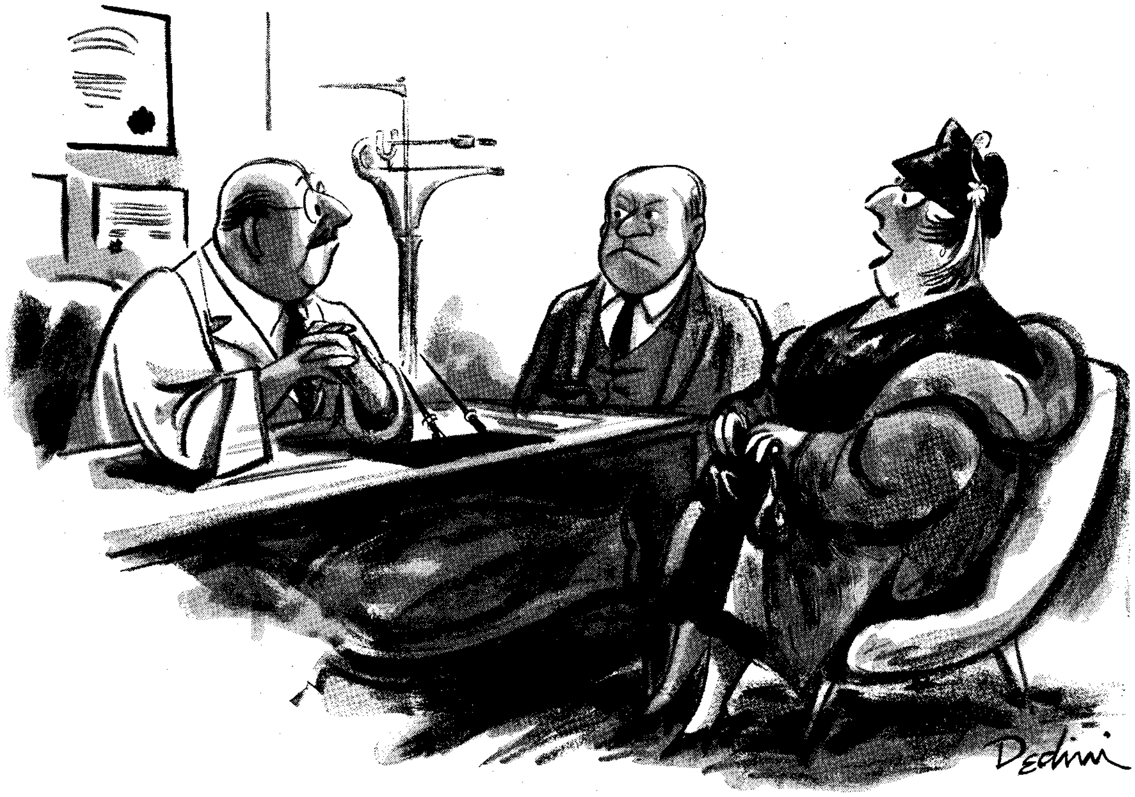
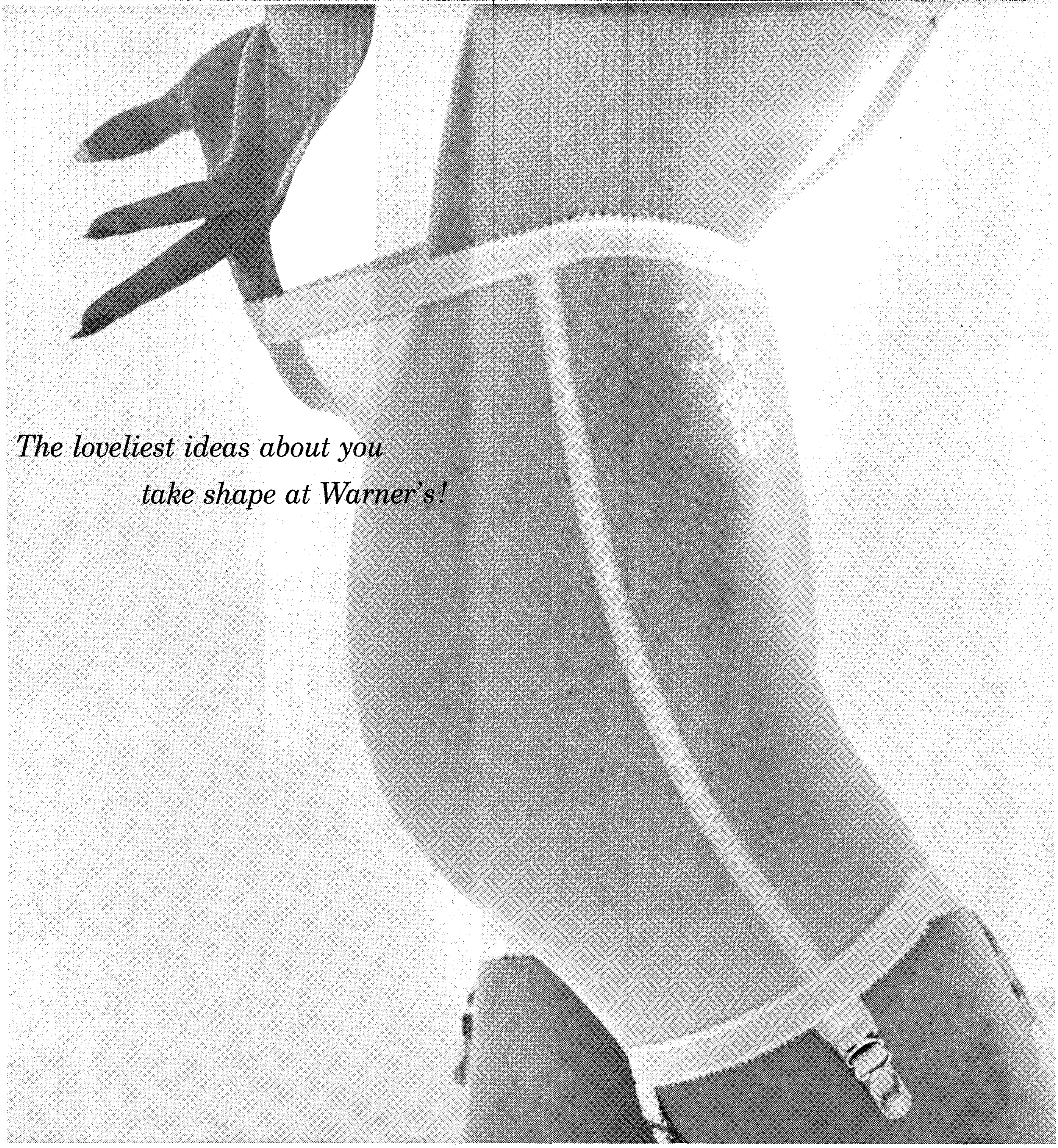
To descend from diatribe to detail, there is much that is new in straws and fabrics and embroideries but little that is new in shapes; the one new angle is that these shapes are *worn* at a new angle rather than straight on the head. Big Bretons are set way back to impart a wide-eyed air ("Look, Ma, he's being inaugurated!"), and the pillboxes are more rampant than ever. Too many of the public will wear these (whether small or of toque height) straight behind their curly bangs, as of old, but the best ones are designed so that they can also be worn ducked down on the forehead or far enough back on the head to be all but invisible in front. Chanda's celebrated pillboxes are so arranged that they can be placed all three of these ways, and many can be turned around and worn back-in-front as well. A rough straw in bright yellow will give you the idea. It rises to a small peak at the rear. This peak tilts upward when the hat is worn down on the brows (Chanda has been ducking hats down in front for two years now), and, when reversed in direction, can add a bit of height in front when the hat sits straight on the head. There's a cluster of pale-blue grosgrain bows on Irene's little hat of pink camellias, which also employs this back-or-front trickery. And a new fantasy that sneaked in from Paris a year or so ago is the "doll" hat, a tiny thing of one sort or another to be slammed in front of a coiffure rising high in back; the most entertaining example of this is not a flower-laden hat-bar plaque but a miniature of a real hat. Sally Victor shows lots of tailored shapes no more than six inches across—skimmers of white straw with crushed black patent-leather bands, a man's fedora of sennit straw (the stuff is like the men's straw hats of early vaudeville days), a pink chiffon derby with roses high at the back, tiny tricornes, and so on. Lilly Daché makes wee sailors of brown leather or pillboxes of black patent leather. Be sure you can afford to wear them for laughs and then hand them on to some small Caroline of your acquaintance, though; they're gay aberrations, but I think very temporary ones.

Well, let us pick our way gingerly through the fields of forget-me-nots and go on to more solid millinery—the sort that has Line even when flowers and froth are involved.

SALLY VICTOR manages to outdo herself every season, and this time the most forceful of her new shapes are three-layered, tricolored toques of Alix jersey that sweep back from the face into an irregular, jagged tilt and look as though they were spiralling. The black jersey of one is separated from the part that's white jersey by a curve rising diagonally across the front; the top, which isn't visible forward, is red jersey. Smaller shapes, such as offbeat pillboxes, are sometimes divided in front between cocoa and yellow jersey; in this case, the top is white. Dashing blacks and black-and-white combinations are here, too; a notable instance is a hat of white bali with a big brim, a towering, narrow crown, a black patent-leather band, and



"I keep telling him what's wrong with him, but I'd like him to hear it from a doctor."



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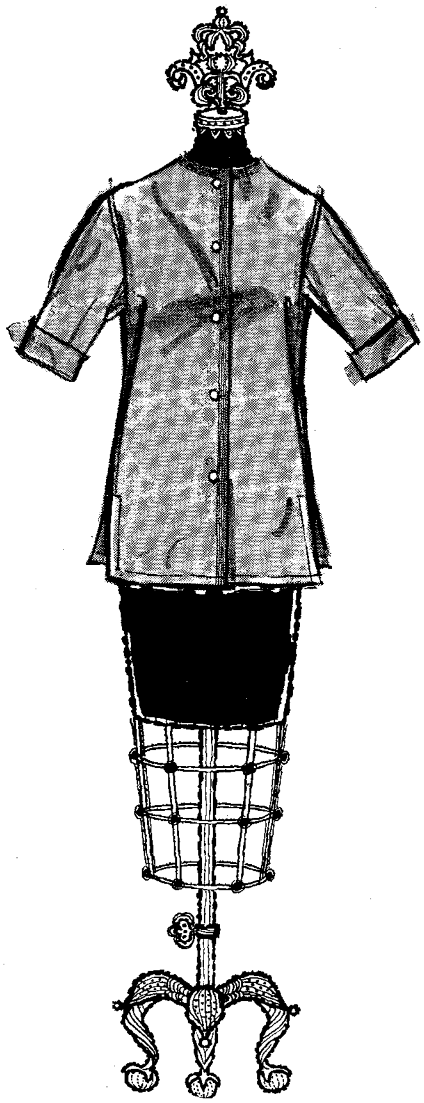

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facing of the same leather. A vast Breton of white straw has two bands of delicate black lace around the crown and a band of the lace near the uprising edge of the brim. Black Liseré, a shiny braid straw, makes another big-brimmed beauty with a Puritan Fathers crown. For informality, Mrs. V. has drawn ideas from caps indigenous to Greece, Turkey, and other portions of the Middle East. Nothing could be more charming (or more in keeping with the simple skimps of wool and jersey that now pass for daytime dresses) than her Yemenite caps of white silk jersey with bands and bands of vivid embroidery round and round them. Turkish minarets were the originals of some severe Victor turbans. One is shown in turquoise chiffon, all crisscrossed folds. It bulges above a smooth line at the base, and a little tower emerges from the top. And there is always the special Victor knack with flowers. For one, wigs, often elasticized at the back, that come down on the ears and the nape can be of huge poppies in crafty color combinations.

All in all, what is noticeable in this establishment is the beautiful proportion in every form of hat; there is always proper width above the cheekbones, no matter how high a hat may ride, that gives the head stature and helps produce a pointed-chin look.

UP at Lilly Daché are some puffy hats that are in exactly the right offhand mood for the clothes of today. One ingratiating number is of tan burlap, and a band of red grosgrain cinches it in between the soft, wavy double brim and the bloused crown. Brown straw that looks like raffia makes a round ball of a hat with the smallest of brims. (In the Daché boutique, there is efficacious and appropriate jewelry to go with these and with those same jersey or wool skimps. The gewgaw that I favor there is a five-strand necklace of narrow gold-metal links laced together with tan wrapping cord.) For her dressier moods, Mme. Daché uses lots of chiffon, but in crisply tailored shapes—big-crowned derbies with swathed bands of the stuff and matching chiffon scarves. Many of the Daché hats that are long in back (so that a good neck is effectively silhouetted) suggest a sou'wester, but Maine fishermen might even nowadays be startled at seeing one in brown shiny straw. As for flowers, there is art supreme in the artless Daché attitude; her flowered hats look as if she'd just plucked violets, stephanotis, lilacs, or whatever out of the garden and stuck them into net

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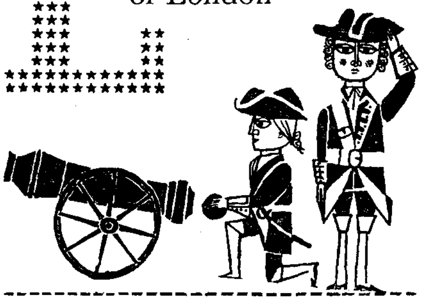

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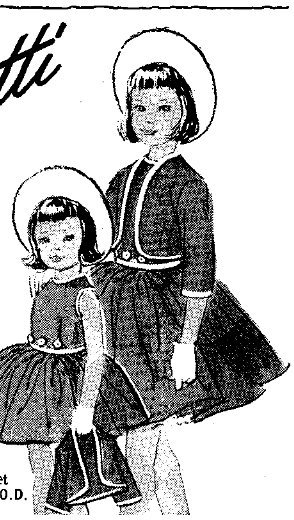

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John Frederics also has a down-in-back penchant this year (so have the Paris milliners), to which he caters with exaggerated snoods that not only descend below the nape but flare out widely above the ears. One knockout, of raspberry Milan, has this flare at each side of a half moon set snug on the hairline at the center front; other hats are of Nile georgette with narrow Milan stripes, and one of toast Milan has a sort of halo rising back of a smooth bandeau in front and then going, snood-beret style, far down in back. John Frederics, too, makes a lady of the sou'wester, especially with a hat of pink bali whose slim front brim ripples as it passes the ears on its way out to the shoulders. This downward look also applies to several cloches, among them his Cameo, which has a very narrow, high crown and a brim, minute across the front, that dips swiftly at the sides. I saw this in licorice straw bound with taffeta. And there are sharp sailors, tipped forward, whose brims are slightly briefer in front than elsewhere, and there are beautifully sweeping large-brimmed yet simple hats that are neither straight nor floppy but have an easy shepherdess curve, sometimes dipping over the eyes and sometimes arching. The big crown of one in coral Milan is crushed into an inverted pleat down the front, to give it a nice bulge; the crown of one in yellow Milan is inflated in bloused fashion. Fluff and nonsense are the state of mind in lots of little sailors done in net or straw. Flowered snoods, which can be worn separately, sit ready to go over them. Other sailors are covered by veils edged with flower petals. Worn over the coiffure, these hats let the petals make nice softness around the shoulders.

Chanda is a pet of small women, and he's not letting them down, either. Among his wee hats designed to be worn three ways (straight, forward, or to the rear) are (a) a tricorne of rough gunmetal straw with a cocoa straw edge and (b) a white sailor with a crushed patent-leather band and a black apple in front. Black patent-leather flowers are appliquéd on the black bali of a small Breton, and black patent-leather polka dots are appliquéd on the white bali of a whole series of impertinences—porkpies, shallow cloches, and sailors with wavy brims in front. Chanda uses veiling lavishly everywhere; black derbies of bali straw are covered with veiling, and some fat pillboxes are simply

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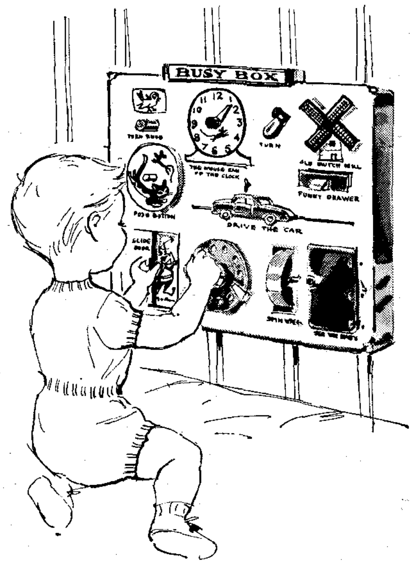
layers of emerald and peacock malines with bright, formal fuchsia starflowers glimmering through the mist at the top. Formal cotton flowers in every paintbox color are appliquéd on natural straw and then veiled, too. Very tailored are Chanda's Charleston felt cloches, straight out of the hey-hey days, and his hats with very deep crowns, such as a roller of yellow bali with yellow-green leaves on the brim and a dotted green veil over all.

WOMEN who like to look transparent without diminishing their guile should consult Tatiana, of Saks Fifth Avenue, for, more than almost anybody else, she loves to see the light shimmer through her concoctions, which often have neither lining nor wires to make them inflexible, and which weigh nothing. One of the most enchanting (which involves three-in-one stunts) starts with a draped pillbox, which I saw in pale-blue satin. Over this can drop a deep cloche of black lace hair braid that has a blue satin ribbon and bow on the edge of the brim; the pillbox beneath all this is evident, but subtly. The hats can also be worn separately. Wide mesh is the basis of hats, in every size and shape, that involve gardenia buds with green leaves, cornflowers, lilies of the valley, pink lilacs, and so forth. Tulle or organza in interlaced one-inch strips makes pillboxes or berets or what have you, unlined and soft as a bunny's belly. Bands of heavy Tuscan straw braid mounted on net become cloches with small, rippled brims; layers of black mesh become a big hat whose pink roses, disposed around the crown, show through (and not dimly, either) on the underside of the brim. All the way, as one can see for oneself, the gossamer (rather than the Bessemer) touch is triumphant here.

FAMILIAR shapes (roller, sailor, pillbox, turban, et al.) are at Irene in all sizes, but the stuff from which they are made shows fantastic ingenuity. Among the merry tailored deals, I particularly noted the hats of bali with multicolored grosgrain trim. One cloche, which has a mushroom brim, comes in purple bali, with a red band near the edge of the brim, a white band around the crown, and a wide-meshed green veil with a border, grass-widow style. A roller of bright chartreuse green sports a red band near the edge of the brim, a broad deep-purple hatband, and a white mourning veil. Next, black patent leather is crushed into wrapped pillboxes, either low or close to toque height. The same leather forms the



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trim for a big hat of natural straw whose brim arches front and back, and more of the leather makes a crushed band, plus a flaring bow at one side. A bali is dotted with tiny fat matching rosebuds (on springs, so that they'll bob slightly when you nod to an acquaintance). In a more frivolous attitude are the strips of natural Milan that, combined with white veiling, make rowdy swirls around pseudo-turbans. Pushed-forward little doll hats are here, too, the most impudent being a real jocko pillbox—possibly three inches across and three inches high—of shiny straw with a veil, but there are even more female ones, such as a pillbox on top of which turquoise, coral, and white beads are massed. Organdie folds go around its edge. Anyone who is homesick for field flowers should hie herself to Irene, too. There they sit, mounted on heavy black net, and masses of them are contributed to the big, high crown of a hat with a huge, curved brim of natural straw. Some of the most imaginative formations of daisies (in close array) ever seen are also present, a number of them combined with dogwood blossoms in black patent leather to make girls-about-town feel truly rural at the Four Seasons.

MR. ARNOLD runs such a gamut—from A (for "Arrogance") to W (for "Winsomeness")—that I can give you only a few Polaroid snapshots of what's here. In the first category are deep-crowned hats with deep, double, uprising bumper Breton brims that are a bit stern. They're made in every fabric, from shiny black petit-point straw to white organdie. In the W group are trellis hats with flowers wandering among the interstices. These things are as collapsible as paper lanterns and so can be worn any old way, from head-hugging to just perching. A construction of leaves and fat rosebuds may be stretched into a coiffure-encompassing wig or scrunched into a pillbox; a deep cloche, all apricot flowers, can be punched in to make the top very cowed indeed. In between A and W are—let's see—halves of miniature fruit (strawberries, plums, peaches, cherries, and stuff) mounted on white organdie, and you can *feel* the fuzz on the peach. These go into the making of fat, deep caps, sailors with green grosgrain bands, and deep cloches. Two-inch ruffles of black malines bound with taffeta compose a golliwogg wig that could be a remarkable theatre or restaurant hat. And black malines and taffeta, in basket-woven one-and-a-half-inch strips, soft and loose, concoct fat pillboxes and

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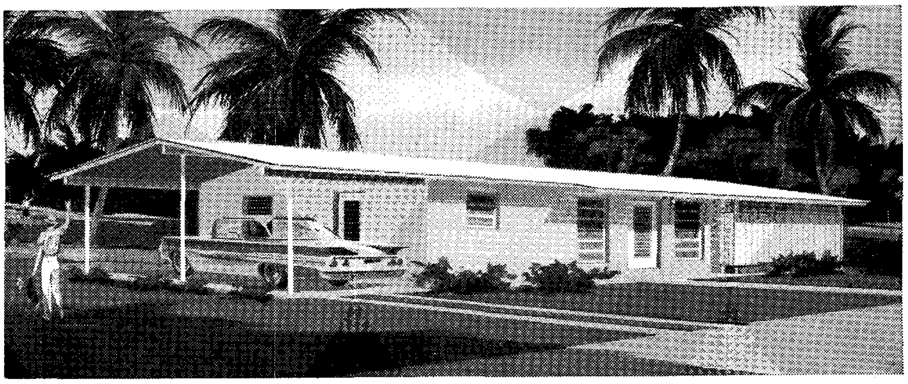

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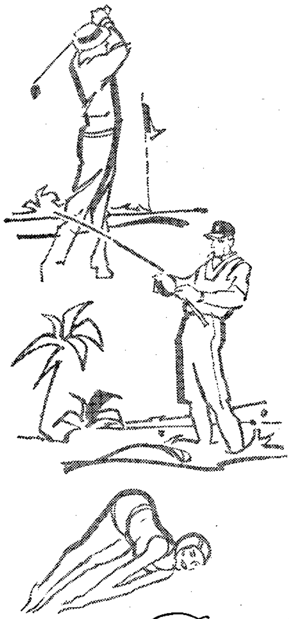

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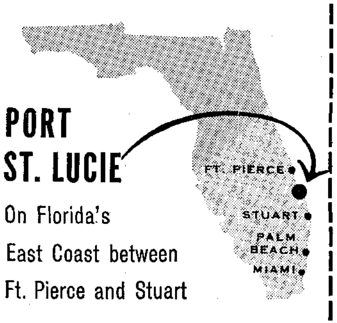

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super-deep cloches. Then there's a sailor of black or white straw or patent leather with a many-layered small brim. A bunch of flowers lolls at one side in front.

NOBODY has mastered the art of the profile cloche better than Walter Florell, so we'll start off in his establishment with a couple of his beauties. Some are of bali, one in gray, with white peau de soie draped around the crown and ending in a clip at one side, and one in turquoise, with a wrapped hatband of fuchsia chiffon, more of which emerges from a slit in the moderate crown and pulls down to dangle at one side. Florell employs plenty of gray-and-white checked chiffon, stitched with black thread, for the profile cloche and other shapes, such as soft fezzes and small berets with flashes of red grosgrain to keep the customer from looking neutral. His larger hats tend to bulbous, gathered crowns of mobcap inclination. A straight-brimmed, faintly tilted sailor in natural bali bulges above the black wrapped band, which has loops on the slightly downward side; an enormous sailor of rough straw, with a hatband, has a double-layered wavy brim and another bloused crown. And there is no one like Florell for piling or swathing the upper brims and crowns of large hats until the waistline between crown and brim is indiscernible. This is true of his hats of purple bali covered with violets, and of his hats of yellow bali with coral-dotted white point d'esprit doing the swathing. Even more floral is a pyramid turban, slightly tilted, that is all black petals up the front and white petals up the back. What I particularly like, though, are his bicolored or multicolored combinations in simple shapes. One is a chiffon cloche, the top all pie-shaped pieces alternating between pink and peony red, and the brim octagonal and wavy. Pale mauve peony buds cluster around its crown. Another, also a cloche, and called Kaleidoscope, is of linen in a mixture of royal, hot pink, and avocado that is all diagonal curved swirls from the meeting place at the top of the crown to the brim's edge. —LOIS LONG

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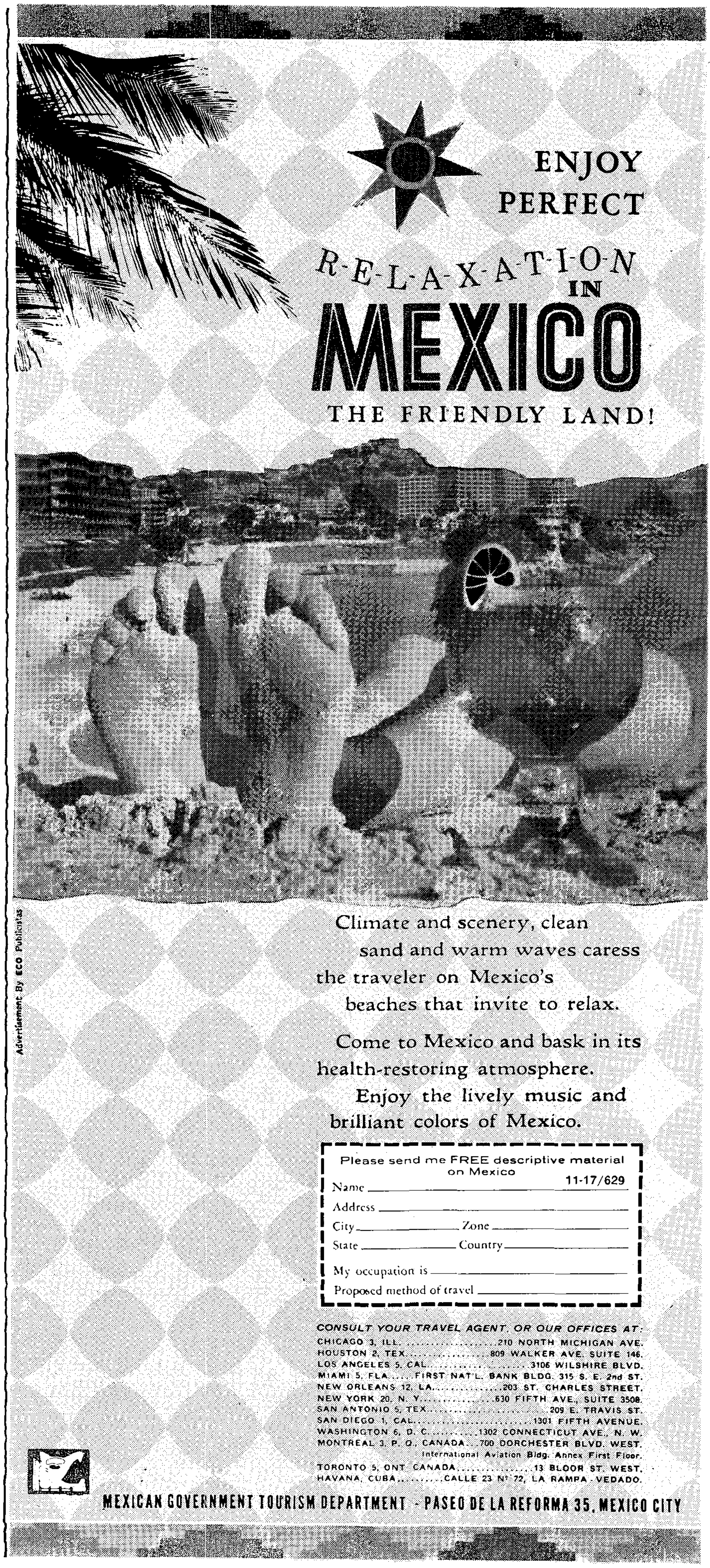
MUSICAL EVENTS

Rarities

LAST week was made memorable mainly by the appearance, in concert form, of two virtually unknown operatic comedies, neither of which can be described as a masterpiece but both of which kindled considerable interest of a historical sort, since they filled gaps in our knowledge of the past. The first of them was Gioacchino Rossini's initial operatic venture, a *farsa*, or one-act musical farce, called "La Cambiale di Matrimonio," which was written for the Teatro San Mosè, in Venice, when its composer was eighteen years old, and which on Monday evening was given one of its extremely rare subsequent performances, by the Little Orchestra Society, under Thomas Scherman, in Town Hall. A gay and adept little work, it suggests that Rossini, like the legendary Lao-tzu, must have issued from his mother's womb full-fledged, with a long white beard; certainly nothing about it indicates the slightest immaturity, and if it does contain qualities of youthful exuberance, these continued to form part of its composer's stock in trade for nearly twenty years—that is to say, up to the time he began turning out such better-known works as "The Barber of Seville" and "William Tell." The libretto is unpretentious and conventional, having to do with a pair of lovers whose romance is endangered when the girl's father arbitrarily affiances her to a wealthy Canadian. Everything ultimately comes out all right, of course, and meanwhile there is a lot of fairly amusing horseplay and no end of typically Rossinian melody. I wish that the English translation, which was done by Mr. Scherman, had been a shade more skillful, and the performance a shade crisper in both its musical and its dramatic aspects. As it was, the only completely satisfying element of the production was the singing of the young soprano Reri Grist, who has a pleasing coloratura voice and used it with taste and with evidence of careful schooling in style.

The second of last week's unusual offerings was Jean-Philippe Rameau's early eighteenth-century extravaganza "Les Indes Galantes," which was pre-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sented by the Clarion Music Foundation in Town Hall on Wednesday night. Since "Les Indes Galantes" is apparently a sort of mixture of opera and ballet, there was bound to be a good deal missing from a concert performance. The music, however, was well performed (much better performed, in fact, than the Rossini music); the orchestra and chorus, under the baton of Thomas Dunn, were excellent, and the principals—particularly a stratospheric tenor named Charles Bressler and the familiar and gifted soprano Judith Raskin—sang very well indeed. "Les Indes Galantes" is distinctly a musical antique, charming for its quaint period characteristics, which include placing a large number of exotic personages—among them a generous Turk, a forbidding Inca high priest, and a pair of noble American Indian lovers beset by French and Spanish rivals—in an amusingly formal and courtly musical setting full of old-fashioned French pavanes and chaconnes. There are passages in it that are quite engaging—especially the canonic ritournelles that preface all the scenes—and though its idiom is a bit remote today, I was much interested to hear it, and gratified to hear it so ably done.

TURNING away from concert reviewing for the moment, I should like to direct your attention to a book called "Words on Music" (Syracuse), by the veteran American composer and teacher Ernst Bacon. Published last year, it deals with the current state of music in America, and is by far the sanest book by a composer that I have read recently. Mr. Bacon covers a lot of territory, deploring, among other things, the disappearance of the composer who is also a master performer (as were Rachmaninoff, Kreisler, Strauss, Enesco, and most of the great composers of the more distant past), the poverty of contemporary "absolute" music, the decline of good writing for the voice, and the ubiquitous din of radio, television, and Muzak, which is making simple peace and quiet an almost unattainable luxury, deeply yearned for by people who like to take their music voluntarily and would rather do without it than have it inflicted on them. But his main contention is that the musician—and particularly the composer—today exists outside normal society, frequently doing work that nobody cares about, and doing it without any vital encouragement from his public. Still, Mr. Bacon is not a pessimist like Henry Pleasants, the author of "The Agony of Modern Mu-

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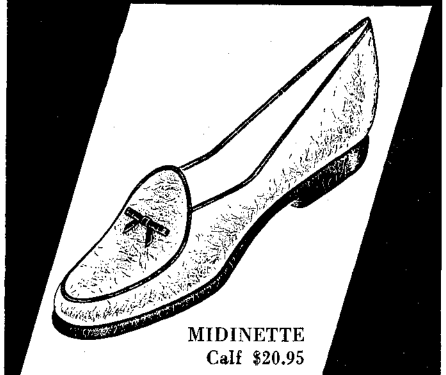

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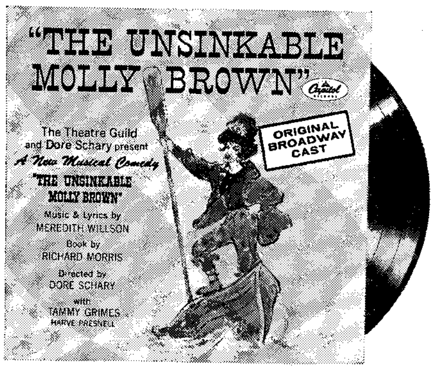
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sic," who has written off contemporary composition as simply a waste of time. Mr. Bacon feels that both the composer and the public are at fault, and that what we need is a little more mutual understanding in the musical field. American musical patronage—that is, the amount of money spent encouraging music—he admits to be the most lavish in history, but he believes that the American musical patron is shirking his duties; the patron, he says, should not give money away through impersonal foundations, scattering it without regard to results, but should take an interest in the quality of the music he supports and demand the sort of music he genuinely likes. "The American patron," Mr. Bacon remarks, "has seldom seen the need to prepare himself for the responsibility of giving." He adds that to the composer "one commission is worth ten layers of academic insulation," and goes on to say, "Security is not a substitute for success. Much of [the] bitterness in our modern music comes from frustration, and in time it evokes bitter reactions from the public. Not wanted, the artist soon makes himself unwantable. *Some love must be exchanged*, if music is to have lovable qualities." Of the dissonance (or, more properly, cacophony) characteristic of much modern music, he observes, "Not to belittle the achievements of moderns, there is nevertheless something deceptive about carrying to farther and farther extremes a particular element such as dissonance—something that defeats the very ends that are sought. The defiant, dissentient, or crabbed quality of discord loses itself in an unrelieved succession of such sounds. Beyond limits, dissonance is no longer perceived dissonantly." Quite naturally, Mr. Bacon is in favor of government subsidy of music, and he pretty well demolishes the arguments that have been adduced against it: " 'Let's keep music out of politics,' is the cry. Well, does anybody imagine that there are no politics in music now, or in the high patron-society that supports it?" Mr. Bacon's book is a thoughtful one, and one that, to my mind, ought to be read by everybody who is concerned about the condition of musical culture in this country. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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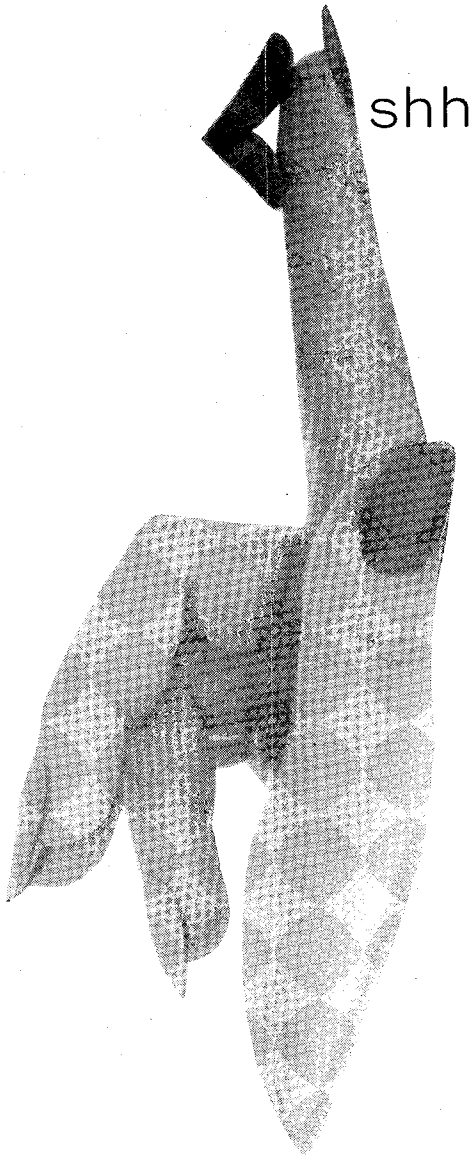

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ONWARD AND UPWARD IN THE GARDEN

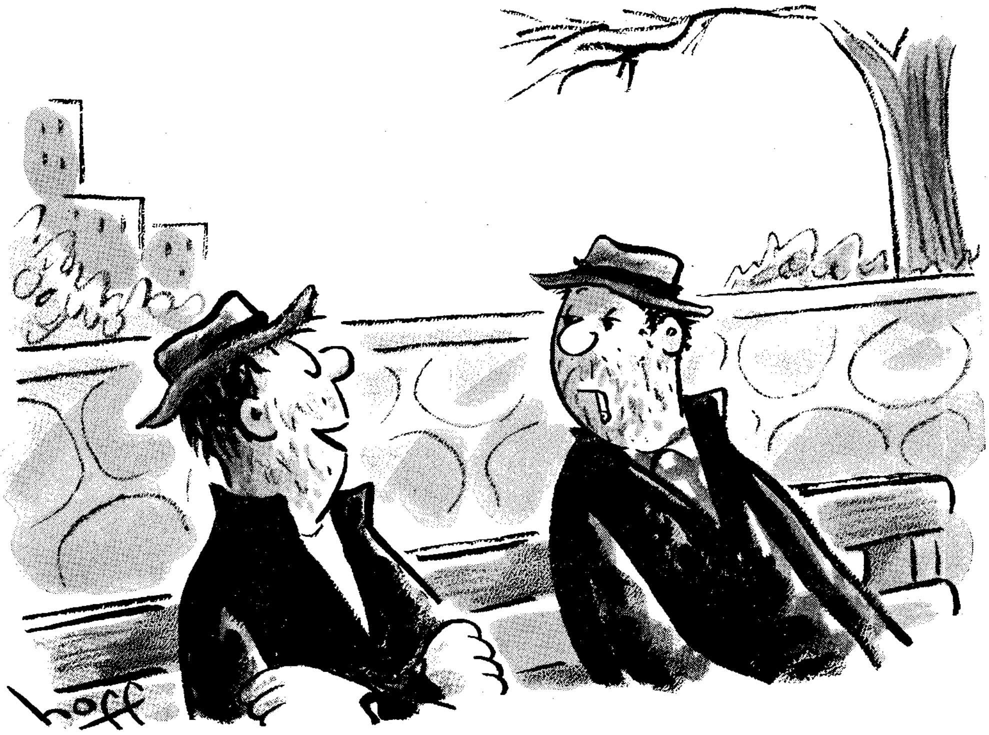
GREEN THOUGHTS IN A GREEN SHADE

I HAVE read somewhere that no Japanese child will instinctively pick a flower, not even a very young child attracted by its bright color, because the sacredness of flowers is so deeply imbued in the culture of Japan that its children understand the blossoms are there to look at, not to pluck. Be that as it may, my observation is that Occidental children do have this instinctive desire, and I feel certain that almost every American must have a favorite childhood memory of picking flowers—dandelions on a lawn, perhaps, or daisies and buttercups in a meadow, trailing arbutus on a cold New England hillside in spring, a bunch of sweet peas in a hot July garden after admonishments from an adult to cut the stems *long*, or, when one had reached the age of discretion and could be trusted to choose the right rose and cut its stem correctly, a rosebud for the breakfast table. All these examples come from my own recollections of the simple pleasure of gathering flowers, but none of them quite equals my memories of the pure happiness of picking water lilies on a New Hampshire lake. The lake was Chocorua, and picking water lilies was not an unusual event for my next-older sister and me. We spent the best summers of our girlhood on, or in, this lake, and we picked the lilies in the early morning, paddling to the head of the lake, where the water was calm at the foot of the mountain and the sun had just begun to open the white stars of the lilies. The stern paddle had to know precisely how to approach a lily, stem first, getting near enough so the girl in the bow could plunge her arm straight down into the cool water and break off the rubbery stem, at least a foot under the surface, without leaning too far overboard. It took judgment to select the three or four freshest flowers and the shapeliest lily pad to go with them, and it took skill not to upset the canoe. Once the dripping blossoms were gathered and placed in the shade of the bow seat, we paddled home while their heavenly fragrance mounted all around us. I know now that their lovely Latin name was Nymphaea odorata, but at the time I knew only that they were the common pond lily of northeast America.

It is no wonder, then, that for years I have had designs on the lilyless pond that lies in the center of our pasture, here in Maine, where I live and from where I write. It is a small, heart-shaped pond, deep enough, I calculate, to grow hardy water lilies that will winter under the ice without freezing their roots. The only problem is the cows that drink at the pond and trample its grassy borders, but I doubt that they would wade in far enough to eat a small clump of lilies planted in the center of the pond and contained in a sunken box. The experiment would be worth trying. I could never attempt wild flag or the other shallow-water plants on the margins of the pond, for the cattle would devour them or tread them down, but a clump or two of lilies in the very center of our one small body of fresh water would satisfy me.

This is why I have been studying the catalogues of the water-lily growers. They make fascinating reading, since a water-garden specialist has to have more tricks to his trade than most nurserymen. Water lilies and lotuses are apt to be his primary horticultural crops, but with them he usually offers a list of floating plants, and shallow-water or bog plants to ornament the margins of the pool, and oxygenating plants to aerate it, and goldfish and scavenger snails to keep it clean, and frogs to eat the mosquitoes it will bring. Most growers also provide the pools, made of wood or fibre glass or steel, in which to plant the lilies, and water pumps, and underwater lights to illuminate a pool at night, and food for the goldfish, and remedies for fungus, algae, and goodness knows what else. This all sounds formidable, but I suspect that growing water lilies need not be complex if one's aims are modest. If one has a natural pond or a brook with a pool, the frills are unnecessary. Our own pond is plentifully supplied with bullfrogs, so I don't have to buy them at two to three dollars a pair, or tadpoles at a dollar a dozen. And the instructions for installing small artificial pools are so clear and simple in all the catalogues that even this task does not sound too difficult.

The five catalogues I have before me have taught me that there are day-blooming hardy water lilies—white, yellow, red, pink, blue, purple, and a whole range of colors in between—and tropical lilies, which are both day- and night-blooming, in just as wide a spectrum of color. These exotics are more floriferous and showy but on the whole less fragrant than the hardy varieties, and most of them will not winter over in a cool climate. In the North they had best be regarded as annuals. If I lived in the South or in California I would certainly want to grow a few, though, and even in the North two or three



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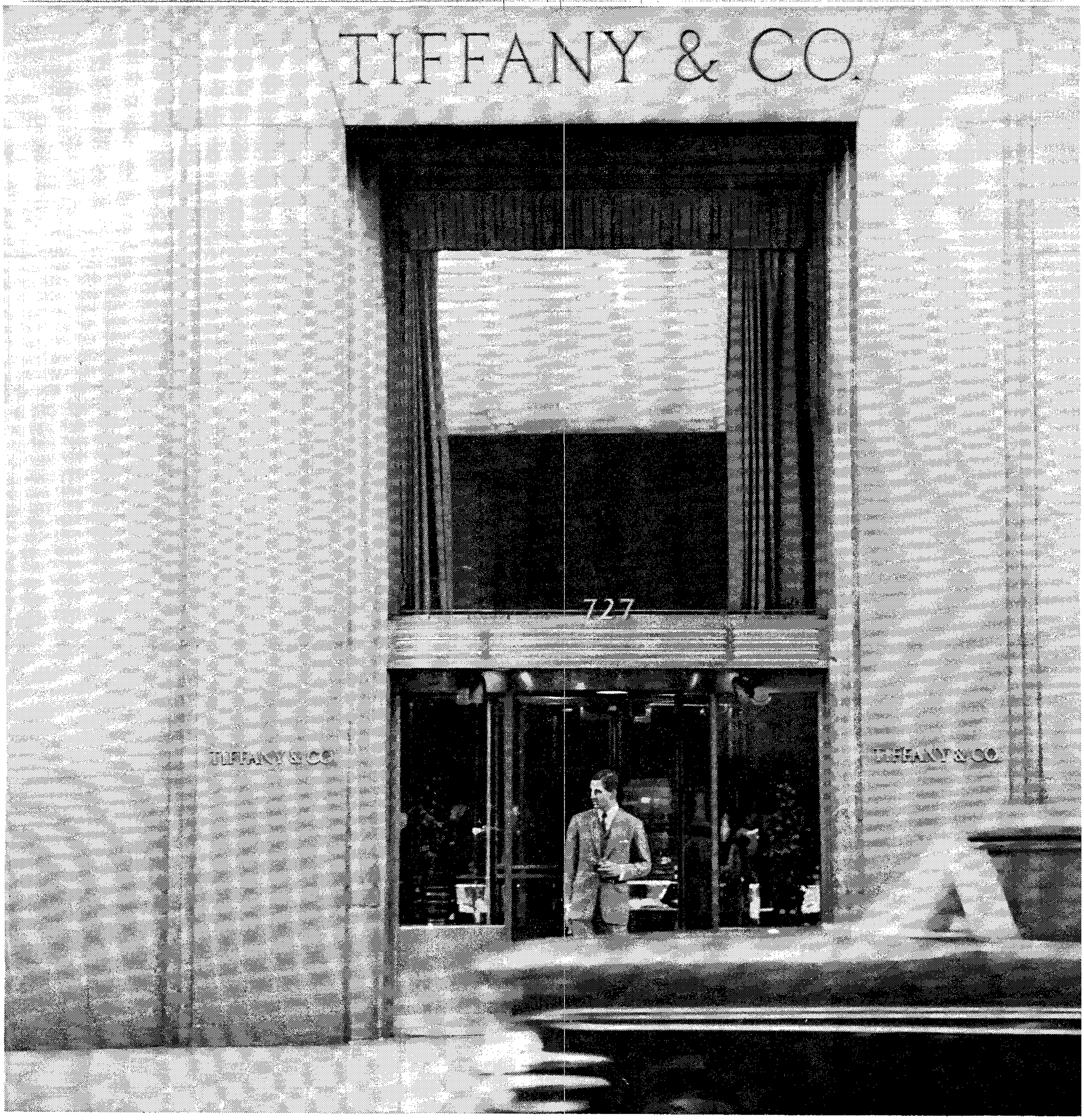

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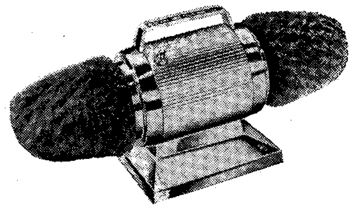

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tropicals could be set out each spring for a moderate cost. One need only read the handsome catalogues of the Three Springs Fisheries (Lilypons, Maryland) and of the Van Ness Water Gardens (2460 North Euclid Avenue, Upland, California) to be convinced. Three Springs is a father-and-son enterprise that has been in business since 1917. It started out as a farm and fishery, but there are now twenty-five acres of ponds for aquatic plants, set in the midst of more than three hundred rolling acres ten miles south of Frederick. We are told that Miss Lily Pons has adopted the post office as the place from which to mail her Christmas cards. Despite the punning name, which I can't admire, the beautiful black-and-white and color photographs of the catalogue make me long to visit Three Springs Fisheries and see its seventy-five varieties of hardy lilies, its twenty-five varieties of tropicals, and its lotuses and other water plants in bloom. To me the loveliest of the color portraits are of Gladstone, a hardy white lily; of Blue Beauty, a day-blooming tropical; and of the lotus Three Springs calls, not too correctly, Nelumbo album striatum. This sort of Nelumbo, the so-called Egyptian lotus, is one of our links with prehistory. A fossil lotus seventy million years old was recently found in eastern Asia, and in Washington, D.C., at the Kenilworth Aquatic Gardens, pink Manchurian lotuses are growing which were raised from seed that was a thousand years old when it was planted. One needs plenty of space for lotuses, which have leaves from two to three feet in diameter and flower stalks that grow to a height of from two to nine feet. (Unlike water lilies, lotuses bloom above the water.) Let go its own way, Nelumbo will create a small jungle, if that happens to be what you want. We have a native American lotus, of course, with yellow blossoms—the water chinquapin—and Three Springs grows and sells it, as well as ten lotuses from China, Japan, and other lands. The Van Ness catalogue offers far fewer varieties of both lilies and lotuses, but with its emphasis on warm-climate plants—small ones like water poppy and water hawthorn (which it spells "hawthorne"), as well as tropical lilies—it will be of special interest to those living in the Deep South or on the West Coast. Its cultural advice and planting diagrams are particularly helpful. Nearer New York City are three other firms: Slocum Water Gardens, of Binghamton, New York; William Tricker, Inc., of Saddle River, New Jersey (and also of Independence,

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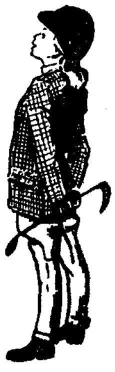

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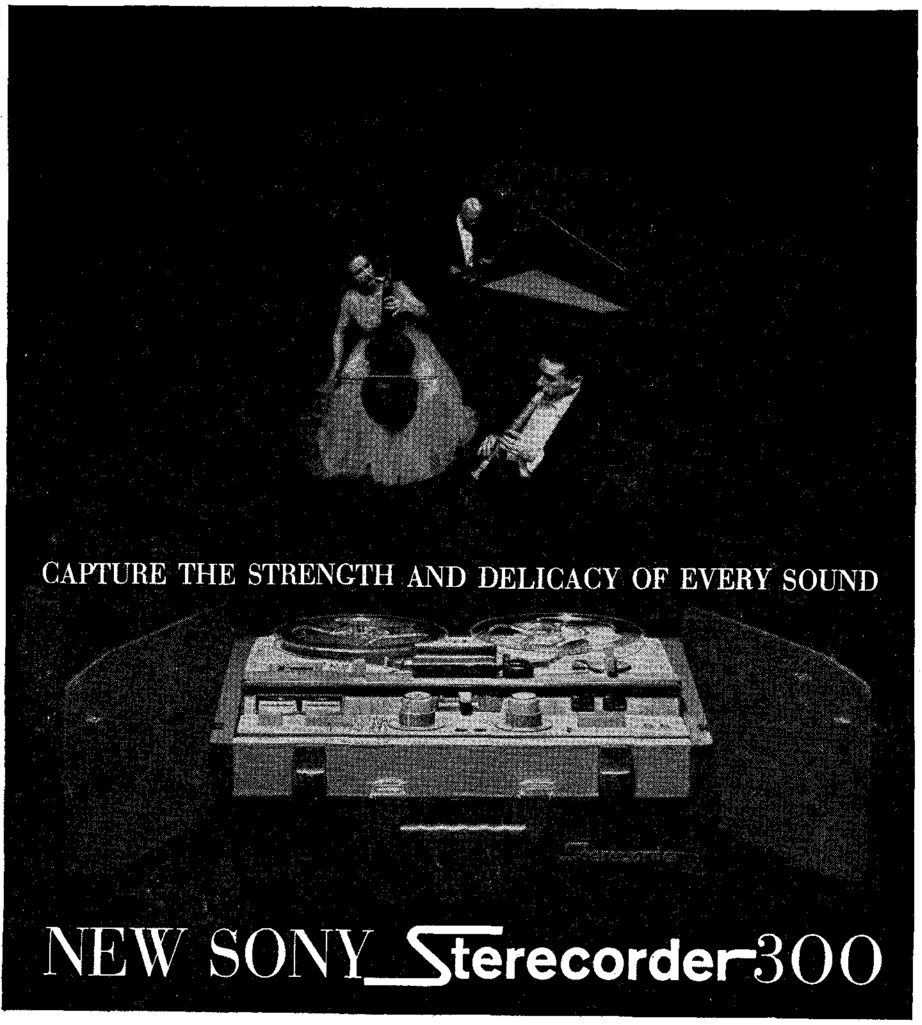
Ohio, near Cleveland); and S. Scherer & Sons, of Northport, Long Island. Slocum has nine acres of display pools in Binghamton as well as ten ponds at Marathon, New York. Perry Slocum, the proprietor, bred the first patented hardy water lily, Pearl of the Pool, which in its picture is a very pretty pale pink. The Slocum catalogue lists four lotuses, which it claims are hardy and easy to grow; it is the only catalogue to lay much emphasis on the lovely scent of the lotus, which it says is the most fragrant of the water lilies. Tricker is one of the biggest growers of aquatics, but it lists fewer varieties of lilies and lotuses than Three Springs, and the catalogue is far from handsome, what with poor photographs, crude color, and unalluring typography. It is, however, comprehensive, and proffers all the aids and gadgets and fish and pools a water gardener could possibly need. It also has a long and interesting list of shallow-water, bog, and rock plants, both hardy and tropical. If one is after something truly gigantic, Tricker has it in an aquatic plant called a victoria (Victoria trickeri, to be exact, said to be hardy as far north as Cleveland), which has flowers eighteen inches in diameter and leaf pads six feet broad, strong enough to support a girl—a pretty one, I trust. (I'm surprised that the fashion magazines in their search for exotic backgrounds have yet to photograph a model wearing a high-style sports outfit while standing on the six-foot pad of a victoria in the center of a pond.)

The Scherer catalogue is a more modest affair than the others, but I like it. This Long Island nursery has been in business for fifty years and is the largest grower of aquatic plants on the Island; it is open to visitors weekdays, and is also open Sundays, holidays, and evenings in April, May, and June. This year Scherer has added to its tropical-lily list, it has fibre-glass pools in seven shapes, and with the help of its booklet one could install a pool and a charming water garden.

If a pool and water plants are too much effort, any one of these five catalogues is useful in another way. In each of their listings are all sorts of plants good for naturalizing and revivifying a dismal swamp or bog—wildings like cattails, marsh marigolds, the wild irises (yellow and blue), and, for running brooks, watercress.

FROM December to March, there are for many of us three gardens—the garden outdoors, the garden of pots and bowls in the house, and the garden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of the mind's eye, whose midwinter vision, whether watery (like mine of the lily pond) or bedded in firm soil, is so brilliantly colored by the arrival soon after Christmas of the spring garden catalogues. This year my outdoor garden went under its blanket of snow the first week in December, and I have often been housebound. Therefore, I have had to enjoy the winter garden vicariously, with the help of books. The best for this purpose I've found is Elizabeth Lawrence's new one, "Gardens in Winter" (Harper), which has allowed me to share the delights of the author's garden in Charlotte, North Carolina, as well as the gardens and woods she knows from her wide reading. Miss Lawrence is a classicist, and can cite Virgil and the English poets as freely as she does Gertrude Jekyll and Jane Loudon. In this volume, she leads us most often to the English garden of Canon Henry Ellacombe, from whose two books "In a Gloucestershire Garden" (1896) and "In My Vicarage Garden" (1902) she often quotes. She also takes us to Walden Pond and Concord, in the winter sections of Thoreau's Journal. In North Carolina, Miss Lawrence says, there are two springs—the first in autumn, just after the killing frosts, and then the true spring, which starts on St. Valentine's Day—but she reminds us that it was Thoreau who wrote, "All the year is a spring," and her book seems to prove this to be true, even in the North. She has collected winter garden notes and flowering dates from her network of correspondents all over the United States, and shares these with her readers. Though we Northerners will envy her her iris and camellias in November, her roses and hardy cyclamens in December, and her violets and hoopskirt daffodils in January, she shows us that all winter, even in the most frigid and unlikely spots, there are flowers or shrubs in bloom or, at the very least, in fruit, if we look for them carefully. (It is possible that on the sub-zero day in February on which I happen to be writing this paragraph, my Christmas rose, Helleborus niger, may be putting out its blossoms under the snowdrift that buries it; I poked and kicked at the drift a while ago, but it was too hard-packed and icy for me to uncover the flowers without damage to the plant.) It would be a mistake to give the impression that "Gardens in Winter" is merely a gardener's appreciation of the winter world outdoors. Miss Lawrence is a landscape architect and a skilled and discriminating horticulturist, and her book is also a practical guide to suitable and interesting trees, shrubs, plants, and

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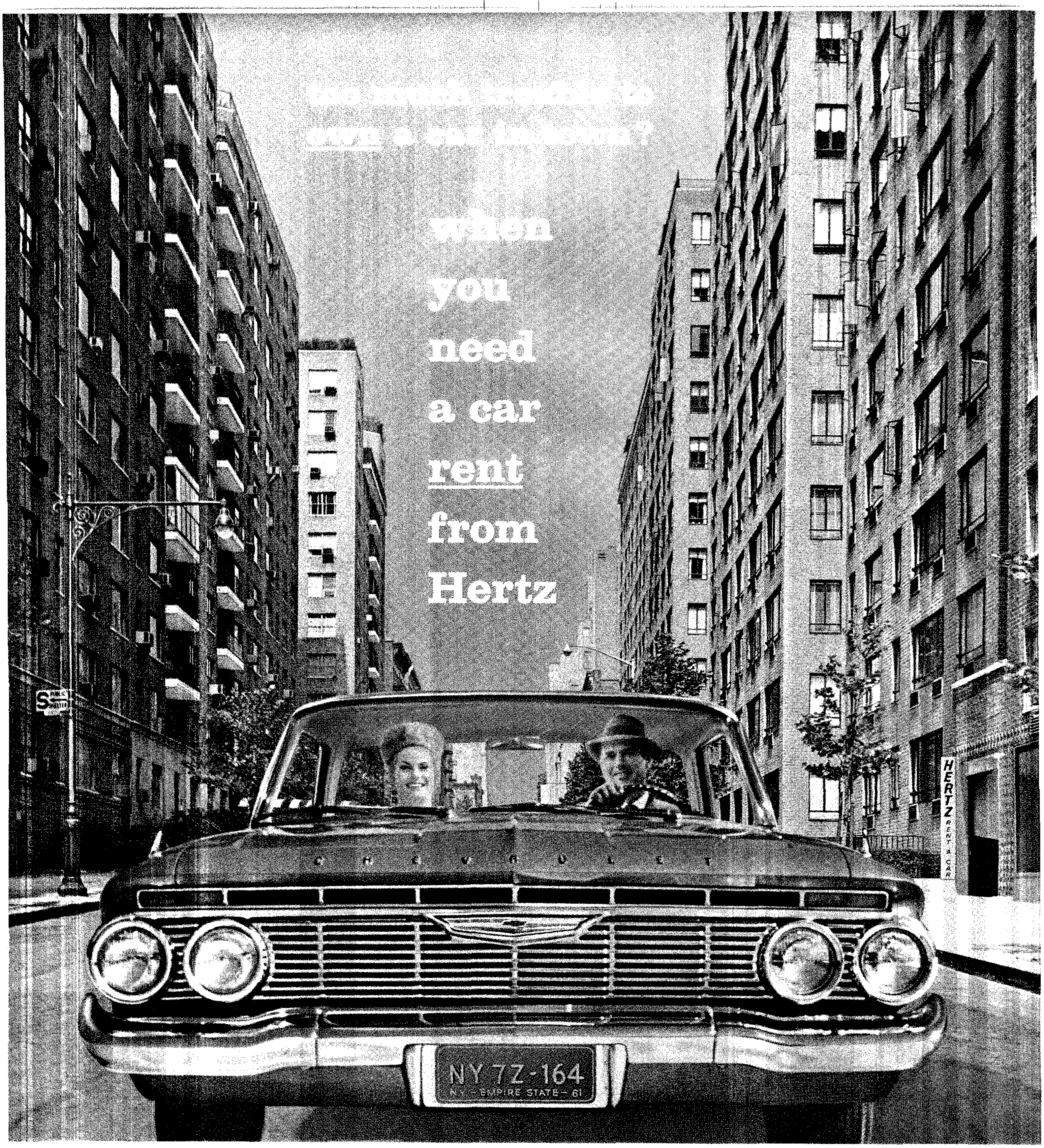

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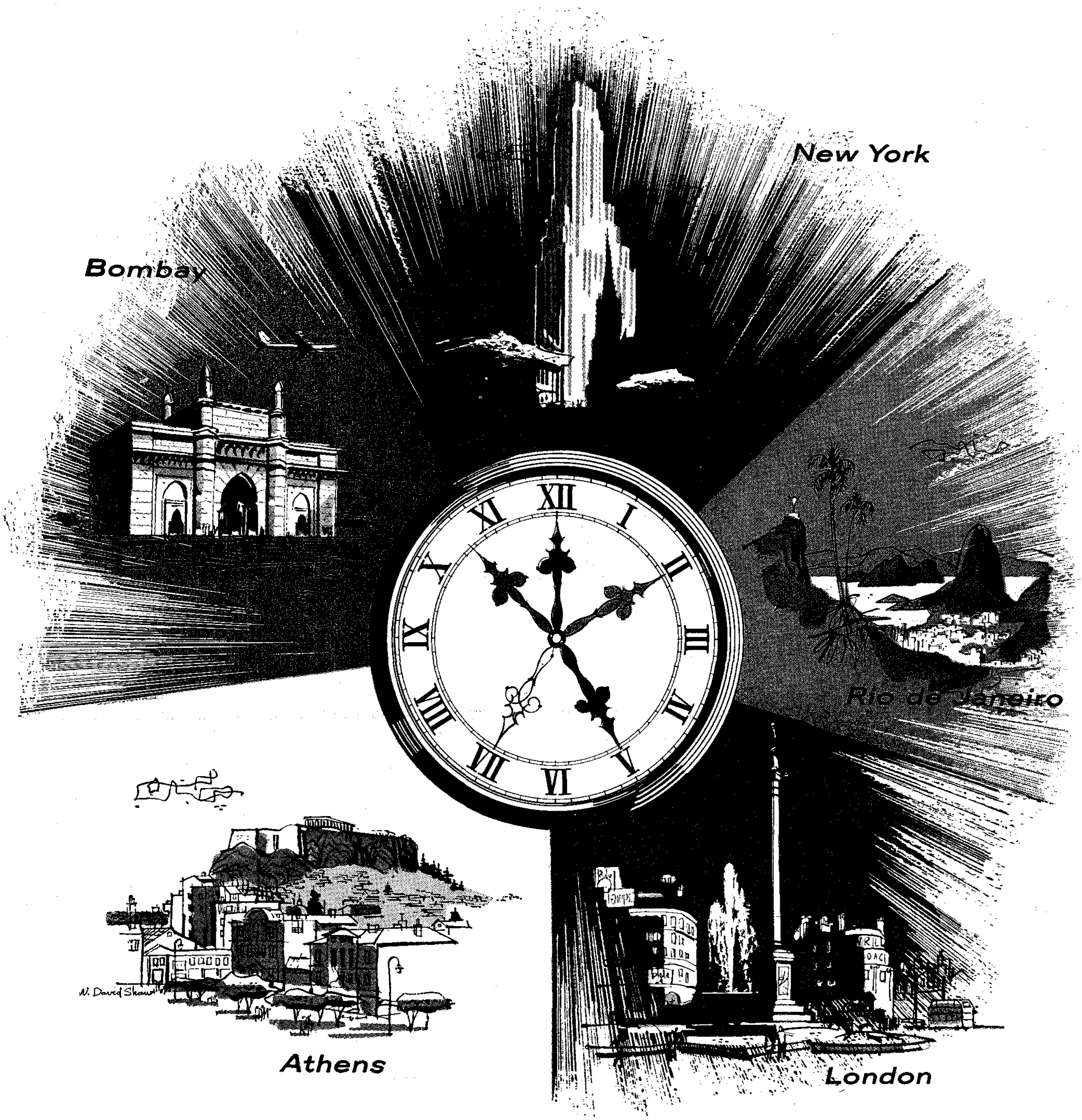
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bulbs for a winter garden. Sensibly, she includes in an appendix a list of plant sources and a list of winter reading, both technical and literary, for a gardener. I like the book most, though, because it quickens a country dweller's observation and stretches a gardener's imagination. The illustrations, pen-and-ink line drawings, are by Caroline Dormon, and they are as delicate and precise as the author's prose. Even the red dust jacket, with its lovely photograph of a clump of snowdrops flowering in snow, is an aesthetic pleasure.

Like Elizabeth Lawrence, I have in the past year been rereading the Countess von Arnim, the anonymous author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," a book that was wildly popular with gardening ladies in the late nineties and early nineteen-hundreds. I tried it when I was a child, just to see why my aunts talked about it so much, but soon gave up. I disliked the Countess then, and I fear that I still do, in some of her moods. Her style is too ecstatic to suit this age, and she is alternately too coy and too heavily ironic to suit me, especially in her references to the Count, whom she invariably refers to as the Man of Wrath; her disagreeable comments on him and on her guests, whom she nearly always detested, make me uncomfortable. In fact, I now believe that they eventually made Elizabeth herself uncomfortable, for in her second book, "The Solitary Summer," which I finally read this year, she seems to be trying to make amends for the misfiring of her irony and to show that hers was a happy marriage after all. The two books have a contagious enthusiasm for northland gardens and woods in both winter and summer, and their period pictures of life on a forbidding North German estate, worked by small armies of Russian serfs, and of the strict rules that governed the deportment of the mistress of the big house, are interesting. In her rebellion against this life, Elizabeth becomes a sympathetic character. Riding with her husband one day, she stopped to watch a group of women workers in the fields. One of them, arriving late, took up a spade and began to dig, and the overseer remarked that she had just been back to her house to have her baby. "Poor, *poor* woman!" exclaimed Elizabeth, and got into a wrangle with her husband about the sad lot of the women and whether it was right for the peasants to beat their wives. (He thought it entirely proper.) Poor, poor Elizabeth! She was not even permitted to plant her own flowers—unsuitable work for a countess—but,

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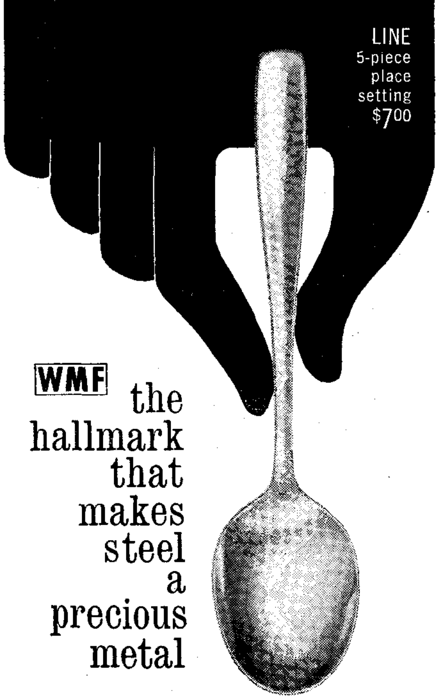

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instead, fumed over a succession of inept gardeners:

> I wish with all my heart that I were a man, for of course the first thing I would do would be to buy a spade and go and garden, and then I should have the delight of doing everything for my flowers with my own hands and need not waste time explaining what I want done to someone else. It is dull work giving orders and trying to describe the bright visions of my brain to a person who has no visions and no brains, and who thinks a yellow bed should be calceolarias edged with blue.

I see now why my New England aunts, who also disapproved of calceolarias, who cultivated their own gardens, and who had strong opinions on Rights for Women, were titillated by this book.

THE meticulous art of flower painting had its golden age between 1760 and 1860, and its history parallels the history of horticulture in Europe and England, for as botanical explorers brought new species from the far corners of the world, the artists were apt to record them. Flowers have been painted from the beginning of time, and some of the earliest great botanical painters were the medieval monks who illuminated the borders of their missals with those exact and delicate portraits of flowers that Sacheverell Sitwell has called "miracles of human taste and skill." Mr. Sitwell and Wilfred Blunt are the editors of "Great Flower Books, 1700-1900," a spectacular work that has also been part of my winter reading this year—that is, when I had the stamina to cope with this tremendous folio volume, nineteen and a half by thirteen and a quarter inches, and weighing eight pounds. Its handsome type is in general so large, and occasionally, in the legends on the thirty-six flower plates, so small, that this farsighted, astigmatic reader had to go at the book armed with reading glasses and a magnifying glass, but often found it better to wear no glasses at all. There is a reason, I suppose, for this outsize format; the venerable engravings from which these illustrations were taken were often very big, and much all-important detail would have been lost in reduction. The three dozen plates were printed for William Collins, the London publisher, in Amsterdam, the majority in eight-color photolitho-offset, and they are true rarities, not only because of the perfection of their reproduction but because many of the original flower engravings are hidden away in private collections. Mr. Sitwell contributes an enthusiastic if ornate essay on "The Romance of the Flower

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Book," and Mr. Blunt a more helpful one, on the history of flower painting. The botanical notes on the flowers depicted, and the introduction to the bibliography, which lists the major examples of this specialized art, are by Patrick M. Synge.

This noble book is naturally one to look at more than to read. The charm of the pictures, impossible to convey in words, is of course in part the charm of the flowers themselves, enhanced by the individual styles of highly skilled artists. When my Christmas rose was lost in a snowbank, I found it delightful to study the portrait of the Christmas rose engraved on copper by Nicholas Robert for Louis XIV. When my bird-of-paradise plant brought out its astonishing blossoms last October, I liked being able to study its likeness done by a great German draftsman, Franz Bauer, in 1818. And when I read in a catalogue of William Tricker's huge hardy victoria, Victoria trickeri, I could see its tender ancestor Victoria regia, as drawn in England by W. Fitch, in 1851. Mr. Synge's notes on this engraving say that Victoria regia is probably the most spectacular aquatic plant in the world, and he adds that when it first flowered, on November 2, 1849, in the Duke of Devonshire's collection at Chatsworth, it created a sensation. Perhaps the most enchanting pictures in the book come from France—Prévost and Redouté—but my favorite of all is by an Englishman, T. Baxter, who in 1806 painted a bold portrait of Bijbloemen and Bizarre "broken" tulips, in all their highly colored striations, against blue sky and white clouds. "Great Flower Books" has not yet been published in this country, and perhaps it never will be, because of the cost of producing a volume like this one; "great" flower books have usually come about at the behest of a rich monarch or a wealthy patron of the arts. The publication dates on the title pages of the old books were often years earlier than the actual publication dates, thanks both to financial exigencies and to the great care needed in the process of production. The English edition of "Great Flower Paintings" was small, but copies can presumably still be obtained from Collins direct, or from an American garden-book specialist.

I HAVE further reasons for my interest in the Baxter tulip plate. Patrick Synge's comment on the picture includes these words:

> These are forms of tulips called Bijbloemens or Bizarres. The streaking is now known to be caused by a virus but at the period of the plate [1806] such tulips were

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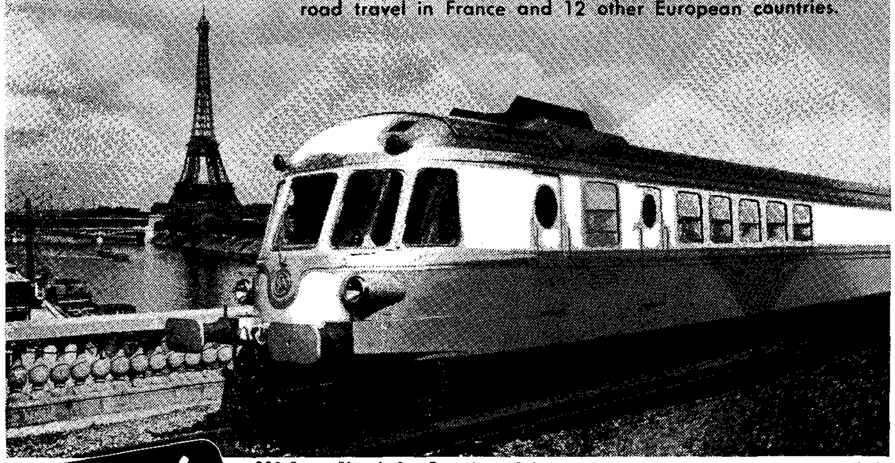

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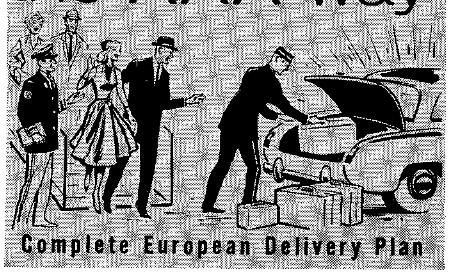

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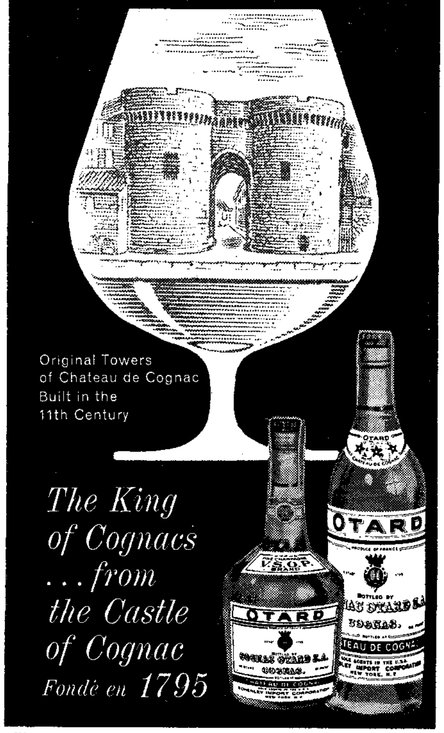
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far more popular than self-coloured forms and commanded very considerable prices. [In another place he writes] . . . the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century tulips seemed to be able to live with the virus and the plates are evidence of their vigor.

I quote these sentences in amplification because of my praise of "broken" tulips in these pages last September, when I failed to state that their lovely colorings are caused by a virus. I believe I knew this vaguely, but I thought little of it, because I did not understand that the bulbs are still infected. Now that I know better, I still think little of it, but it is only fair to say here that there is a Department of Agriculture bulletin on spring bulbs (Leaflet No. 439), which issues this warning:

> Many dealers sell Rembrandt, or "broken" tulips. These bulbs are infected with a virus disease that gives flowers a "broken" (striped, blotched, or mottled) appearance. Virus from these diseased bulbs will infect healthy tulips and lilies that are planted close to them. Diseased plants get smaller each year, die in 3 to 5 years. If you want to grow healthy tulips, you must keep "broken" tulips away from the healthy ones.

This indictment of the rare tulips that in Holland caused the great tulip mania has led me to a lot of investigation and correspondence. How, I wondered, could the Dutch and English growers have bred and sold broken tulips (I am tired of those quotation marks around "broken") and sold them by *named* varieties for centuries if the bulbs were still diseased? How could the characteristic markings that gave them their names have persisted so long? After correspondence with the government authorities (in particular, Mr. S. L. Emsweller, the head of the Department of Agriculture's Ornamentals Division), with horticultural authorities such as Dr. John C. Wister, of Swarthmore, and with two of the Dutch growers themselves, I found that all roads led to Dr. E. van Slogteren, of the Flower Bulb Research Laboratory, in Lisse, Holland, who everyone seems to agree is the greatest living authority on tulips. I was told that what he said about virus in tulips would be the facts. Luckily for me, Dr. van Slogteren is also an enthusiast of broken tulips, and published an article on them in the 1960 *Daffodil and Tulip Year Book* of the Royal Horticultural Society. He begins:

> In the opinion of the writer the "broken tulips" are the most beautiful of all tulips. . . . It will astonish outsiders to learn that the beauty of the flowers is due to a virus disease, causing a breaking of the colours. Yet this virus disease is after all the oldest known virus disease in plants and to my knowledge the only plant dis-

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ease apt to effect an enhancement of the value of the infected plant.

He goes on to say that the virus is carried chiefly by aphids—particularly the peach aphid, Myzus persicae Salz., which attacks trees of the Prunus family—though he has found it can also be transmitted by using the scissors that have cut broken tulips to cut tulips that are free of the disease. For more than a year now, he tells us, the Dutch bulb growers have been required by law to plant their broken tulips a hundred feet away from the healthy ones. But this matter of virus, which I have had to oversimplify, turns out to be only part of the story. It seems, according to Dr. van Slogteren, that there are a number of Dutch tulips that *resemble* broken tulips in their parti-colored markings but that are entirely free of virus, and sometimes, because of the similarity, they are listed by the growers under the heading of "Broken Tulips." This makes it confusing to the amateur gardener. In this category of cultivars that are virus-free, Dr. van Slogteren lists Prince Carnaval, General de Wet, Cordell Hull, American Flag, and (probably) Holmes King. There are perhaps others. Mr. Degenaar de Jager, of Heiloo, Holland, and South Hamilton, Massachusetts, the president of the bulb-growing and importing firm of P. de Jager & Sons, adds several others to the list, including Zomerschoon, a cottage tulip, which has been under cultivation since 1620. But according to Dr. van Slogteren, Zomerschoon is a broken tulip. If it is diseased, it is certainly stalwart to have survived all these centuries, and this makes me take heed of Mr. de Jager's letter to me: "The danger is within limited scope. If it was not, the whole of our stocks would have been infected and subsequently lost, since we have been growing a collection [of broken tulips] for over forty years among our other tulips, but have never found a spreading of the virus to the other varieties." Perhaps Heiloo is fairly free of orchards and their aphid pests, for Dr. van Slogteren, who is pleading for the continued cultivation of these historic and beautiful flowers, says unequivocally that they may become a dangerous source of infection to their neighbors. He writes, "This is certainly one of the reasons why the majority of growers today have stopped growing broken tulips. *But did they not throw out the baby with the bathwater in doing so?*" I have added the italics, because I think that Dr. van Slogteren is concerned, as I am, lest growers like P. de Jager & Sons and the others who have had the courage not to throw out the baby should be intimidated into doing so

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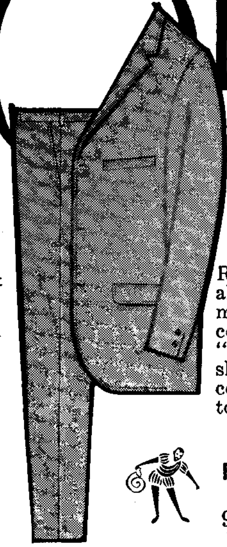

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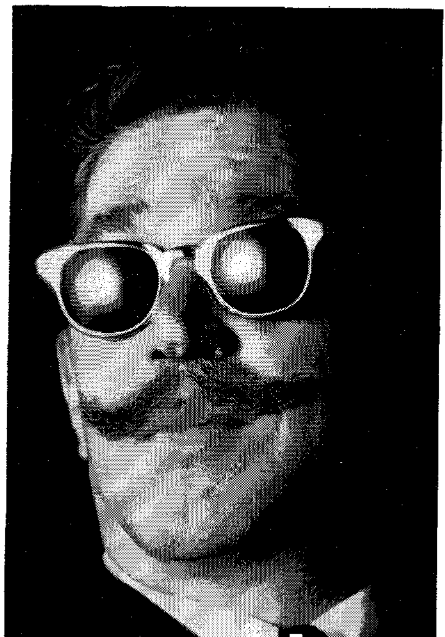

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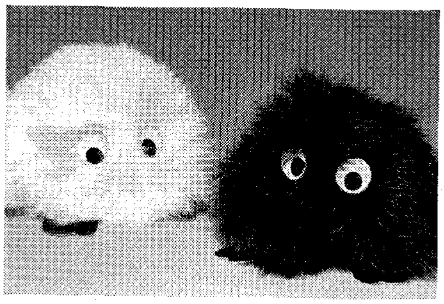

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eventually, with the result that these beautiful strains would be lost.

As I said, I wrote in many directions in my distress, for fear that my carelessness and my enthusiasm for the Bijbloemens, Bizarres, and Rembrandts may have led readers into spreading virus in their gardens. My most encouraging reply came from the redoubtable Elizabeth Lawrence: "As to broken tulips, I had read that they have a virus but it never occurred to me that that was a reason not to plant them. . . . I hate the idea of making gardening a science, and I have nothing to do with it. My garden is for pleasure, I don't spray, or do anything you're supposed to do."

Well, neither do I, and this year, for the first time, my tulip bed is planted with a mixture of healthy *and* broken tulips. I hold over tulip bulbs from year to year, which Miss Lawrence, in the South, does not, so I may be in for trouble, but I am not alarmed, for the reason that I have had virus in tulips and lilies before now, from bulbs supplied by dealers who do not raise broken tulips at all. It didn't cause any real trouble, because I pulled up and burned any sick-looking plants. (Dr. van Slogteren is careful to say that the clearly patterned broken tulips are safer than tulips that have less obvious symptoms yet nevertheless are infected.) And if broken tulips have been grown—and painted by artists—for centuries, why should I not grow them, too? However, though I don't pretend to offer advice on gardening, I felt it only fair to give the warning that if you are one of those who want to be absolutely safe, you should either buy the named varieties of parti-colored tulips whose color patterns have not been caused by a virus or else plant your broken tulips at some distance from your clear-colored healthy varieties and your lilies.

To this lengthy Department of Amplification I shall add one last note, relative to the villains in the piece. It came in a letter, just after last fall's election, from a gardening friend in Washington who is a Democrat. The recount was in process and the outcome in doubt. "I do not wish to spoil your day," he wrote, "but I have just learned that all aphids are female. The Kennedy thing is all right. . . ."

I LIKE, when I can, to compare the bright, shiny mail-order catalogues of today and their realistic color photographs of "bigger and better" flowers and vegetables with the seed annuals put out by the same companies when they were young. The comparison throws an odd sidelight on American progress—if

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it is progress. To be sure, many of the old favorites have disappeared or altered their methods of business. Peter Henderson's catalogue and its familiar cover picture of an old farmer whose benign, smiling face and laden barrow of vegetables used to conjure up such reassuring promises of plenty when the seed book arrived each spring are now only a happy memory, as is, for New Yorkers, the Peter Henderson store on Cortlandt Street, full of good, pungent smells and walled with neatly labelled drawers of seed from which dignified, aproned clerks filled your order. (In 1935, *Fortune*, to the dismay of the sentimentalists, reported that the body of one of these clerks had served as the model for the figure of the old man on the cover, but that for the face the artist inappropriately chose the face of an actor.)

If Henderson is gone, the huge Ferry-Morse Seed Company, of Mountain View, California, which celebrated its hundredth anniversary in 1956, is still going strong, although greatly changed in its methods since the days when it was D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, and sold its seed by mail-order catalogue. Ferry-Morse issued its last catalogue in 1957, and almost from the start this company has distributed its seed at least in part on a commission basis, displaying the packets in racks placed in markets, hardware stores, and other retail outlets. Indeed, the founder of the company, Dexter Mason Ferry, may be said to have introduced the idea of self-service in stores (an idea I wish had never been thought up), for it was he who invented the so-called "commission box," or seed rack. For generations, though, the company was in close touch with its customers by mail. One of my precious possessions is the Ferry *Seed Annual* for 1895. Its cover, in soft pastel tones, is a reproduction of a charming water color of three Gibson girls in a grassy field of wild flowers. One girl, wearing a white dress and a stiff sailor hat, stands knee-deep in the grass, gazing into the distance; one, in beige, has sat down to rest on a bank of flowers while she shields her face from the disfiguring sun with a white ruffled parasol; the third, in pink, is approaching her friends, holding up in the folds of her long skirt the bouquet of field flowers she has gathered. *Not a single flower in the entire picture is recognizable*, a fact I find engagingly noncommercial. It was enough for the Mr. Ferry of 1895 to suggest that pretty girls liked pretty flowers, whether or not the flowers were raised from Ferry seeds. The only publications Ferry-Morse puts out today are a planting

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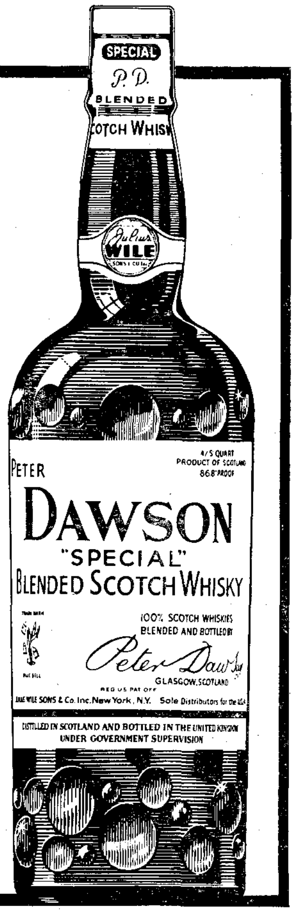
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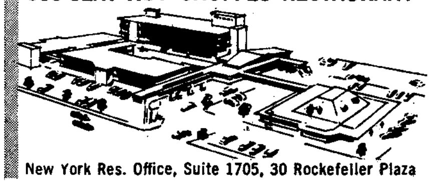

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chart, and three small leaflets (available for ten cents from the home office) that give, respectively, elementary advice on garden culture, on how to make your meals tastier with herbs, and on "Fixing Flowers to Please Your Family." The cover of this last is a color photograph of a gray-haired, well-permanented matron arranging flowers in her modern kitchen, following, I've no doubt, the Ferry-Morse rules for taste, or perhaps experimenting with the leaflet's suggestions on how to have "Fun with Forms." Even flower arrangement, it seems, is now a mass commercial movement. The whole sad business is a far cry from the romantic cover and the interesting catalogue of 1895, which offered eighty-eight pages of vegetables and flowers. The flower list described thirty-seven *named* varieties of sweet peas and the seeds of many flowers now almost unknown to commerce, and of course most of the flowers we grow today. But if there is small call for the Chilean glory-flower (Calampelis scabra) or Cedronella cana, a balm from the Canary Islands—to name only a couple of varieties sold in 1895—Ferry-Morse has its substitutes, for the firm was also one of the pioneers of scientific seed breeding. For example, its sweet pea Blanche Ferry, pictured in color in the 1895 catalogue, is the forebear of all our early-flowering sweet peas. The Morse half of the firm was probably responsible for the sweet pea, since long before the merger of the firms, Morses were breeding flowers for Ferrys. It happened this way: Charles Copeland Morse, a lad from Thomaston, Maine, arrived in California in 1862, sailing before the mast, and decided to stay there and raise seeds. By 1896, his company was the chief producer of seeds on the Pacific Coast, and his son became the West Coast's leader in improving old strains of seeds and developing new ones. The merger of the two companies was made in 1930, and the firm is still hard at this business of plant breeding. It is, for instance, responsible for our newest sweet alyssum, Rosie O'Day, which this year won an All-America Award and which is touted in almost all the catalogues of the seed houses that still bother to publish catalogues. Rosie O'Day is a deep, unfading rose-pink, with a flat habit of growth, and in her color pictures she is very pretty.

There is at least one seed company that was *founded* on the principle of the commission box—the Mandeville & King Co., of Rochester, New York, which for the past eighty-five years has specialized in flower seeds and sold them in retail stores. It, too, issues no cata-

it's chic to say... "CAL-VAY!"

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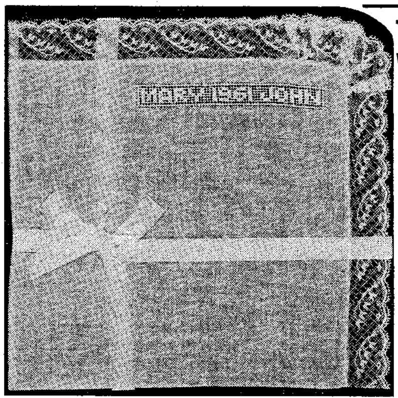

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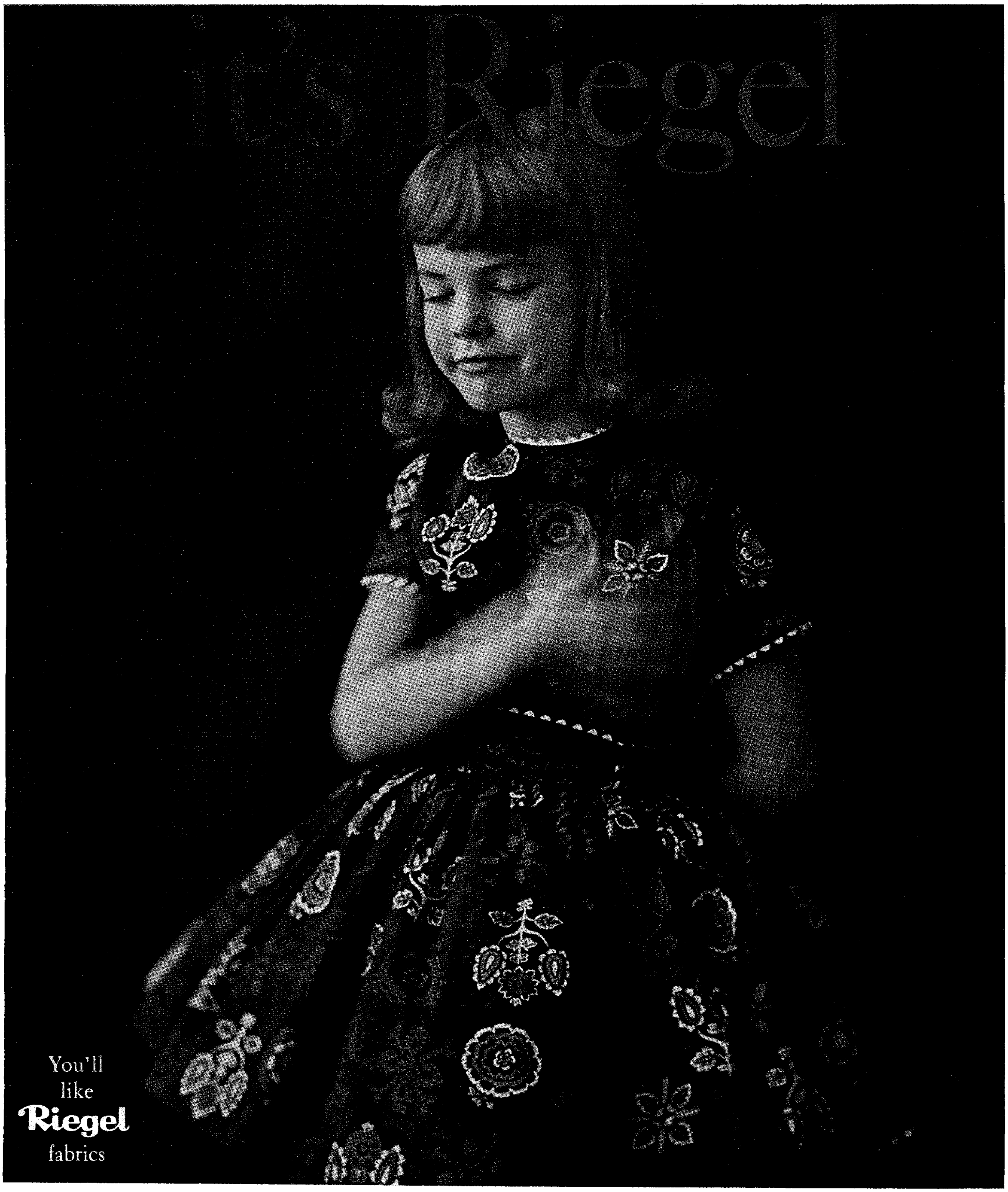

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logues, and I find it a pity for those of us who do not happen to live in the region where Mandeville seeds are distributed. I have never been in a position to buy one of its packets off a seed rack, but an unknown friend has sent me one of them—a packet of sweet-lavender seed. The legend on the little envelope gives full cultural instructions, preceded by the following sentences:

> Lavender is grown for its fragrant flowers. They are used for making sachets and perfumes. The flowers are dried and laid with the linen to make it fragrant. The Kabyle women of North Africa think it protects them from maltreatment by their husbands. Most American women know better.

If all Mandeville's packets read as well as this one, how pleasant it would be if the firm would issue a catalogue full of just such useful and provocative information and would sell its wares by mail all over the country.

HAPPILY, most of the old mail-order seed houses are going as strong as ever today. Before me as I write are Burpee's, Harris's, Breck's, and Park's catalogues, each of them as full of life and promise and happy surprise as they were for our grandparents. I have made a discovery about the W. Atlee Burpee Company (Philadelphia 32). The firm issues *two* retail catalogues; one is slightly smaller and much less comely than the other, but it has the same seed lists and black-and-white photographs, and the same front and back covers in color. It lacks, though, the twenty-four good color pages that the second, far better-looking catalogue has, and is printed on poorer paper, which makes the photographs less sharp. The explanation is simple. The Grade A catalogue goes to the firm's steady customers, the smaller one to those who have not put in an order for some time and are, in Burpee's eyes, forlorn hopes, worthy only of an economical, faint-chance seed book. The plan makes sense, and Burpee, by following it, is far more generous than many firms, which drop you from their lists whenever you fail to order. Burpee presents some new marigolds this year, two of them named Alaska and Hawaii. (What would spring be without a new Burpee marigold?) Hawaii is bright orange; Alaska is a pale primrose, yet it is the nearest to white of all the *big* marigolds. There is, though, a new and smaller marigold that is almost pure white; its name is Whitey.

The George W. Park Seed Company (Greenwood, South Carolina) is one of the last of the seed companies to sell sweet peas by name. It still offers a few

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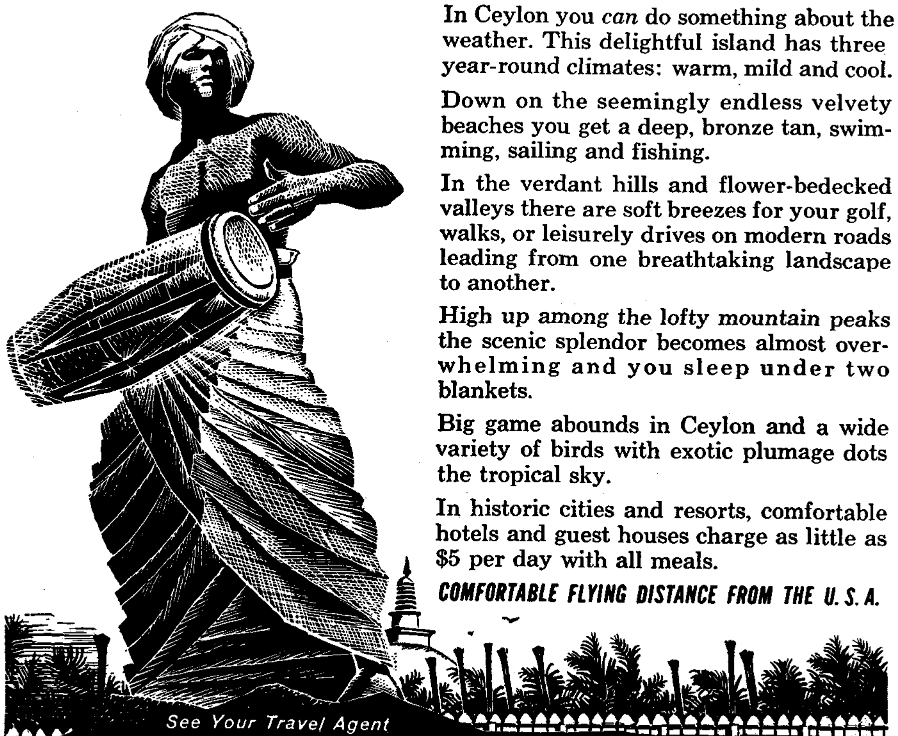

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named varieties. For a really big assortment of named sweet peas, though, you will have to turn to the exhaustive catalogue of Harry E. Saier, of Dimondale, Michigan, who lists nearly fifty varieties by name. The fat booklet costs thirty cents and is well worth it if you want unusual flowers, because the energetic Mr. Saier, who is seventy-three years old, collects his seed from all over the world; his listings, astonishingly, include approximately eighteen thousand kinds of seed. Here you can even find Ferry's 1895 glory-flower and Canary balm, should you want to grow them, but you will have to look up glory-flower not under its common name or under Calampelis scabra but under its corrected *Latin* name, Eccremocarpus. Mr. Saier has little patience with familiar names. The cover of his catalogue this year carries the words "Fifty Years," and it is Mr. Saier himself who has built up his great collection over half a century.

The Joseph Harris Company (Moreton Farm, Rochester 11, New York) this year adds to its last year's prize-winning Rocket snapdragons a new strain of shorter ones, called Frontier snapdragons, which are also F_1 hybrids. They grow to only two feet and produce as many as fifteen spikes to a plant. I like snapdragons in part for their stately height, but these short ones, planted *in front of* the tall ones, should make a pretty flower bed. Harris has this year a new dwarf salvia called Red Pillar, which in its pictures is, I must admit, the best-looking red salvia I've seen, although why anyone ever wants to grow salvia unless it is the blue perennial variety I don't know. The plant breeders this year seem to have turned their attention to improving flowers I have never been able to admire. I had assumed that red salvia, cannas, and coleus were Victorian plants we'd never have to bother about again, and believed they would soon disappear from our garden landscape, together with the last of the iron deer. Yet here is Harris with its salvia, and the George W. Park Seed Company with its brand-new coleus, named Coleus chartreuse, and Breck's (Boston 10) is featuring still another salvia, the dwarf Scarlet Pygmy. Even the handsome new book of Wayside Gardens, Mentor, Ohio (price $1.50), which is bigger and more fascinating to study than ever, to my amazement devotes three pages to its new pastel cannas and its hybrid dwarf cannas from Germany. "Gone," writes the cataloguer, "are the hard, offensive colors of the old Canna. Gone also are the small, spindly blooms." Quite true, but what I did not like in the

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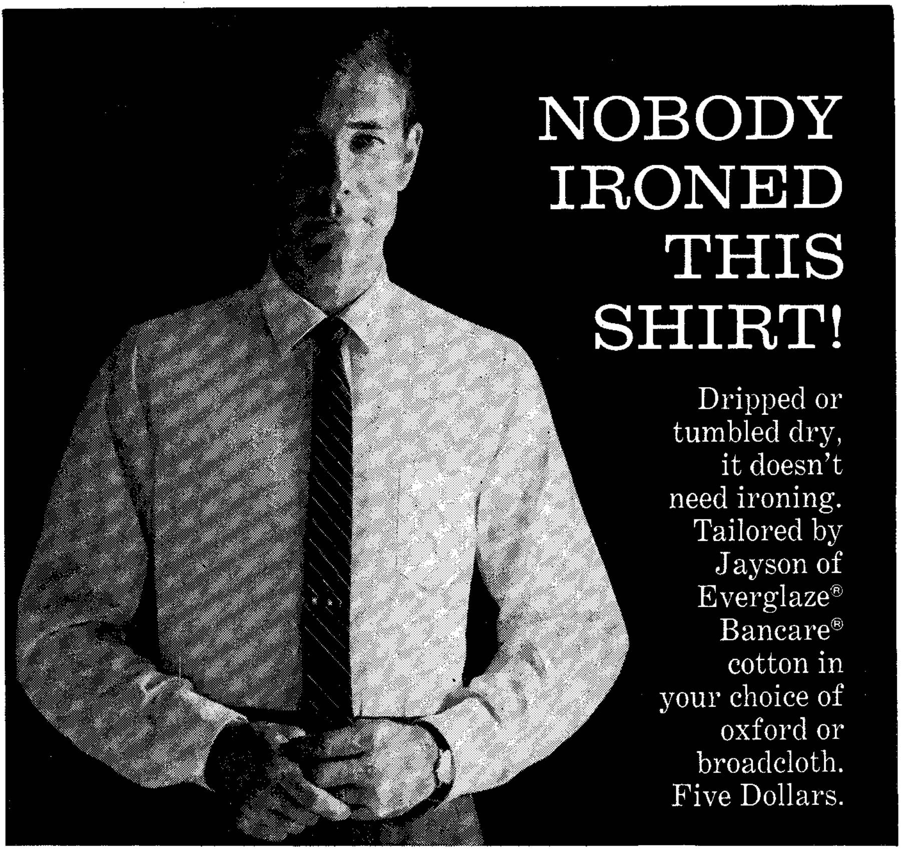
first place about cannas, coleus, and red salvia was not so much their various colors as the texture and design of their flowers and leaves. The shape and substance of a flower seem to me to determine its personality quite as much as its coloring or its fragrance. The flower heads of the improved cannas, for instance, are still just oval blobs of color. However, even I can visualize a spot where the new chartreuse coleus might make a lovely patch of fresh yellow-green, where the soft tones of the pastel cannas might be effective, and where the red fire of the salvias might be cheerful.

LAST fall I gave away all my gladiolus bulbs, deciding that since I cared so little for them I could not endure one more winter of drying them out and hanging them in the cellar. I bought the first ones years ago, chiefly because doing so gave me an excuse to pay a call on our First Selectman, who grew gladioli as a sideline. He is long since dead, yet for years, perhaps partly to remind me of my pleasant visits in his kitchen, I have grown a row of gladioli in the vegetable garden, not knowing where else to put these awkward flowers, which take up so much space and do not combine well with other flowers in a border or bed. Despite my neglect, they performed faithfully each summer, giving me enormous stalks of white, cream, lavender, yellow, salmon, and pink flowers, which I dutifully cut and brought into the house when I had nothing better to pick. Growing, gladioli seem to me ugly, poking their great spikes out of the ground at queer angles, and knocked down by every heavy rain, and I find them ungainly to arrange as cut flowers unless I have a huge vase and a big, stately room, which I do not have in this old farmhouse. When they are cut short and arranged in a shallow container in the modern pseudo-Japanese style, I do not enjoy them, either. The sad truth is that I have never been able really to like these showy, impersonal, unfragrant blooms, which remind me of my few hot-weather sessions in a hospital, since in midsummer florists seem to make them the mainstay of their hospital deliveries. All this is doubtless my fault; several of my friends are able to arrange them in lovely bouquets. I have to admit that some of their colorings are lovely, and today, after studying the handsome color and black-and-white photographs in the new catalogue of Champlain View Gardens (Burlington, Vermont), I almost regret my stern decision never to grow them again. The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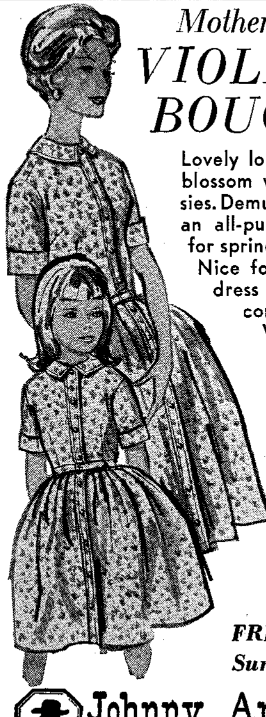

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catalogue, I am sorry to say, is titled "Gove's Glad Book," and the foreword is signed "Elmer Gove, Apostle of Beauty." (Half my prejudice may lie in this flower's uneuphonious name, with its awkward plural, and especially in its horrid nickname. I can *not* be glad about glads.) Nevertheless, to the countless number of less prejudiced gardeners I commend Mr. Gove's good-looking and complete catalogue, and I call their attention to two lovely new blue gladioli named China Blue and Blue Mist and two luscious lavenders named Blue Lilac and Orchid Charm. Mr. Gove has everything a fancier could want—thirty color classifications, exotic hybrids, miniatures, even a half-dozen fragrant varieties. He appears to be a trifle doubtful about these last, though, for he writes that some people can't seem to get their fragrance, and that if they can't they are not to complain to him, for he does not list any variety as fragrant unless it really is. I can hardly imagine what a scented gladiolus would smell like.

"EVERY year, in November," writes Maeterlinck, "at the season that follows the hour of the dead, the crowning and majestic hour of autumn, reverently I go to visit the chrysanthemums. . . . They are, indeed, the most universal, the most diverse of flowers." Maeterlinck is, to me, next to intolerable when he writes on gardens—exalted, flowery, and overblown—but I do happen to agree with him on chrysanthemums, and daily in autumn, I, too, visit reverently each chrysanthemum plant that has survived the frosts of October's Allhallows Eve, "the hour of the dead." I love chrysanthemums for their resistance to frost, their diversity of form, their strong, pungent foliage, and their great range of cheerful yet subtle autumn colors. In Maine it is difficult to bring them through a cold winter, and we always lose a few, but I prefer to do that rather than to go to the trouble of wintering them in cold frames, as many do in severe climates. Besides, a new chrysanthemum plant, set out in spring, will, if pinched back to cause branching, make a fine show by the following October.

The Bristol Nurseries (Bristol, Connecticut) specializes in chrysanthemums and has comprehensive lists of all the various types—the Decoratives, the Spoons, the Pompons, the Spiders or Rayonnantes, the low-growing Cushions, and the Football chrysanthemums of the florist shops. The catalogue is illustrated with bright color photographs, but because the 1961 edition is

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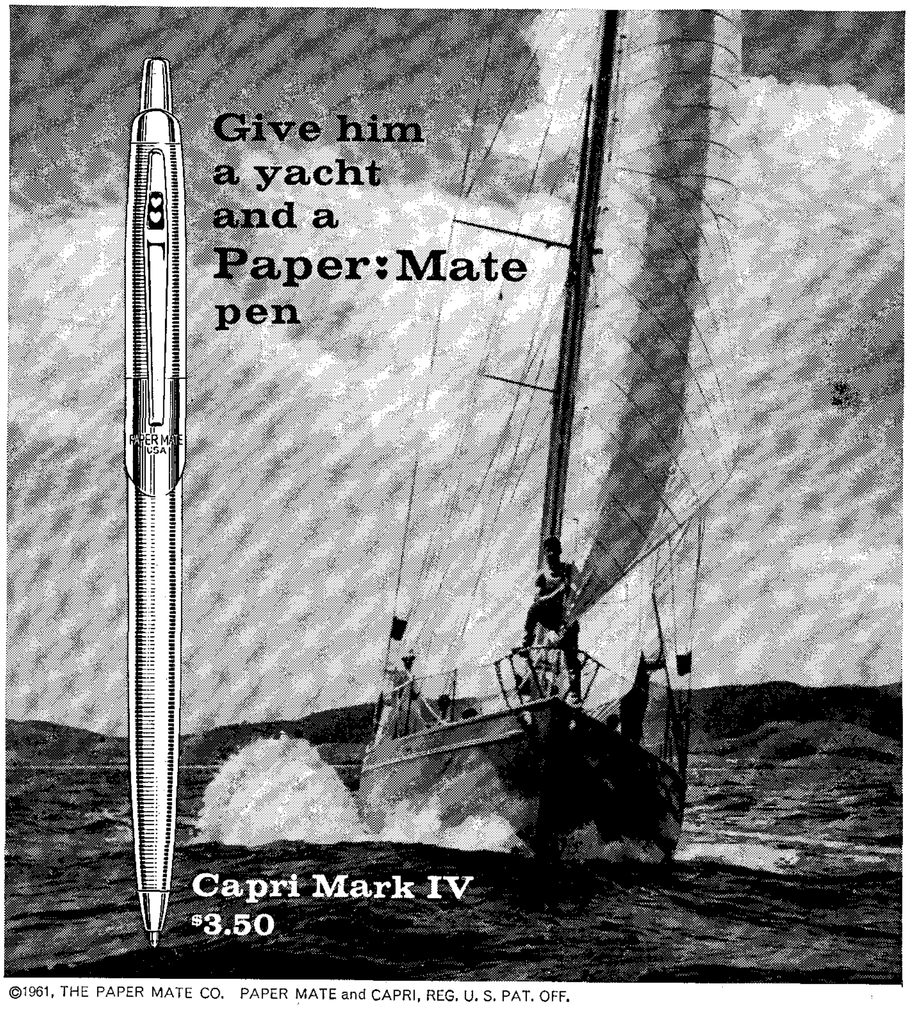
not yet out, I cannot describe it in detail. I advise you to send for it and order some plants, as I did a year ago. Mine were good specimens and grew well.

Lamb Nurseries, too (101 East Sharp Avenue, Spokane 2, Washington), has an excellent list of American chrysanthemums, but it makes a specialty of the early-flowering English chrysanthemums, which are the largest of the outdoor varieties, with flowers five to six inches across and petals reflexed, in-curved, or shaggy. These English varieties, Lamb says, will bloom from July until the frosts come, but I gather that they are not as hardy or frost-resistant as the other types. They should be useful, though, where the cold comes extra early.

I myself prefer the smaller kinds, the Buttons and the Pompons, and the medium-large types with looser petals. The Putney Nursery, of Putney, Vermont, has a good small assortment, and I liked its Abundance, a bronze with reddish eyes; Football Bronze, a handsome in-curving type; Lee Powell, a China gold; and Lavender Lady, a silvery pink-lavender. Most of my chrysanthemums, though, came from Wayside Gardens. My Wayside favorites are the luminous Ashes of Roses, of which I have written before, and Bronze Cactus, which is a *pink* bronze. Put these two near Ancaster Peach, and the peach-pink Mrs. Pierre S. du Pont III and the others named above, and, unlikely as it sounds, they blend as well as a row of frost-touched maples. We have three maples between our house and the road, one of which always turns a pink red, another a pale yellow, and the third a chartreuse green, and one sees them against the scarlet of the swamp maples across the highway. They color just when our chrysanthemums are in flower, and for me both the flowers and the trees spell the best days of autumn.

THIS year I shall postpone until autumn my description of the new roses and new rose catalogues; a few growers do not issue their complete catalogues until fall, anyway, and all of them emphasize the virtues of fall planting. However, a hasty inspection of the rose books I have at hand makes me aware of one happy change, which I cannot wait to celebrate. This is that the growers of modern roses more and more are taking pains to tell us about the fragrance of their roses or, by omission of any mention of scent, to imply its absence. For consistency on this point, I give top prize to Peterson & Dering, of Scappoose, Oregon, which has the most



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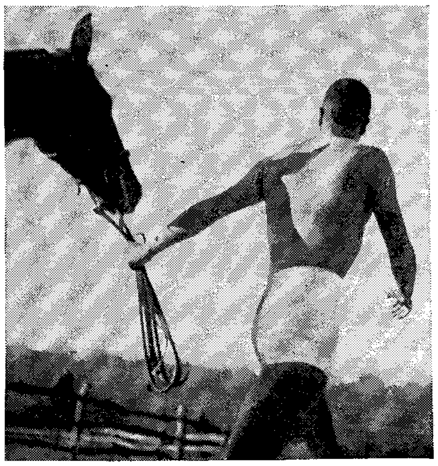
orderly rose catalogue I've seen yet. The roses are grouped by colors, their American Rose Society ratings are given, and each scented rose is graded conscientiously as very fragrant, fragrant, or slightly fragrant. It is notable, in this age of the non-fragrant rose, how many of Peterson & Dering's *are* sweetly scented. Melvin E. Wyant, too, of Johnny Cake Ridge, Mentor, Ohio, has apparently been sniffing every rose he grows, and he goes so far as to describe the individual scents as his nose dictates them to him: Sutter's Gold has a "rich tea fragrance," Grande Duchesse Charlotte has a "slight carnation fragrance," Katherine T. Marshall is "fruity" and Joanna Hill "musky," Rex Anderson smells faintly of lemon, and so on. "Star Roses," the catalogue of the Conard-Pyle Company (West Grove, Pennsylvania), often makes the same sort of descriptive effort and in general is far more helpful on the matter of fragrance than it used to be. Will Tillotson's Roses (Brown's Valley Road, Watsonville, California) and Joseph J. Kern (Box 33, Mentor, Ohio), whose major interest is the sweet-smelling old-fashioned rose, have always noted fragrance. Jackson & Perkins (Newark, New York), on the other hand, and perhaps still the majority of the rose growers, do not bother to mention scent except when it is present in the new roses they happen to be featuring. J. & P. customers are supposed to know without being told that the modern but not recent Chrysler Imperial and Sutter's Gold, which the company still sells, are notable for their perfume, but though this asset is doubtless taken for granted by the rosemen themselves, many who are starting their first rose bed will not know it. Perhaps if the growers realized that roses described without mention of fragrance are usually assumed by amateurs to have none, they would take more care.

For a time, my belief that a rose without scent was only half a rose caused me to wonder whether I had an obsession about this matter, but recently I have come on a letter that makes me think that if I have, I am in good company. The letter was written in 1573 by the seventeenth Earl of Oxford to his friend Thomas Bedingfield:

> What doth avail the rose unless another took pleasure in the smell? Why should this tree be accounted better than that tree but for the goodness of his fruit? Why should this rose be better esteemed than that rose, unless in pleasantness of smell it far surpassed the other rose?

Why indeed? The seventeenth Earl of Oxford was a man of many gifts. He



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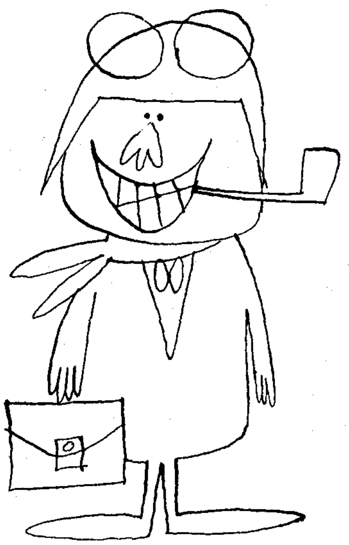
may or may not have written the plays of Shakespeare, but I do find the Earl a kindred spirit, and I trust that the rosemen will pay heed to his words.

IF it were practical, I would some year devote my entire spring report to the delights of the English garden catalogues, which send me, as a devotee of this form of reading matter, into an ever-green, ever-blooming, idealized garden that is compounded of many things both literary and actual: English gardens I have seen in Cornwall and the Cotswolds, in Buckinghamshire and Surrey; the Chelsea Flower Show, which I visited just before the Germans invaded the Lowlands in 1914; the soft, equable English climate, "annihilating all that's made to a green thought in a green shade;" the English garden books, which are usually so much better than ours; and, perhaps most of all, the landscapes and shrubberies and gardens and flowers of the English novelists and poets. Jane Austen, who lived in the age of the "improvers"—as landscape gardeners like Humphrey Repton and his colleagues were then known—is particularly good (despite Fanny Price and the headache she got picking roses for Aunt Norris) on great avenues of trees, formal prospects, ha-has, and shubberies rather than on flowers, but it is to the poets, from Shakespeare to Wordsworth, that we owe our best pictures of English wild flowers and garden flowers. All this background of our English heritage gives a special aura to English garden catalogues, at least to American readers—an aura that probably does not exist for the British, to whom the English garden and the English landscape, whether literary or actual, are a matter of course.

There is, as an example, the forty-eight-page book of Allwood Brothers, Ltd., which is devoted entirely to carnations and pinks for the garden and greenhouse. I presume the British take it for granted, and we who do not may also have it by sending twenty-five cents to the nursery, at Hayward's Heath, Sussex. The Allwood garden pinks are obtainable in many American catalogues—Wayside's, for one—and whenever you see laced pinks or Allwoodii pinks or border pinks offered for sale, they probably came originally from Allwood seeds or Allwood plants. Yet the meagre offerings of the American catalogues can give you no idea of the variety Allwood has to offer in its own listings or of the charm of these aromatic old-fashioned flowers, which is so well shown by monochrome photographs in Allwood's unpretentious



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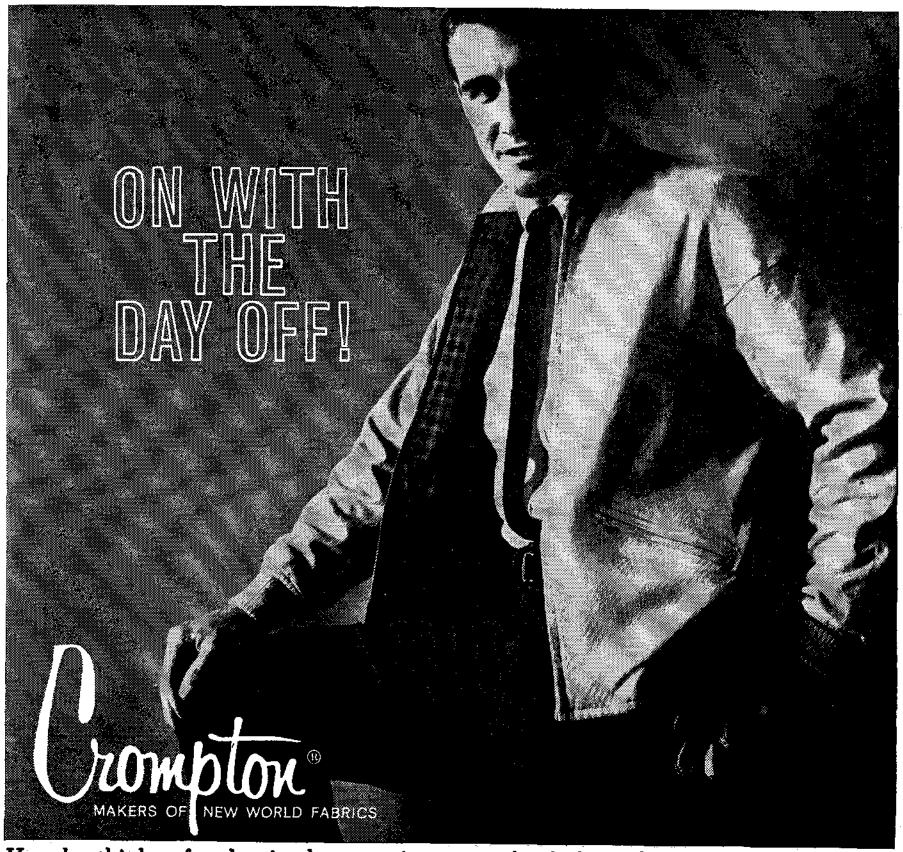
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catalogue. We are not told by Wayside that the laced pinks have names like Charity, Faith, Felicity, Hope, and Verity, nor can we usually choose the colorings of our pinks in this country. The Allwoodii varieties are a hybrid between the old-fashioned garden pink and the perpetual flowering carnation. They bloom all summer, they are free-flowering, and every one of them is deliciously scented. Allwoodii alpinus is the race of dwarf, spicy, ever-flowering pinks for rock and wall gardens. Then there are the Border and Cottage and Picotee carnations, and the Village pinks, and the Bedding pinks, all for the garden—not to speak of the big carnations for cool greenhouses and, also for greenhouses, the perpetual-flowering Malmaisons, "remarkable for their outstanding perfume" and beloved of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. The wealth and variety positively make the head swirl. The wide range of colorings is equally surprising; until I read this catalogue I had no idea that common garden carnations may have apricot, crimson, heliotrope, scarlet, and yellow grounds as well as pink and white. Allwood's descriptions are uneffusive and to the point. Let us take that of the laced pink Hope, which won a Royal Horticultural Society award: "White ground, good crimson lacing, semi-double scented flowers. Free flowering." The named varieties are sold only as plants, and unfortunately this year the plants may not be brought into the United States, even with an import license. The seeds need no license and always come in packets of mixed colors. It would be pleasant for Americans if Allwood would sell its seed by named varieties, at least until the embargo on plants is lifted.

From England, too, I have this week received a new recipe for the plant that is sick or dispirited. It comes from Mollie Panter-Downes. A friend of hers in Surrey was showing an ailing wisteria vine to a gardening acquaintance. "Oh," said the visitor, "all that wisteria wants is a nice rice pudding. They *love* them!" Accordingly, a rice pudding was cooked, well sugared, and laid round the feet of the vine, which promptly sat up, regained its tone, and is now full of health and pudding. There is probably a chemical explanation for this, but I would rather not know about it.

—KATHARINE S. WHITE

•

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SO VERY DIFFERENT
—Headline in the Herald Tribune.

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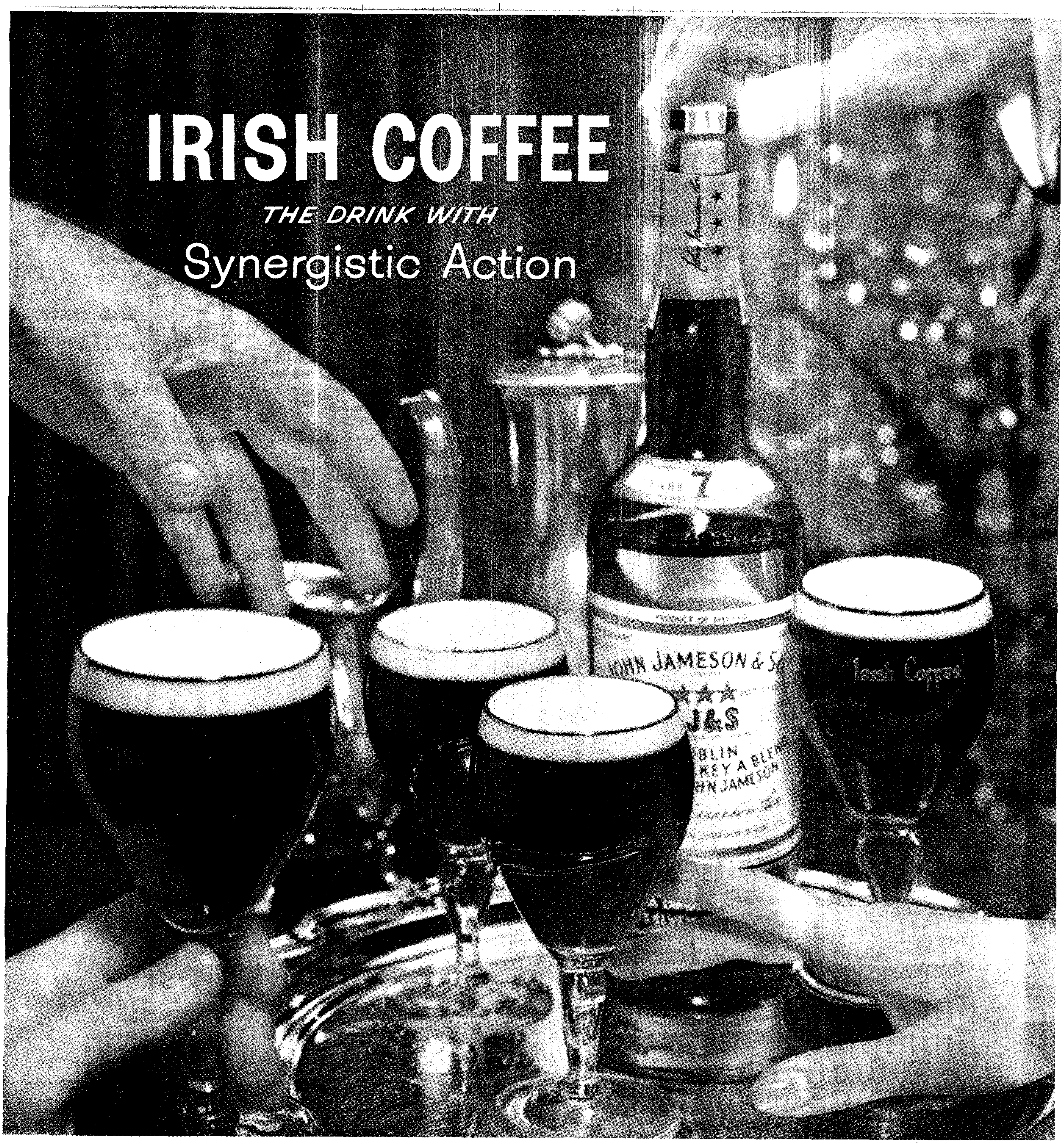

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The synergistic action of Irish Coffee is a wonderful conversation piece. But do insist on John Jameson. It is *all* pot still whiskey—matured 7 years in oak casks.

HOW TO MAKE IRISH COFFEE

Into prewarmed stemmed 7-ounce goblet, put jigger of John Jameson Irish whiskey and 1 to 2 teaspoons of sugar. Stir in *strong* black coffee to ½ inch of top. Carefully float *chilled* whipped cream to brim. Drink *through* the cream.

P.S. *A simple way to enjoy the synergistic action of coffee and John Jameson is to add 1 jigger of John Jameson Irish whiskey to coffee as you usually drink it.*

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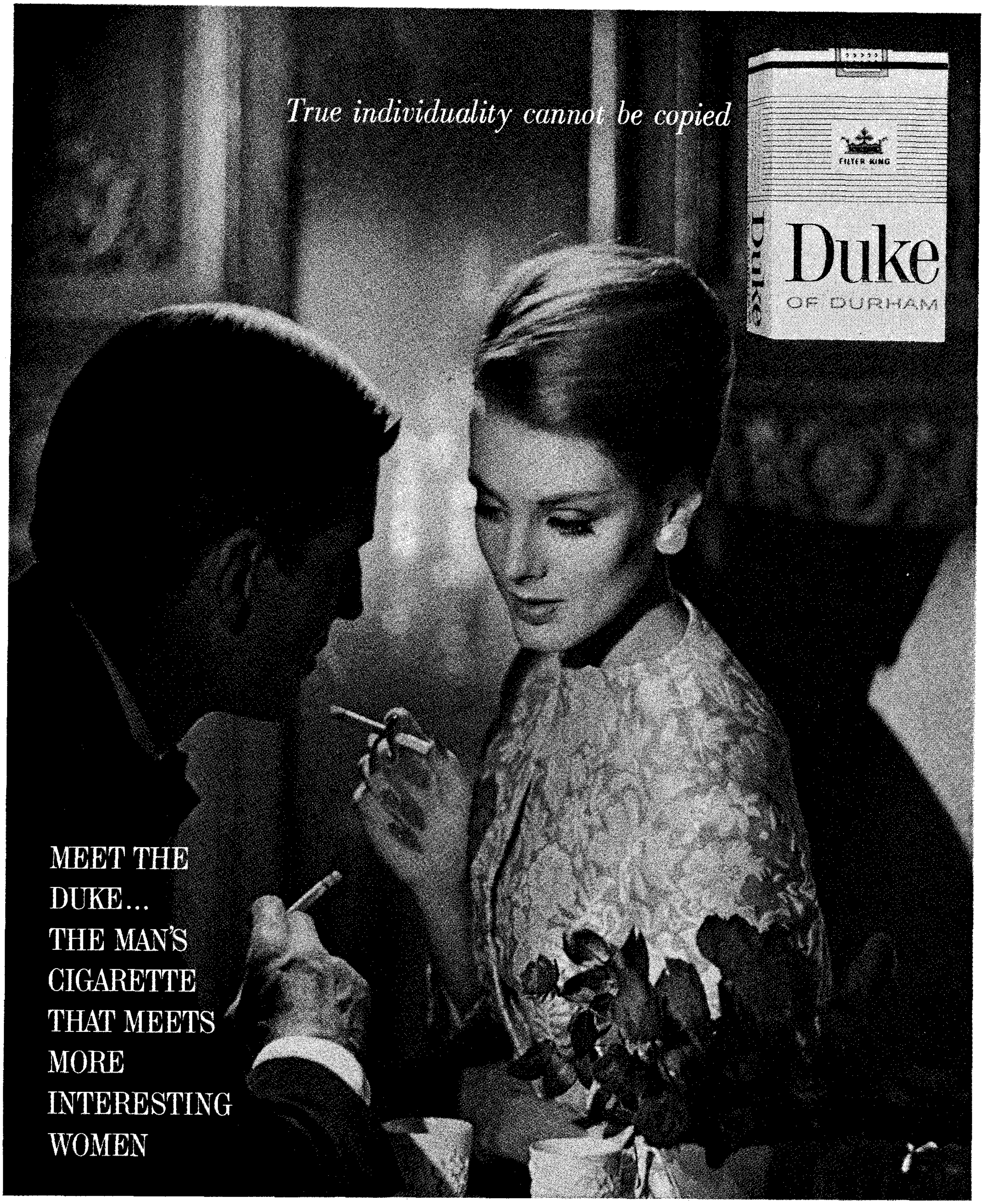
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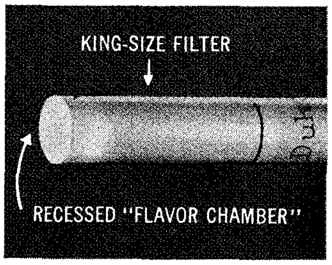
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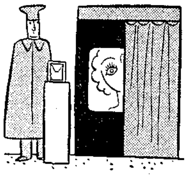

I SUPPOSE it was only a matter of time before expertise in *l'amour*, like cheeses and cognac and small automobiles, became a natural item for mass production and export in France, but I can't help wishing it hadn't happened. I am willing to listen to any one Frenchman discourse upon the fascinating theme, in my Anglo-Saxon belief that he may possibly be a *grand maître* whose delicate senses and vast knowledge of his specialty resemble those of a Beaune viniculturist who can identify the very hectare that produced the wine he is sipping, but I suspect that such erudition is too rare, even in France, to be sensibly industrialized. These musings are the direct result of witnessing a new film, "Love and the Frenchwoman," which has been rolled out by a vast assembly line of French Kinseys—nine writers, seven directors, and seventeen leading players—and which is no more original or piquantly Gallic than a boxful of lead paperweights shaped like the Eiffel Tower.

The divers makers of "Love and the Frenchwoman" have displayed their own overconfidence by dividing the opus into seven entirely separate chapters—an unfortunate decision that merely multiplies the chances for disaster. Moreover, they have labelled the pieces of the package with self-important titles—"Virginity," "Marriage," "Adultery," and so on—and have supplied a narrator who persistently interrupts the action of the episodes with arch off-screen comments and with tedious statistics purportedly gathered by a team of bedroom poll-takers. With these handicaps, "Love and the Frenchwoman" makes only sputtery progress, rarely working up much momentum and frequently coming to a dead stop in the course of its weary two hours and twenty minutes. Most surprising, perhaps, is the fact that some of the stories that make up the film display a dismaying streak of *cornballisme*. The opening vignette, "Childhood," concerns itself with the stammering efforts of a policeman and his wife to acquaint their young daughter with the facts of life, and the closing one, "Woman Alone," is about a confidence man who smirkingly victimizes three pathetic and susceptible

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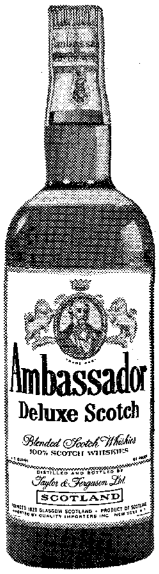
"Does that mean go light on the Scotch?"
"No—more lightness in my Scotch."



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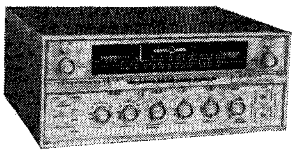

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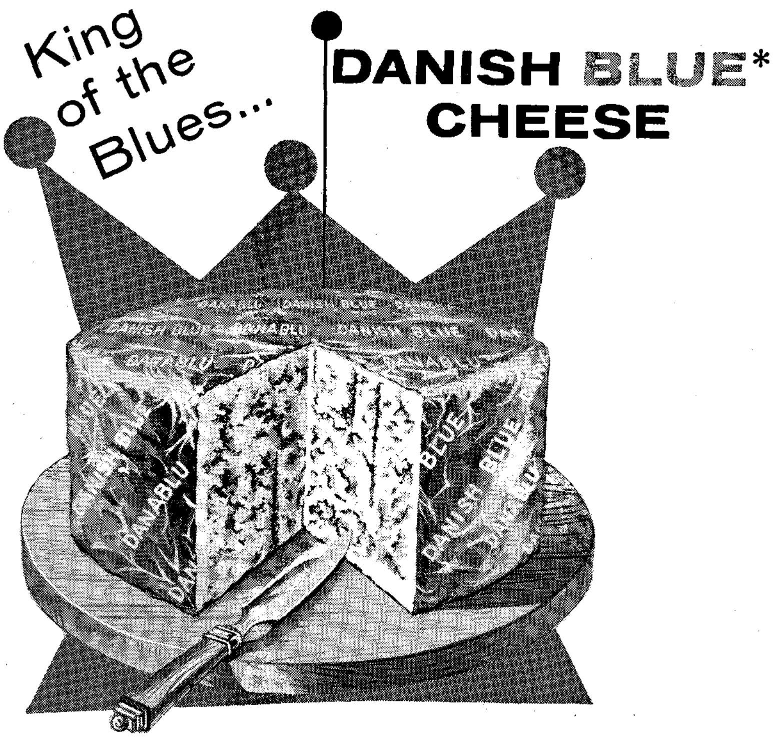
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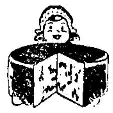

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spinsters; neither is less obvious than it sounds.

So much talent has gone to waste in "Love and the Frenchwoman" that I must make note of the movie's tiny successes. Of the seven tales, only "Virginity," which was written by Annette Wademant and directed by Michel Boisrond, struck me as admirable, largely because of the charm and taste it displays in depicting a young couple in an acute state of nerves before going to bed together for the first time. "Adultery" is helped along by the acting of Dany Robin, Paul Meurisse, and Jean-Paul Belmondo, and by the slick direction of Henri Verneuil, while René Clair manages some flashes of style in directing his sentimental "Marriage." The leading ladies of the movie, who include Valérie Lagrange, Marie-José Nat, Annie Girardot, and Martine Carol, are all so warm-eyed and openhearted that I grieve at the embarrassments they are forced to suffer at the hands of love.

ANOTHER study of romance overseas, this time in Japan, is presented in "Cry for Happy," a movie that is more wholesome but even less interesting than "Love and the Frenchwoman." This American film, which was produced by William Goetz and directed by George Marshall, bases its attempts at comedy on the occupancy of a geisha house by four American sailors and on their interminably slow realization that their four kimono-clad hostesses are young ladies of high virtue. There ensue multiple romances, all in the unlikely pattern of a 4-H Club version of "Madame Butterfly." The Japanese actors are required to deliver lines like "I make booboo" and "See you rater," and to act in a patronizingly comic Japanese version of a horse opera. Miyoshi Umeki, Glenn Ford, and Donald O'Connor are the principals in this irritating work, which made me want to cry, all right, but not for happy. —ROGER ANGELL

•

Philip H. Coombs will be Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural Affairs, according to his mother, Mrs. Charles G. Coombs of Springfield. —*Holyoke (Mass.) Transcript-Telegram.*

She's been snooping around in his room.

•

The worst of the business decline may be over even though worse is still ahead. —*Portland Oregonian.*

We'll bear it in mind.

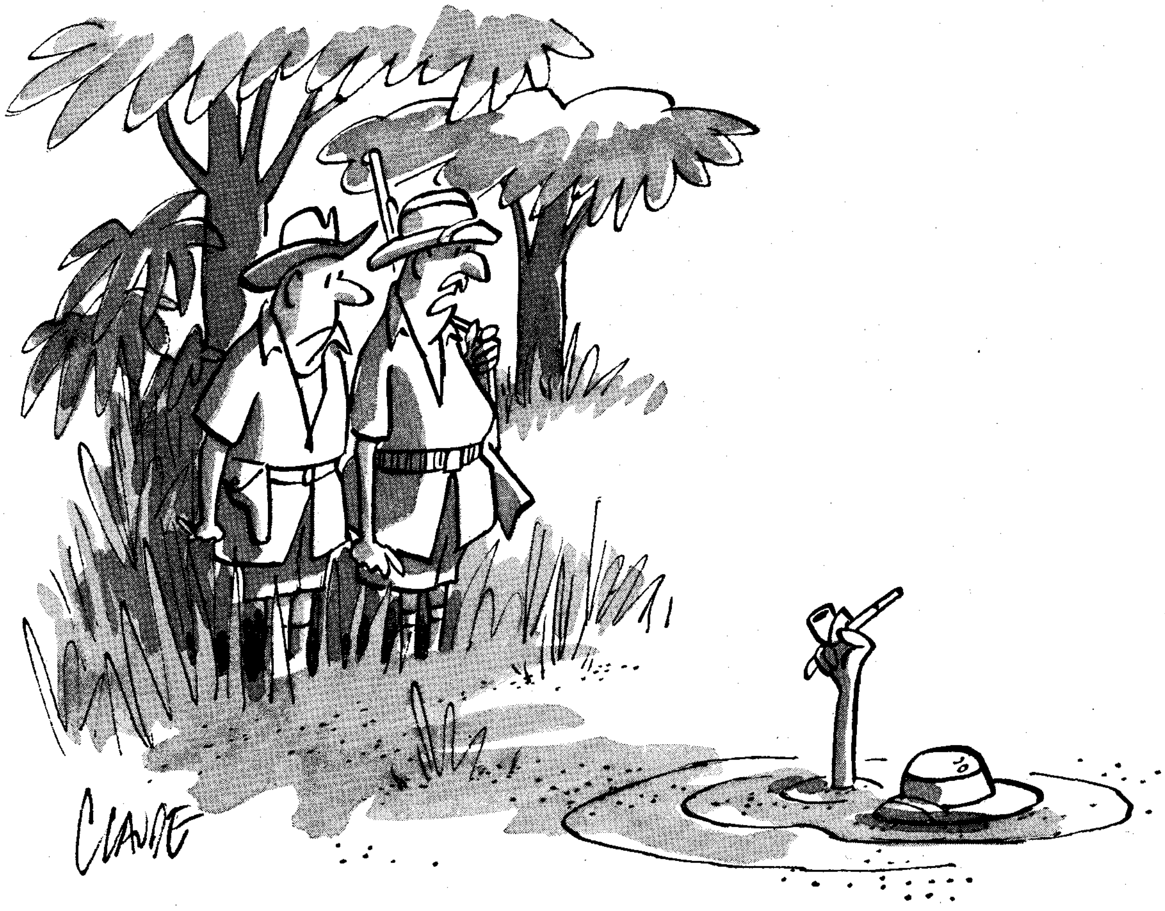
BOOKS

Don't Go on the Stage

SOONER or later, in any conversation about show business, someone laments the passing of vaudeville and burlesque, or deplores the rarity of live theatre outside of a few of our big cities. The mourner is invariably thinking of these minor leagues of the theatre as training schools for stars, forgetting that they also serve as Hoovervilles for failures; one recalls the countless smalltime acts memorialized in Fred Allen's wonderful autobiography, "Much Ado About Me," for whom the Palace was a mirage and Western Vaudeville or Delmar Time the reality. Such a pathetic destiny—a lifetime career in the English sticks—faces Chick Bird, the star of Douglas Hayes' "The Comedy Man" (Abelard-Schuman). Chick has been the reliable "comedy man" of innumerable provincial repertory companies, but he is forty and knows he cannot wait too long to have a crack at the big-time—London. He gives himself a year to make good. (He attempted a year in London once before, but stuck it out for only five weeks.) With an actor roommate, he settles into a leaky garret beneath the dripping skies of Camden Town.

Mr. Hayes, without noticeable effort, makes Chick's year a conscientious review of practically everything that can happen to an actor looking for work. Chick's adventures and misadventures are all funny, but while some reflect the brightness of his ego, others are gallows humor; the reader laughs with the sort of laugh an actor might try to provoke in himself while waiting to audition in shoes he has resoled with newspapers. Chick begins his assault on London so cockily that he turns down the first two jobs offered him—a commercial for a mouthwash and a part in an amateurish play to be produced off-West End by amateurs. Chick cannot help wondering "why it is his fate never to have a man of the theatre ask him to . . . read a good part in a real play." His roommate, Julian Baxter, has been asking Fate the same question about a good part in a real movie. One day Julian gets what he wants. He goes to Africa to play the second male lead in an immense production called "Slave Trader," leaving Chick, who is working temporarily as a hospital porter, alone to pay the rent they could scarcely afford together. It is hard to imagine a Christmas worse than Chick's—a horrid job, no money, no parties, and no company except an uninvited, non-paying guest, a repulsive old character actor. Things get worse before they get better. Still, Mr. Hayes' novel is a comedy—its gloomiest scenes are funny—and things *do* get better. Though the book is not constructed as tidily as a play, like a play it pushes Chick into difficulties in order to pull him out in time for a joyful curtain. Eventually Chick evolves a method of getting parts: he presents himself not as an actor who can play a character but as the character. When a theatrical agent mentions a bit in a movie and says, "This is an Egyptian part, old man. A street trader in Port Said. Ever been to Port Said?," Chick, who ran away from a Norfolk farm and joined a circus, answers, "I was born in Port Said," and then bargains, irrefutably, for more money: "How many actors were born in Port Said?"

Mr. Hayes has convinced us that Chick is a talented, schooled actor who needs only one break; his role as a street trader is it, and in no time he is busy in movies and television. He earns enough to refurbish his lodgings, and Mr. Hayes enjoys telling us how. Chick unpacks his library ("biographies of Garrick, Irving, and Kean, Macready's 'Diaries,' Colley Cibber's 'Apology' "), adorns the walls with a "framed print of Kean as Richard III . . . Hogarth's "Strolling Actors Changing in a Barn' . . . framed playbills announcing Kean as Shylock and Overreach," and displays on the mantel a silver shoe buckle that belonged to Garrick. Chick's style of decoration emphasizes what has been

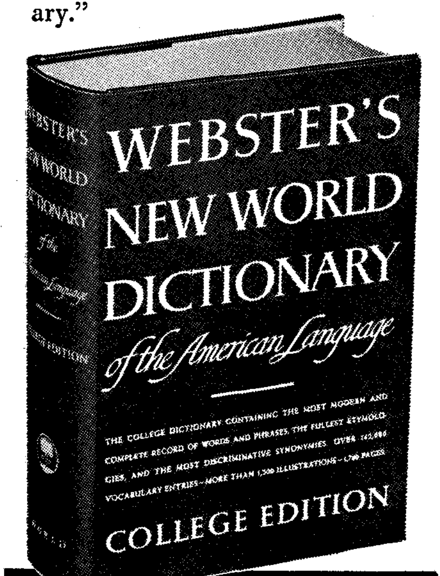


"*He loved that meerschaum!*"

F

Among other things, F is a mediæval Roman numeral for 40; in *genetics*, it is the symbol for filial generation; in *chemistry*, for fluorine; in *mathematics*, for function; in *physics*, for farad. In *education*, it is a grade meaning failure.

If you look in a *modern* dictionary, you will find all this information and more, directly following the F entry. Students who would shun failing grades are well-advised to avoid out-dated dictionaries, the kind put together many years ago. In a *modern* dictionary *every entry* is freshly defined — with clarity and directness — for the age in which we live. Such a dictionary is full of many surprising, illuminating, and informative things. If you'd like to see a *modern* dictionary at its best, ask any bookseller to show you "the experts' dictionary."



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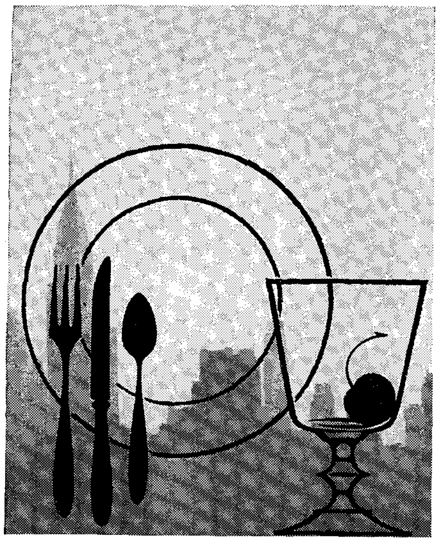
obvious all along: he is stage-struck. In casual conversation he is apt to speak lines from plays, and he can remember all his variant readings of them over the past twenty years, though one has the impression he might be vague about the names of the last few Prime Ministers. While Chick and his friends are trying to get started or to keep from being discarded, they live in squalor; scruffy agents insult them; if they work, irritable understrappers bully them. They perceive their condition, yet they don't; Chick's description of himself at the age of fifteen—"I thought that plays were real and life wasn't"—fits most of the actors in the book. Though Mr. Hayes' scene is London, it does not take much imagination to transfer his story to New York, for the world of actors seems to have a natural form that duplicates itself anywhere, as a starfish who has lost a ray regenerates it and reassumes the shape of a starfish. And it is an engaging world, partly because of Mr. Hayes' comic invention and partly because of his accurate transcription, for most actors really are more fun than the rest of us, if only because, onstage or off, they are apt to work at being so.

Chick's involvement in the theatre has left him time for two hobbies—betting on horses and making love to women. When his career looks up, his long shots come in at prices that awe him, and a fetching twenty-year-old actress decides to marry him. It is perfectly credible that a beauty half his age wants Chick for a husband, for though Mr. Hayes has not endowed him with the profile of a matinée idol or the virtues of a Boy Scout, he has given him charm. As a matter of fact, nothing in this novel strains one's credulity except having to remember that it's just a novel and that no matter how hard you look for Chick in the next English movie you see you aren't going to find him.

IN "Bongo" (Harper), Arnold E. Grisman, the author of a delightful first novel, "Early to Rise," has invited us to witness the germination of another theatrical career. Bongo West, nicknamed for a shy African antelope, is a gangling twenty-three-year-old American who has spent a large part of his childhood sitting through double features and daydreaming about them afterward. Naturally, he has decided he ought to be an actor. After nine months of drama school under the G.I. Bill, he sees himself playing "serious parts," but the first job he lands is comedian's stooge in a summer stock company that performs operetta at



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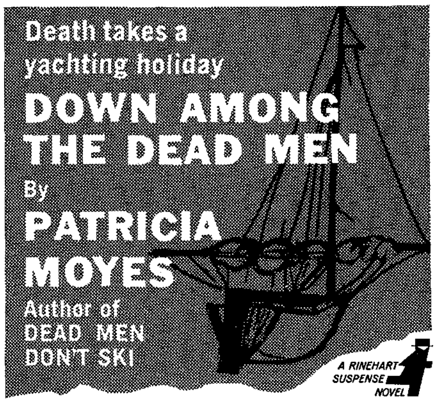
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Secost, a New Jersey shore resort. His father, a dour widower, reacts to the news of his son's approaching début by emptying their New York City apartment and moving to Florida, cutting off any easy retreat for his awkward, vulnerable boy.

The boy, surprisingly, survives. Bongo knows very little about the theatre and not much about life; he is a natural patsy but also a natural learner. Some of the characters in the book take advantage of him, but his producer's wife teaches him acting. She is a retired first lady of the stage who is trying to reclaim her husband, and since she has no idea how to be anything—only how to act it—she rehearses acting tender and womanly by coaching Bongo. He is worth her efforts; he has a flair for comedy, and presently the stooge starts stealing laughs from the top banana. While Bongo uses his clumsiness artfully onstage, offstage he remains plain uncoördinated—so uncoördinated, in fact, that he becomes the involuntary agent of catastrophe. He accidentally starts a free-for-all between the gentlemen of Secost and the players of the operetta troupe, and that prematurely ends the season. The producer, insolvent, returns to his rich wife, while Bongo returns to New York and, as the old actress enviously remarks, heads on toward the year 2000. Mr. Grisman makes no predictions about Bongo's future, but he has stood on a stage and made an audience respond; he is becoming an actor and probably a man, and we are entitled to be hopeful.

Bongo the character is working primarily for laughs, and "Bongo" the novel often gets them. At times, however, the book is distracted by themes like the emotional failures of successful theatre people and the difficulty of communication between generations, and on these excursions it occasionally becomes sentimental. Still, Mr. Grisman's prose is dependable. At its least funny it consistently wins the pleased smile of recognition that we award to something that is right. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A BURNT-OUT CASE, by Graham Greene (Viking). A romantic novel. The setting is a Catholic mission and leprosery in the Belgian Congo bush, and the story has to do with a world-famous ecclesiastical architect who, having discarded his mistress, his faith, and his profession, seeks to bury himself there, which he does—only

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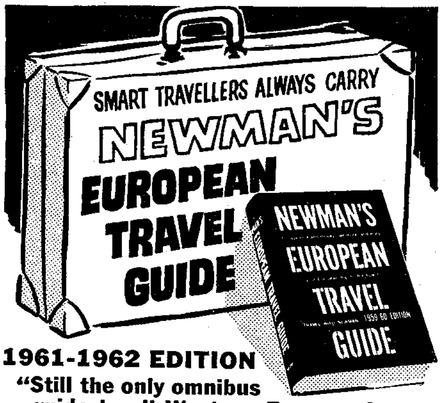

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Some of the contents of this book originally appeared in The New Yorker

too literally—but not before Mr. Greene induces him to reluctantly shake off the worst of the *Angst* or aridity or whatever it was that he suffered from. This is a silly, pretentious parable that, if stripped of Mr. Greene's stylish craftsmanship, might pass unnoticed in the pages of a Sunday-school magazine. A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

THE WHITE VOYAGE, by John Christopher (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Christopher, always a good storyteller, describes the fate of the Kreya, a Danish freighter sailing from Dublin to Copenhagen with stops at Fishguard, Dieppe, and Amsterdam. On this trip, the cargo is mainly worn-out horses bound for Dieppe and Amsterdam, where they will be butchered, and the freighter's small passenger accommodations are filled. The passengers include a young Irishwoman who pretends she is a widow, although she has never been married; an English man and woman who pretend they are married, although it is suspected that they are not, and who try to appear calm, although it is obvious that they are running away from something; and a circus family with their trained bear. Then there are the captain and his crew, and a few among these become important to the story, especially when the ship is wrecked after having been blown to Greenland by a storm, and the survivors set off in sleighs across a continent of ice and snow in a desperate attempt to reach the settlement of Scoresby. The time is the present.

SOMETHING LIGHT, by Margery Sharp (Little, Brown). This delightful novel, which will give particular satisfaction to the hearts of all unmarried women, tells the story of Louisa Mary Datchett, a good-looking but not breathtaking photographer of dogs, who lives in London, making a living that is adequate but no more than adequate, and who suddenly decides, at the age of thirty, that she is tired of being a good sort and that what she really wants is a nice, comfortable husband. This is how a light novel should be written, and this is what a light novel should be. Miss Sharp is a highly gifted woman and a wonderful entertainer. The Literary Guild selection for March.

GENERAL

THE QUEEN'S NECKLACE, edited by Frances Mossiker (Simon & Schus-

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ter). Of all the marvellous manufactures of the French—wines, dresses, perfumes—none is more durable than the truly great scandals that they manage to create at least once a century. This book is an enthralling account of one of their eighteenth-century intrigues—the affair of the diamond necklace that disappeared while the Cardinal de Rohan may or may not have been trying to give it to Marie Antoinette in hopes of personal or political favors. Mrs. Mossiker has translated and arranged the memoirs and depositions of nearly all the participants, from the wealthy, noble, worldly Cardinal himself; through the charlatan Cagliostro, who seems to have been arrested just because he was the only charlatan on the scene; on down to the Comtesse de la Motte-Valois, who claimed to be an innocent, distressed gentlewoman but may very well have hornswoggled the cast of thousands and made off with the necklace, worth millions. Mrs. Mossiker's book is more than an entertaining crime story, for the necklace affair explains a lot about the revolution in the making. As the reader follows the labyrinth of sex, money, politics, and lies, he cannot help noticing that the Court was staffed by fools, that legal procedures were highhanded and ineffective, and that the ruling classes of the seventeen-eighties were less aristocratic than arrogant.

The Endless Hours, by Wallace L. Brown (Norton). Lieutenant (now Captain) Brown was one of the many American airmen serving in Korea who had the misfortune to be shot down, captured, and interned. His was not, however, the usual P.O.W. experience. He was held for thirty-one months, but he never saw a prison camp. Instead, accused (for reasons unknown) of being a "war criminal," he spent his time in a maximum-security prison in Peking—over seven months of it in solitary confinement. He was shackled and handcuffed, his cell was unheated (but brightly lighted around the clock), he was constantly watched by a guard at the door, and he was required to sit at attention throughout the day and to lie at attention (on his left side, facing the light) all night. At intervals, he was "interrogated"—on one occasion, standing all the while, for a hundred and fifty-six hours. It need hardly be said that his account of this ordeal is a nightmare book. But it is more—

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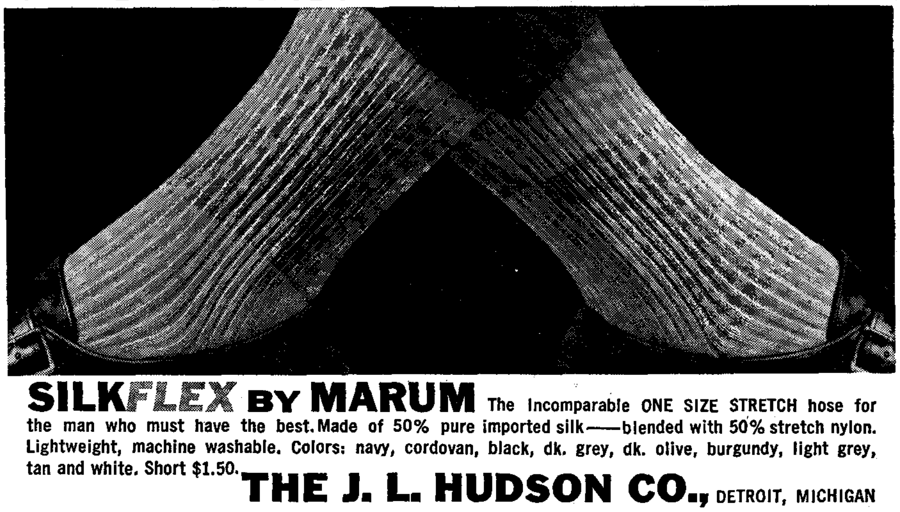
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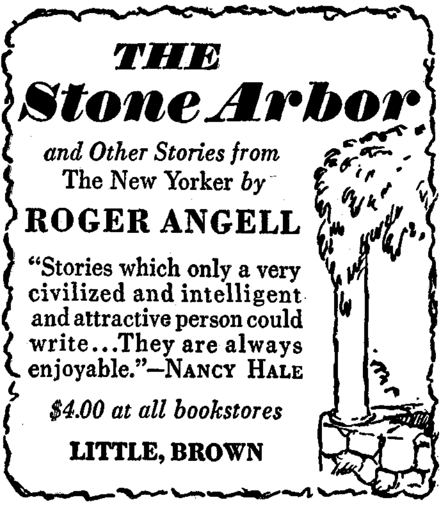
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As a matter of fact, the idea of a longer day does give one pause, doesn't it? Makes one wonder whether he has been improving each shining fraction of a millisecond as he should.

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much more—than that. Captain Brown is far less interested in how he suffered than in how he managed to endure (by mentally designing a house, constructing a peerless record-changer, writing a perfectionist novel) the almost lethal boredom of his days.

ENGLISH HOURS, by Henry James, edited and with an introduction by Alma Louise Lowe, illustrated by Anthony Gross (Orion). A book of travel essays written in the seventies, eighties, and nineties, published in their present form in 1905, and here republished for the first time. James wrote these pieces for American magazine readers, both stay-at-homes and potential tourists, and he gave his audience precise word pictures of buildings, towns, and country scenes. He also recorded his impressions of moods and manners, and, by referring to literary associations his readers might share, heightened their perception of English places. Still, James himself is now more interesting than what he reported, and the book's joy and fascination are in seeing his sensibility at work.

VERSE

COLLECTED POEMS, by Lawrence Durrell (Dutton). Durrell has described how his collision with Henry Miller (and Surrealism) in Paris in the late thirties freed his emotions and his gift for language. He soon found his subject—the Mediterranean littoral, a region that has attracted writers and artists from the beginnings of Romanticism to our own day. Durrell has no fear of being a Romantic. Most of the poems in this collection (chosen from seven earlier books) evoke with full poignance ancient and modern moments of time and spirits of place. The impressions tend to slip away and evaporate, however; Durrell's convictions are floating ones, and his seductive verbal brilliance often frays out in a rather irresponsible way. He has intervals of sounding like a highly suggestible and articulate lotus-eater, as well as intervals when his intransigence of thought and feeling takes on a rather ugly satiric edge. But at their best these poems have both vividness and vivacity.

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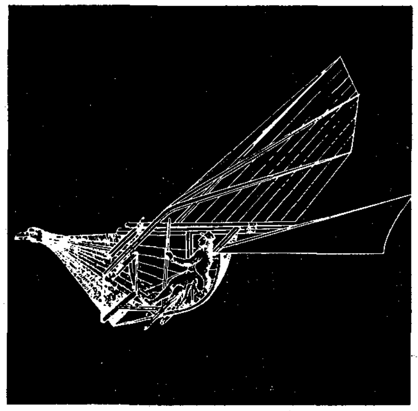

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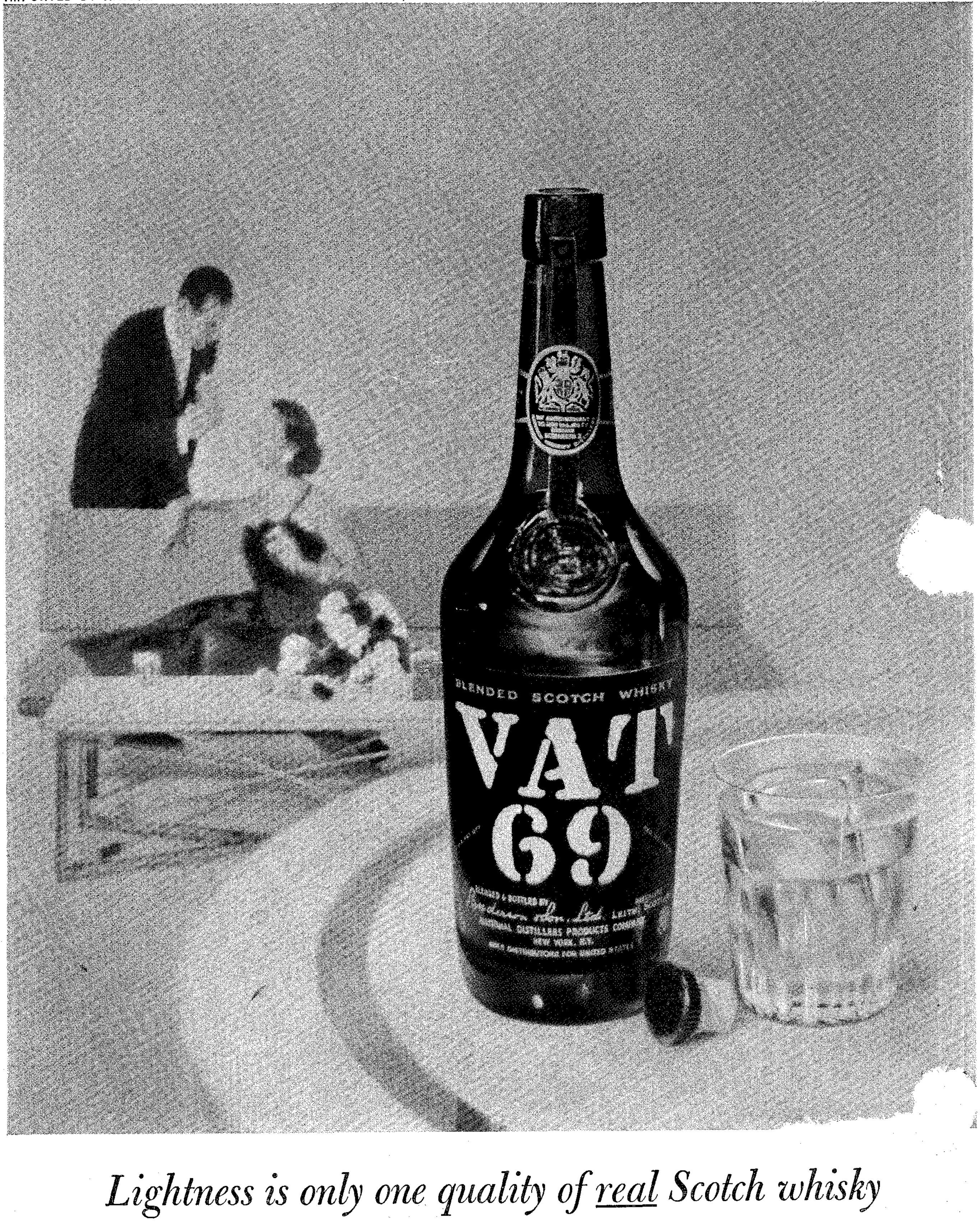
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